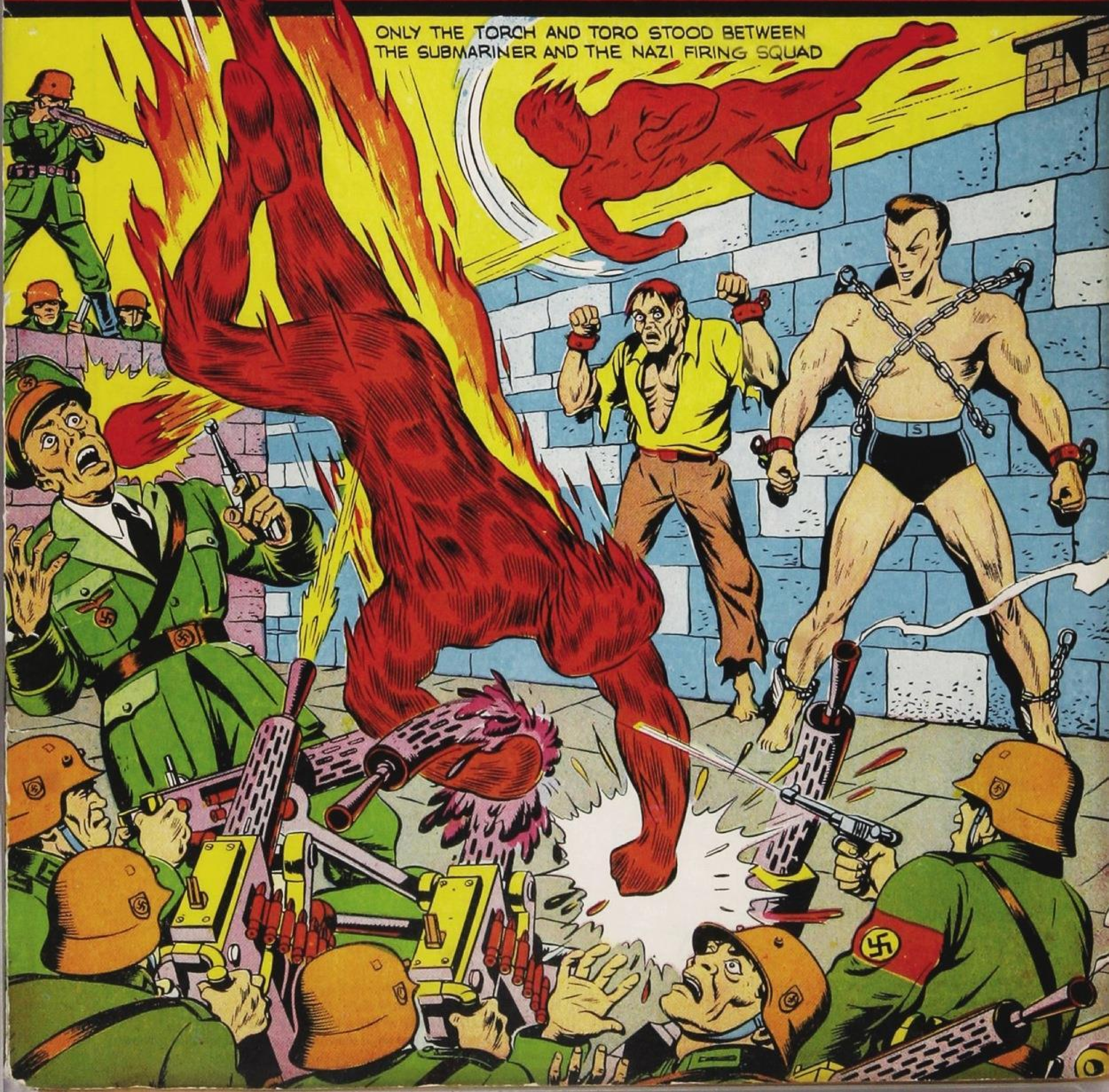
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

NOVEMBER

No. 25

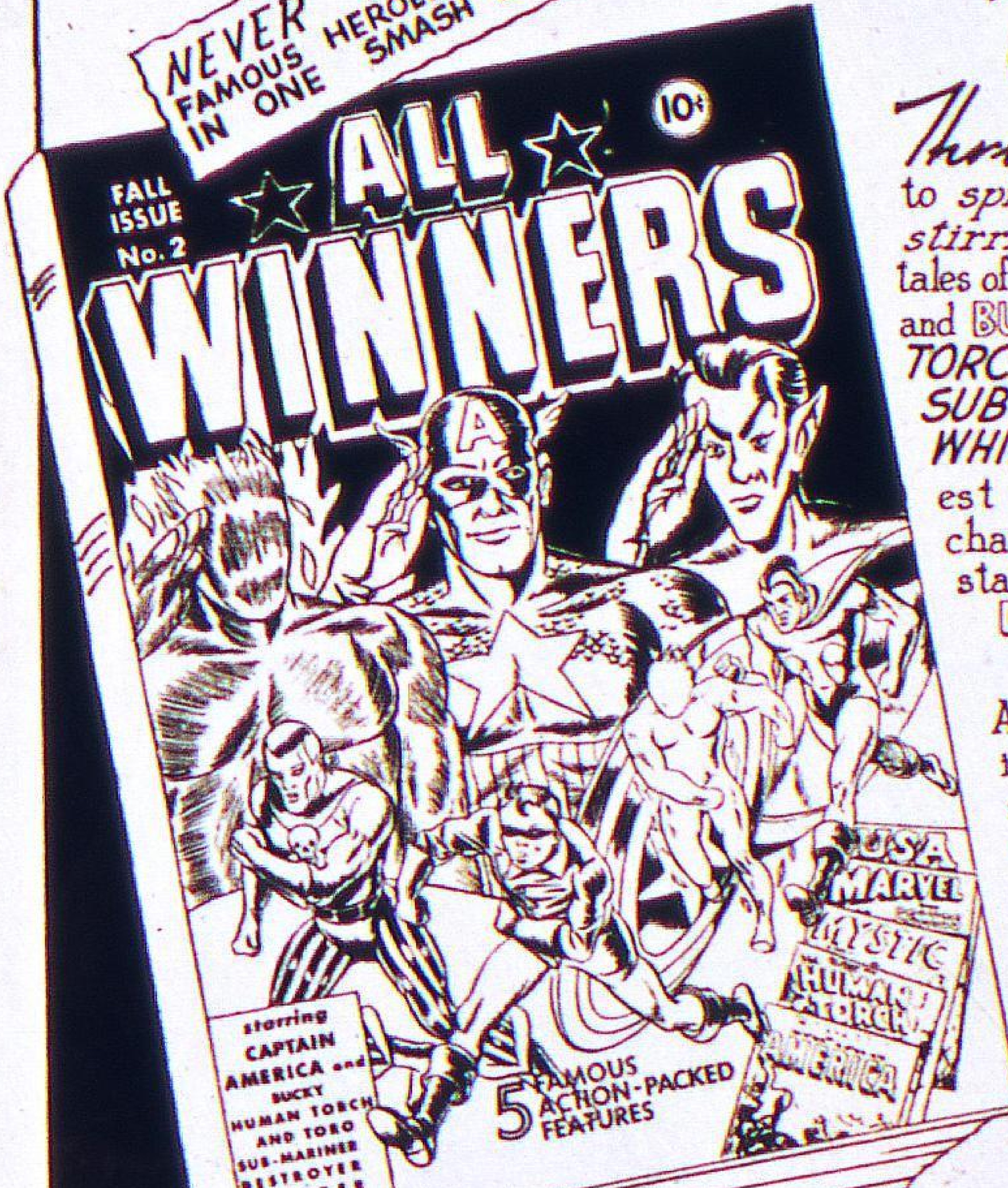
10¢


ONLY THE TORCH AND TORO STOOD BETWEEN THE SUBMARINER AND THE NAZI FIRING SQUAD
S

ALL ★ ★ WINNERS

MAKES *History*!

NEVER BEFORE HAVE SUCH FAMOUS HEROES BEEN FEATURED IN ONE SMASH COMIC MAGAZINE!


FALL ISSUE No. 2
ALL WINNERS
10¢
starring
CAPTAIN AMERICA and BUCKY
HUMAN TORCH AND TORO
SUB-MARINER
DESTROYER
WHIZZER
5 FAMOUS ACTION-PACKED FEATURES
U.S.A.
MARVEL
MYSTIC
HUMAN TORCH
AMERICA

Thrill as never before to *spine-tingling - pulse-stirring - hair-raising*... tales of CAPTAIN AMERICA and BUCKY; the *HUMAN TORCH* and *TORO*;..the *SUB-MARINER*;..... the *WHIZZER*; and the newest and most exciting character to hit the stands; ... *the mighty* **DESTROYER**

All featured together in the *most colorful, most thrilling* magazine on the stands **ALL WINNERS NO. 2**

Now on Sale

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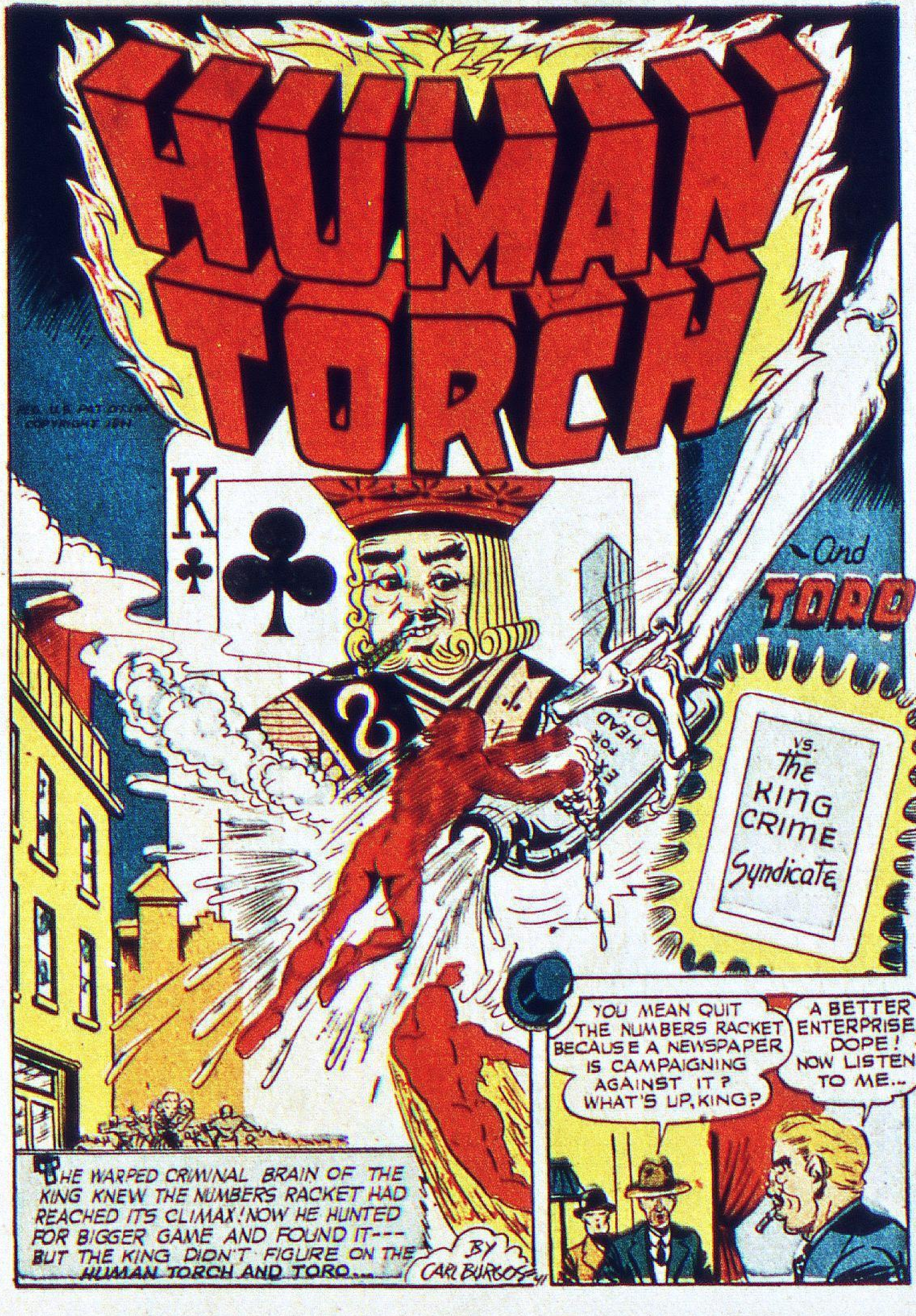
HUMAN TORCH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
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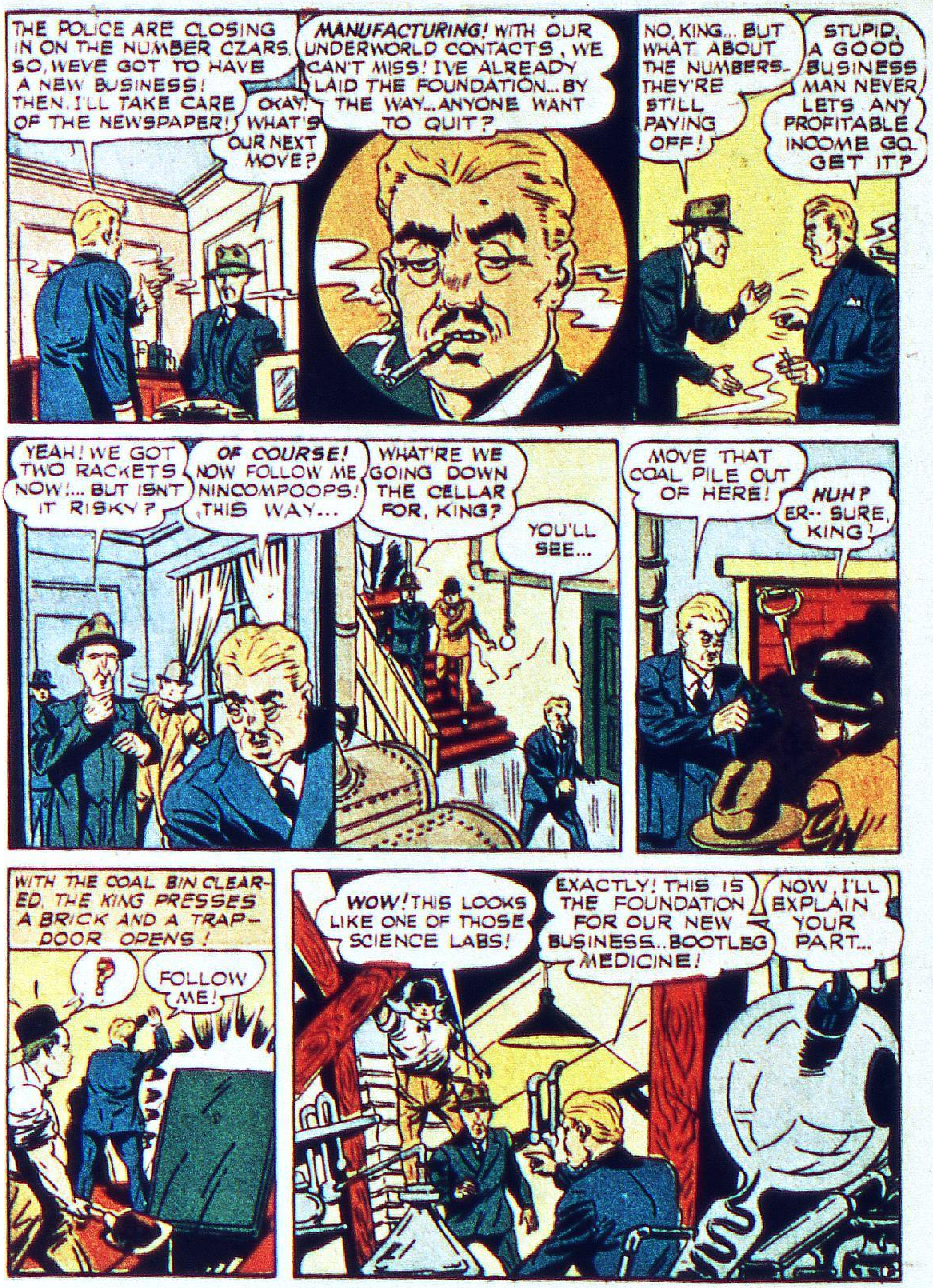
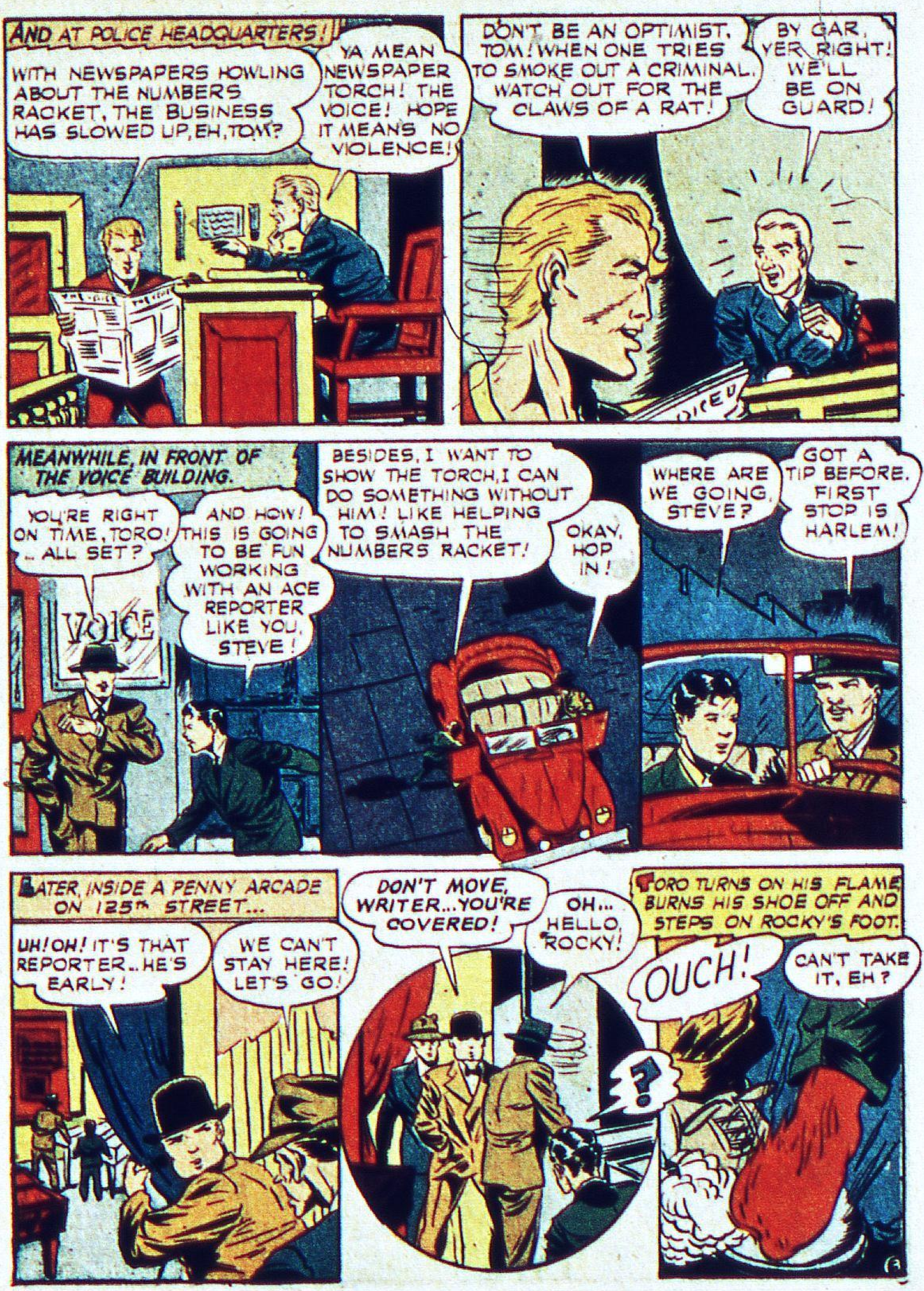
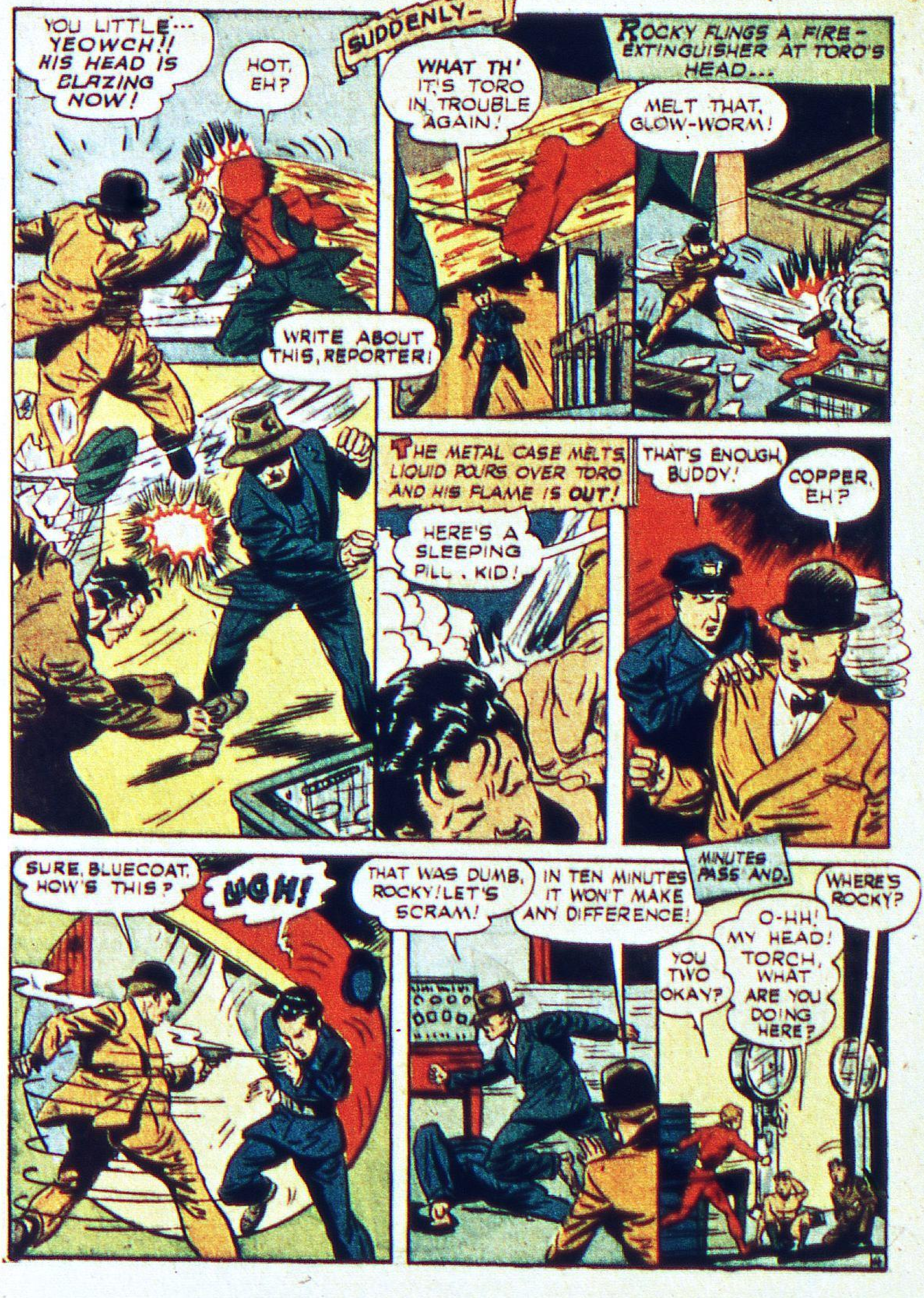
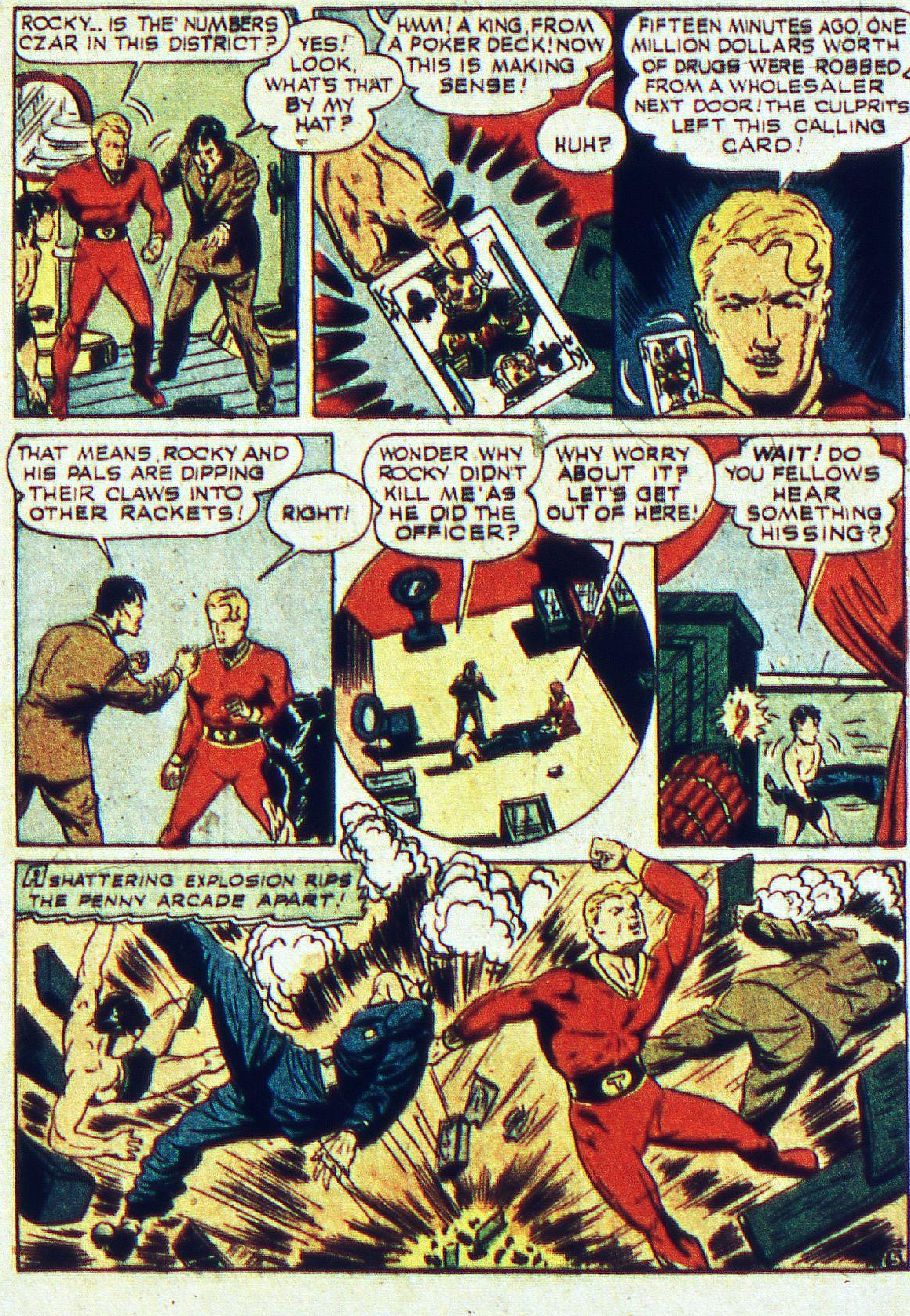
K
And TORO
EX TOR HEAD CO.
VS. The KING CRIME Syndicate
THE WARPED CRIMINAL BRAIN OF THE KING KNEW THE NUMBERS RACKET HAD REACHED ITS CLIMAX! NOW HE HUNTED FOR BIGGER GAME AND FOUND IT--- BUT THE KING DIDN'T FIGURE ON THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO...
BY CARL BURGOS '41
YOU MEAN QUIT THE NUMBERS RACKET BECAUSE A NEWSPAPER IS CAMPAIGNING AGAINST IT? WHAT'S UP, KING?
A BETTER ENTERPRISE, DOPE! NOW LISTEN TO ME...

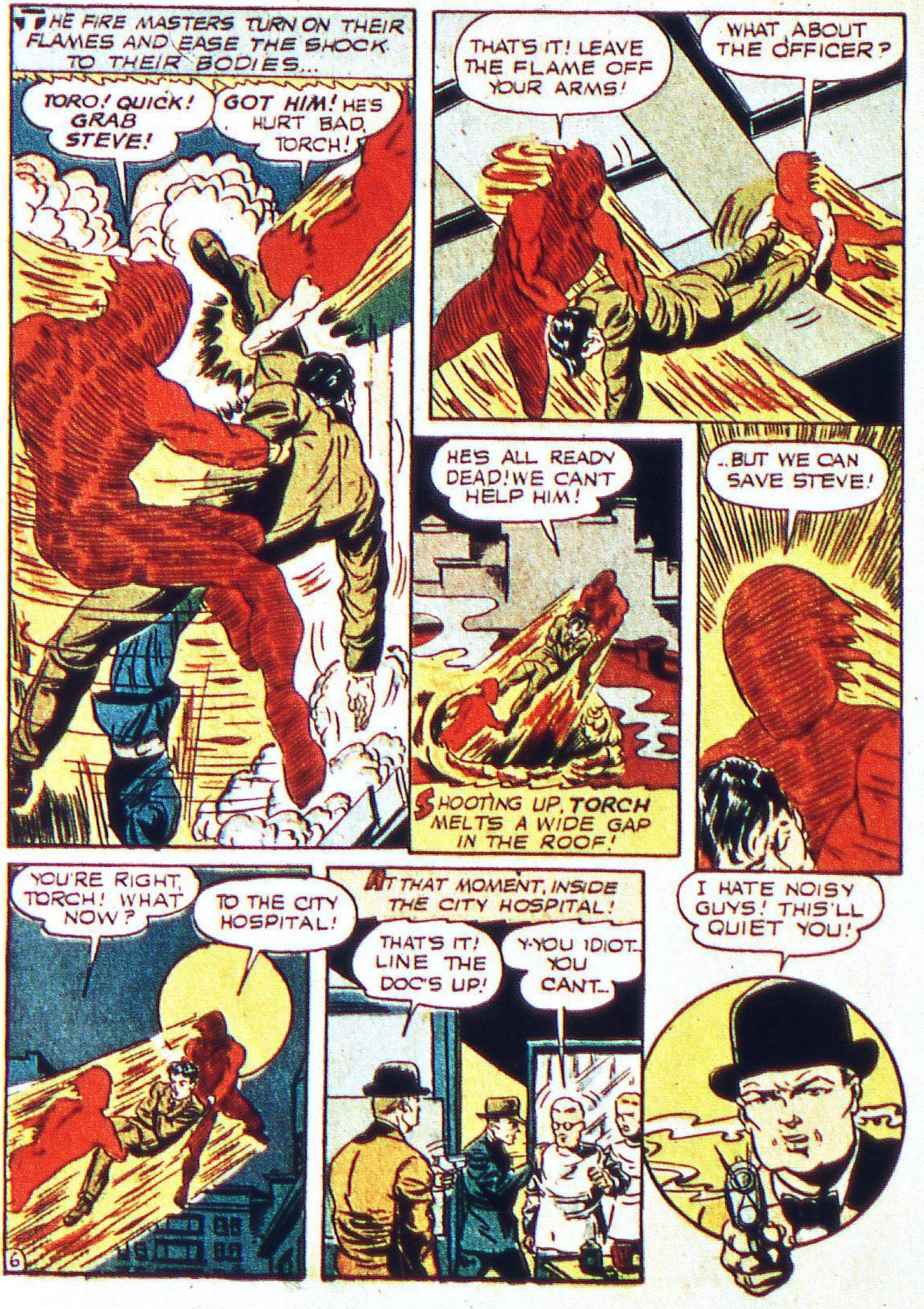
COMIC ART COLLECTION

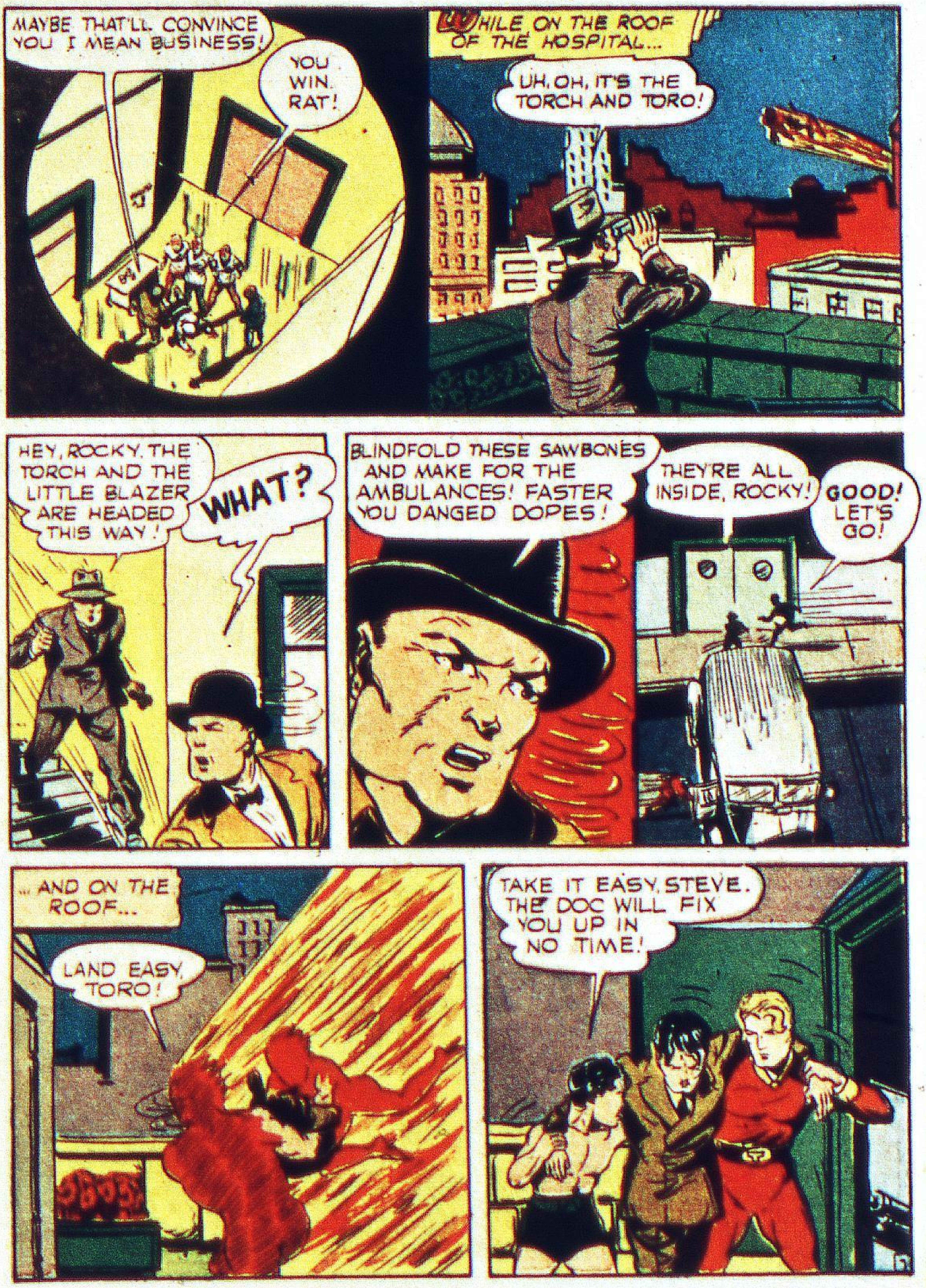

THE POLICE ARE CLOSING IN ON THE NUMBER CZARS, SO, WEVE GOT TO HAVE A NEW BUSINESS! THEN, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE NEWSPAPER!
OKAY! WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE?
MANUFACTURING! WITH OUR UNDERWORLD CONTACTS, WE CAN'T MISS! I'VE ALREADY LAID THE FOUNDATION... BY THE WAY... ANYONE WANT TO QUIT?
NO, KING... BUT WHAT ABOUT THE NUMBERS- THEY'RE STILL PAYING OFF!
STUPID, A GOOD BUSINESS MAN NEVER LETS ANY PROFITABLE INCOME GO. GET IT?
YEAH! WE GOT TWO RACKETS NOW!... BUT ISN'T IT RISKY?
OF COURSE! NOW FOLLOW ME NINCOMPOOPS! THIS WAY...
WHAT'RE WE GOING DOWN THE CELLAR FOR, KING?
YOU'LL SEE...
MOVE THAT COAL PILE OUT OF HERE!
HUH? ER-- SURE, KING!
WITH THE COAL BIN CLEARED, THE KING PRESSES A BRICK AND A TRAP-DOOR OPENS!
?
FOLLOW ME!
WOW! THIS LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THOSE SCIENCE LABS!
EXACTLY! THIS IS THE FOUNDATION FOR OUR NEW BUSINESS.. BOOTLEG MEDICINE!
NOW, I'LL EXPLAIN YOUR PART...

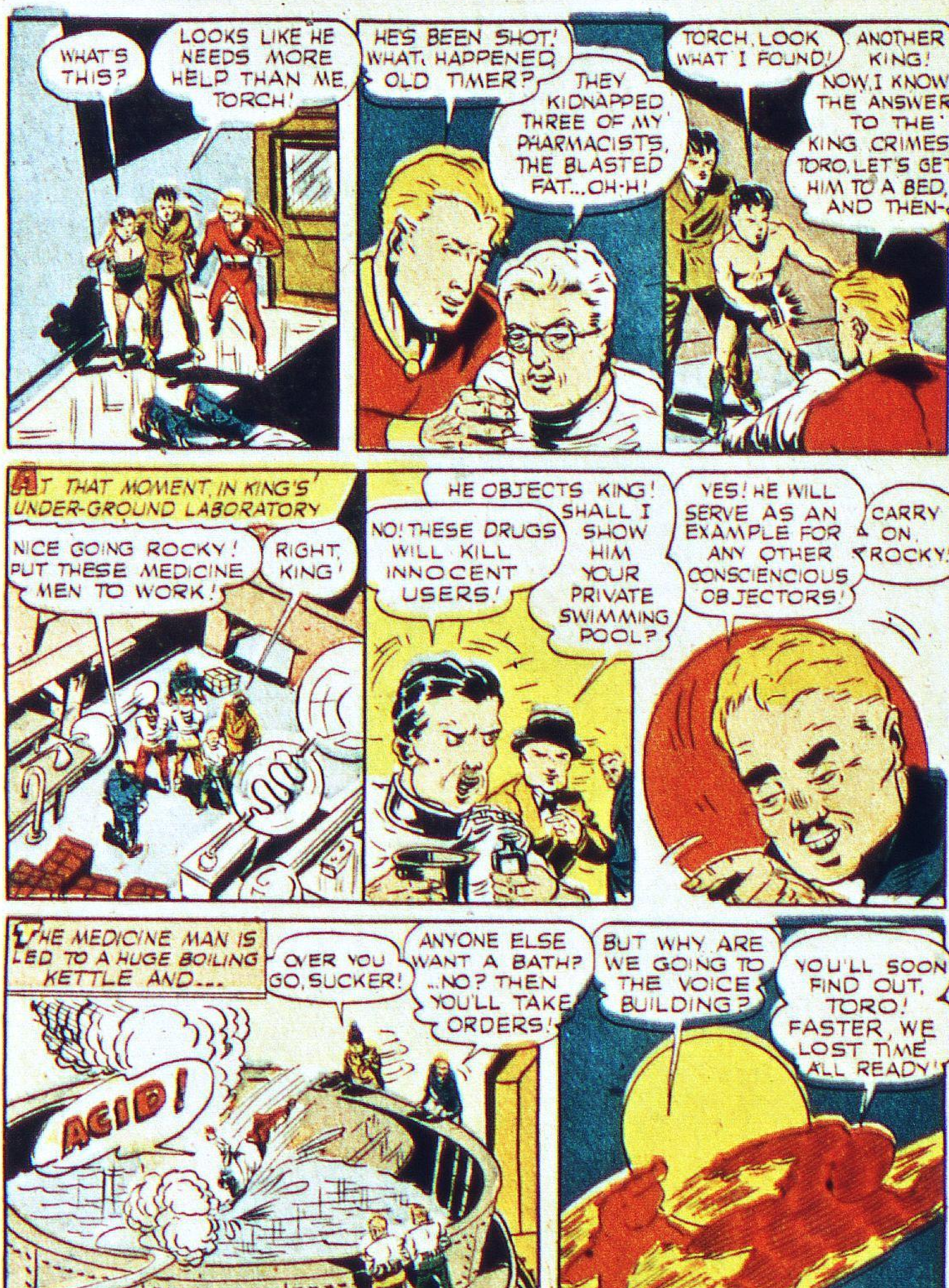

AND AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
WITH NEWSPAPERS HOWLING ABOUT THE NUMBERS RACKET, THE BUSINESS HAS SLOWED UP, EH, TOM?
YA MEAN NEWSPAPER TORCH! THE VOICE! HOPE IT MEAN'S NO VIOLENCE!
DON'T BE AN OPTIMIST, TOM! WHEN ONE TRIES TO SMOKE OUT A CRIMINAL, WATCH OUT FOR THE CLAWS OF A RAT!
BY GAR, YER RIGHT! WE'LL BE ON GUARD!
MEANWHILE, IN FRONT OF THE VOICE BUILDING.
YOU'RE RIGHT ON TIME, TORO! .. ALL SET?
VOICE
AND HOW! THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN WORKING WITH AN ACE REPORTER LIKE YOU, STEVE!
BESIDES, I WANT TO SHOW THE TORCH, I CAN DO SOMETHING WITHOUT HIM! LIKE HELPING TO SMASH THE NUMBERS RACKET!
OKAY, HOP IN!
WHERE ARE WE GOING, STEVE?
GOT A TIP BEFORE. FIRST STOP IS HARLEM!
LATER, INSIDE A PENNY ARCADE ON 125th STREET...
UH! OH! IT'S THAT REPORTER.. HE'S EARLY!
WE CAN'T STAY HERE! LET'S GO!
DON'T MOVE, WRITER... YOU'RE COVERED!
OH... HELLO, ROCKY!
?
TORO TURNS ON HIS FLAME BURNS HIS SHOE OFF AND STEPS ON ROCKY'S FOOT.
OUCH!
CAN'T TAKE IT, EH?

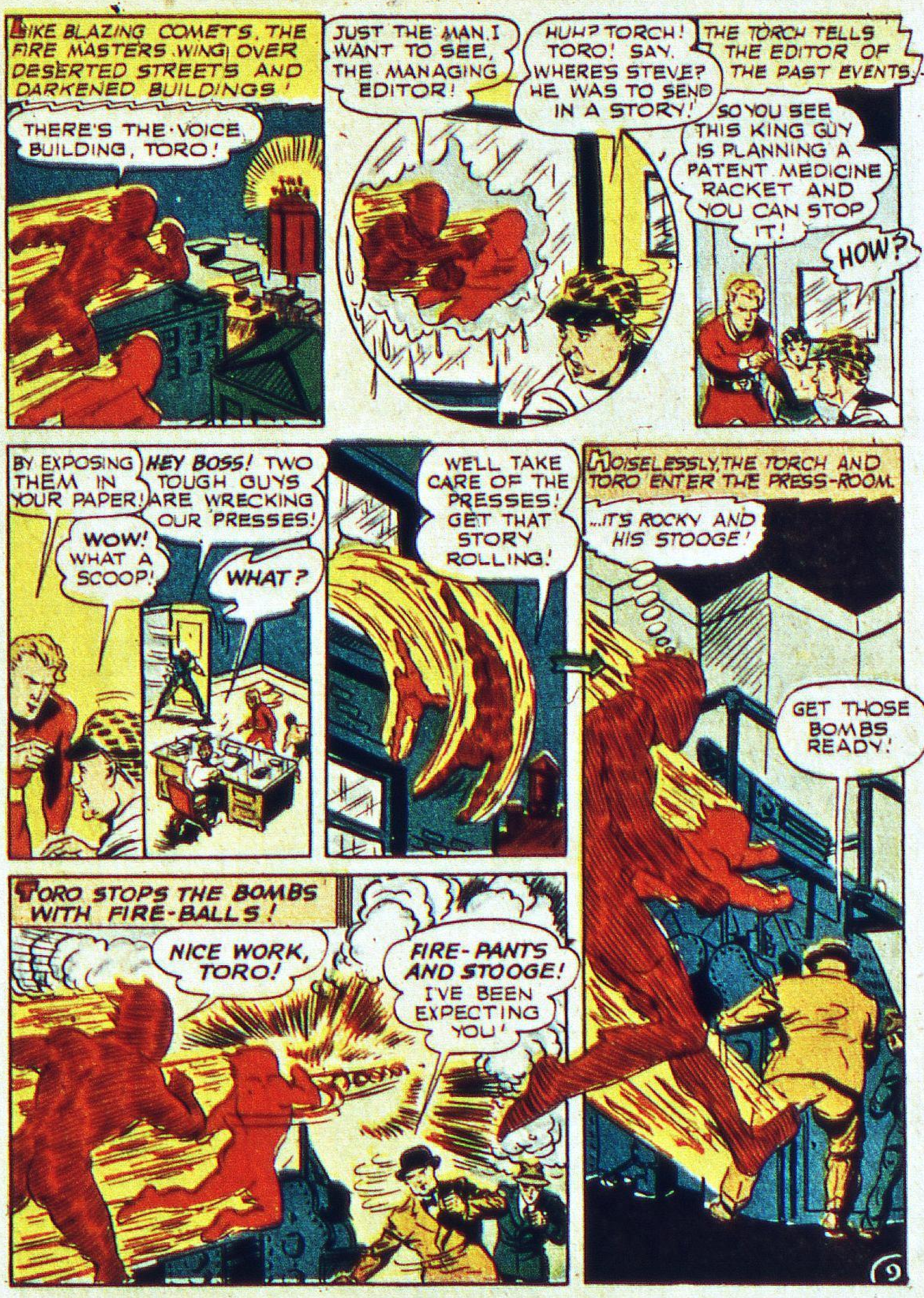

YOU LITTLE... YEOWCH!! HIS HEAD IS BLAZING NOW!
HOT, EH?
WRITE ABOUT THIS, REPORTER!
SUDDENLY—
WHAT TH' IT'S TORO IN TROUBLE AGAIN!
ROCKY FLINGS A FIRE-EXTINGUISHER AT TORO'S HEAD...
MELT THAT, GLOW-WORM!
THE METAL CASE MELTS, LIQUID POURS OVER TORO AND HIS FLAME IS OUT!
HERE'S A SLEEPING PILL, KID!
THAT'S ENOUGH, BUDDY!
COPPER, EH?
SURE, BLUECOAT, HOW'S THIS?
UGH!
THAT WAS DUMB, ROCKY! LET'S SCRAM!
IN TEN MINUTES IT WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE!
MINUTES PASS AND...
YOU TWO OKAY?
O-HH! MY HEAD! TORCH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WHERE'S ROCKY?

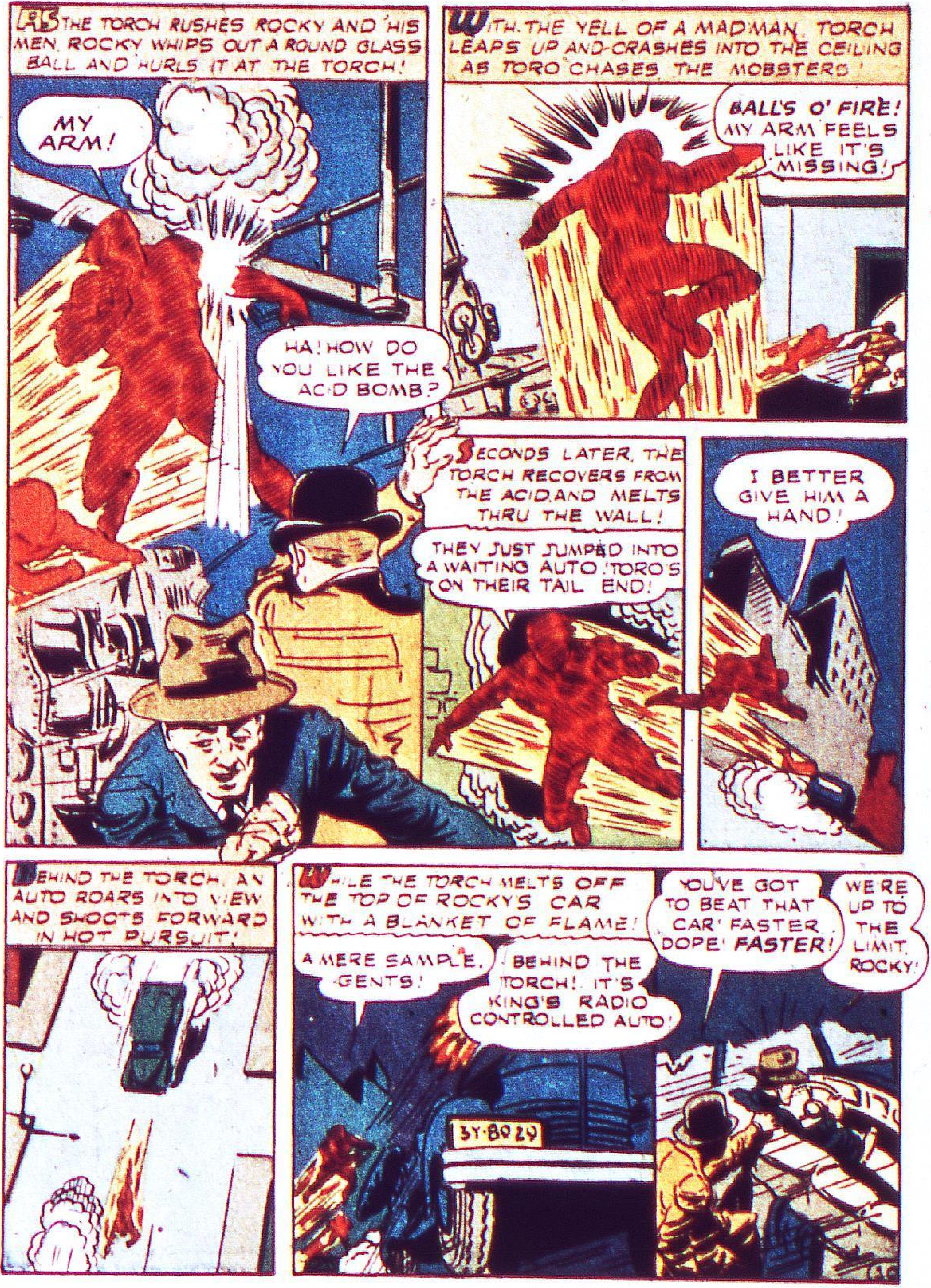

ROCKY.. IS THE' NUMBERS CZAR IN THIS DISTRICT?
YES! LOOK, WHAT'S THAT BY MY HAT?
HMM! A KING, FROM A POKER DECK! NOW THIS IS MAKING SENSE!
HUH?
FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO, ONE MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF DRUGS WERE ROBBED FROM A WHOLESALER NEXT DOOR! THE CULPRITS LEFT THIS CALLING CARD!
THAT MEANS, ROCKY AND HIS PALS ARE DIPPING THEIR CLAWS INTO OTHER RACKETS!
RIGHT!
WONDER WHY ROCKY DIDN'T KILL ME AS HE DID THE OFFICER?
WHY WORRY ABOUT IT? LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
WAIT! DO YOU FELLOWS HEAR SOMETHING HISSING?
A SHATTERING EXPLOSION RIPS THE PENNY ARCADE APART!
5

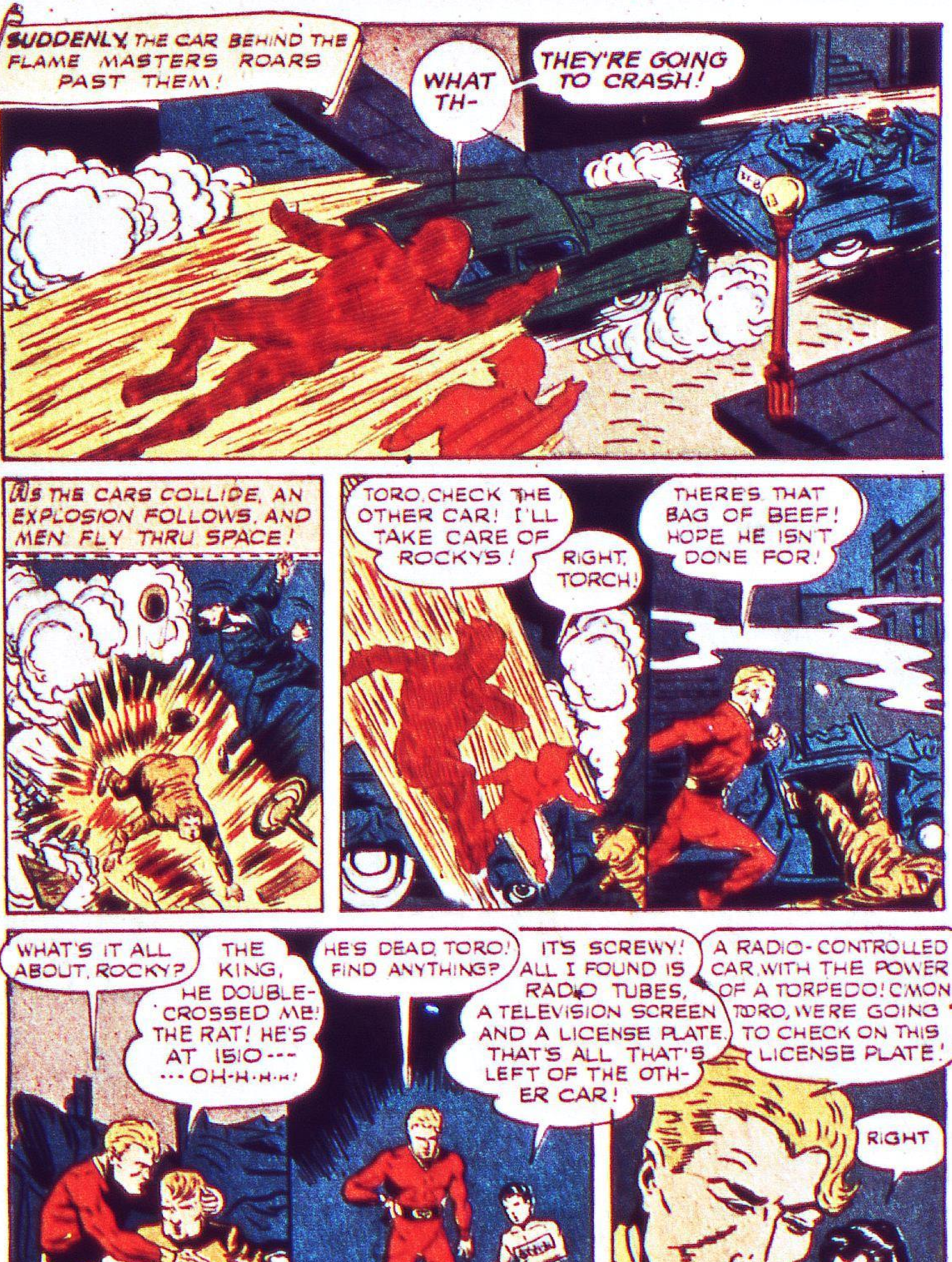

THE FIRE MASTERS TURN ON THEIR FLAMES AND EASE THE SHOCK TO THEIR BODIES...
TORO! QUICK! GRAB STEVE!
GOT HIM! HE'S HURT BAD, TORCH!
THAT'S IT! LEAVE THE FLAME OFF YOUR ARMS!
WHAT ABOUT THE OFFICER?
HE'S ALL READY DEAD! WE CANT HELP HIM!
..BUT WE CAN SAVE STEVE!
SHOOTING UP, TORCH MELTS A WIDE GAP IN THE ROOF!
YOU'RE RIGHT, TORCH! WHAT NOW?
TO THE CITY HOSPITAL!
6
AT THAT MOMENT, INSIDE THE CITY HOSPITAL!
THAT'S IT! LINE THE DOC'S UP!
Y-YOU IDIOT.. YOU CANT..
I HATE NOISY GUYS! THIS'LL QUIET YOU!

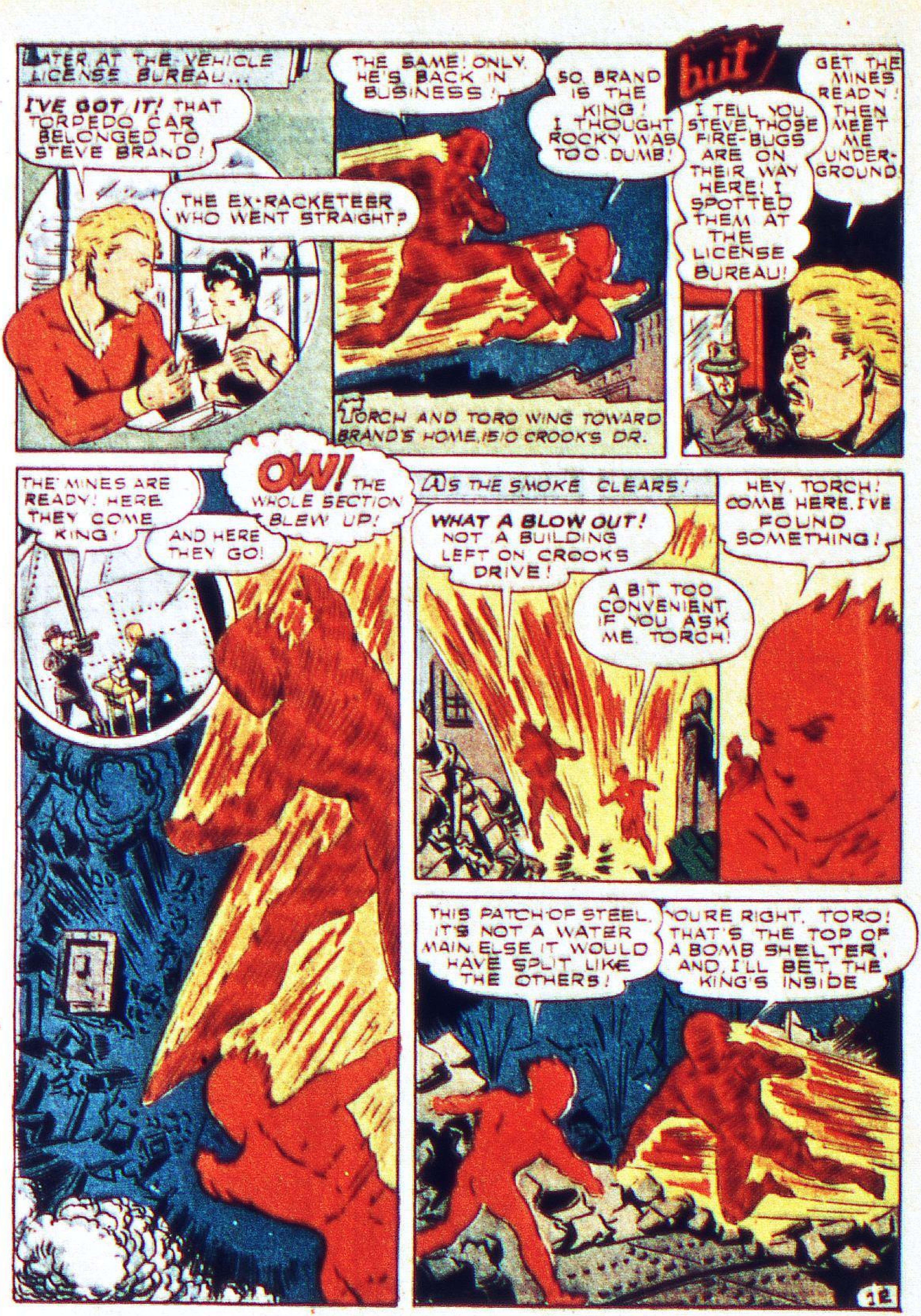

MAYBE THAT'LL CONVINCE YOU I MEAN BUSINESS!
YOU WIN, RAT!
WHILE ON THE ROOF OF THE HOSPITAL...
UH, OH, IT'S THE TORCH AND TORO!
HEY, ROCKY, THE TORCH AND THE LITTLE BLAZER ARE HEADED THIS WAY!
WHAT?
BLINDFOLD THESE SAWBONES AND MAKE FOR THE AMBULANCES! FASTER YOU DANGED DOPES!
THEY'RE ALL INSIDE, ROCKY!
GOOD! LET'S GO!
...AND ON THE ROOF...
LAND EASY, TORO!
TAKE IT EASY, STEVE. THE DOC WILL FIX YOU UP IN NO TIME!

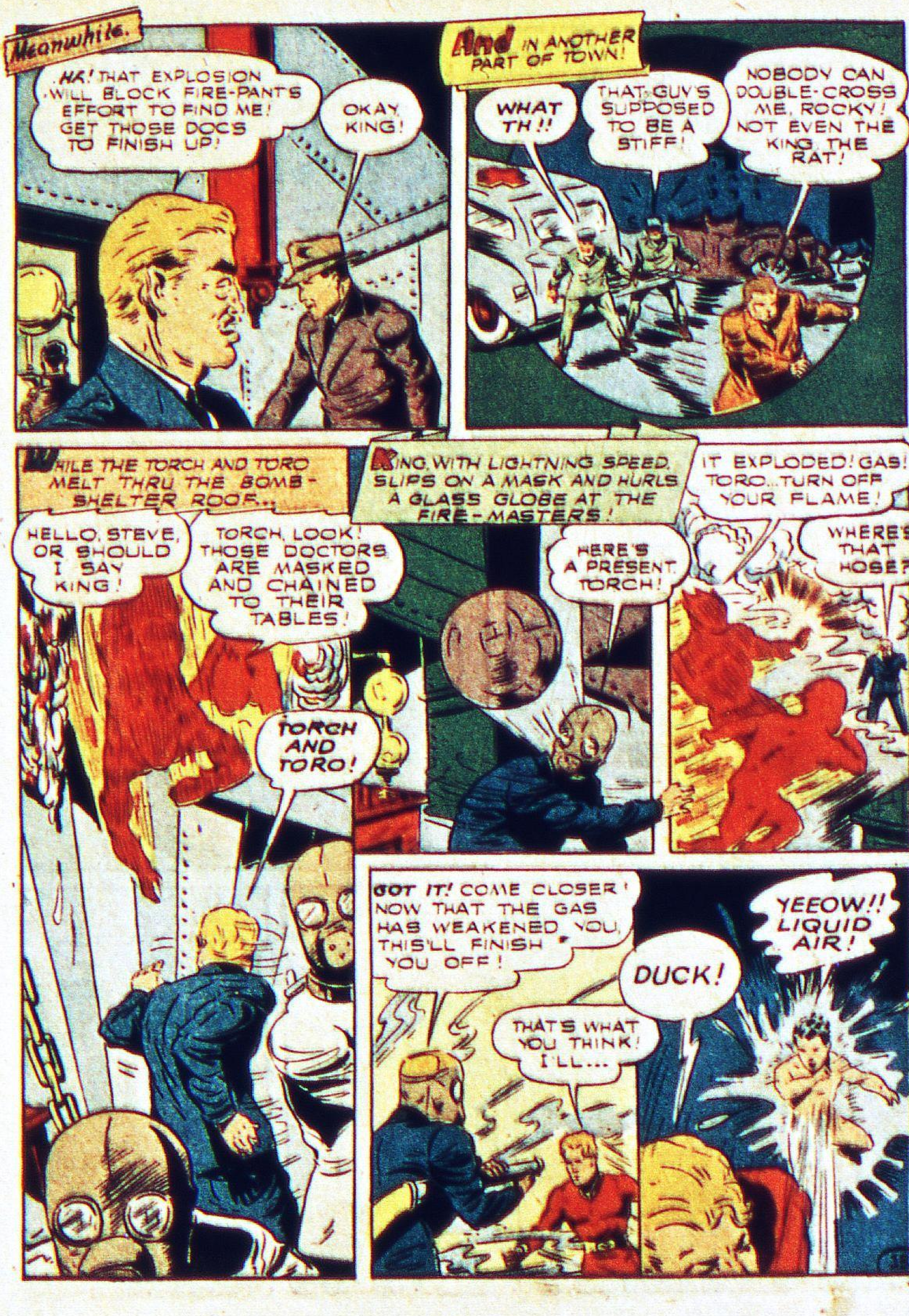

WHAT'S THIS?
LOOKS LIKE HE NEEDS MORE HELP THAN ME, TORCH!
HE'S BEEN SHOT! WHAT HAPPENED, OLD TIMER?
THEY KIDNAPPED THREE OF MY PHARMACISTS, THE BLASTED FAT...OH-H!
TORCH, LOOK WHAT I FOUND!
ANOTHER KING! NOW, I KNOW THE ANSWER TO THE KING CRIMES! TORO, LET'S GET HIM TO A BED, AND THEN-
AT THAT MOMENT, IN KING'S UNDER-GROUND LABORATORY
NICE GOING ROCKY! PUT THESE MEDICINE MEN TO WORK!
RIGHT, KING!
HE OBJECTS KING! SHALL I SHOW HIM YOUR PRIVATE SWIMMING POOL?
NO! THESE DRUGS WILL KILL INNOCENT USERS!
YES! HE WILL SERVE AS AN EXAMPLE FOR ANY OTHER CONSCIENCIOUS OBJECTORS!
CARRY ON, ROCKY!
THE MEDICINE MAN IS LED TO A HUGE BOILING KETTLE AND...
OVER YOU GO, SUCKER!
ANYONE ELSE WANT A BATH? ..NO? THEN YOU'LL TAKE ORDERS!
ACID!
BUT WHY ARE WE GOING TO THE VOICE BUILDING?
YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT, TORO! FASTER, WE LOST TIME ALL READY!
8

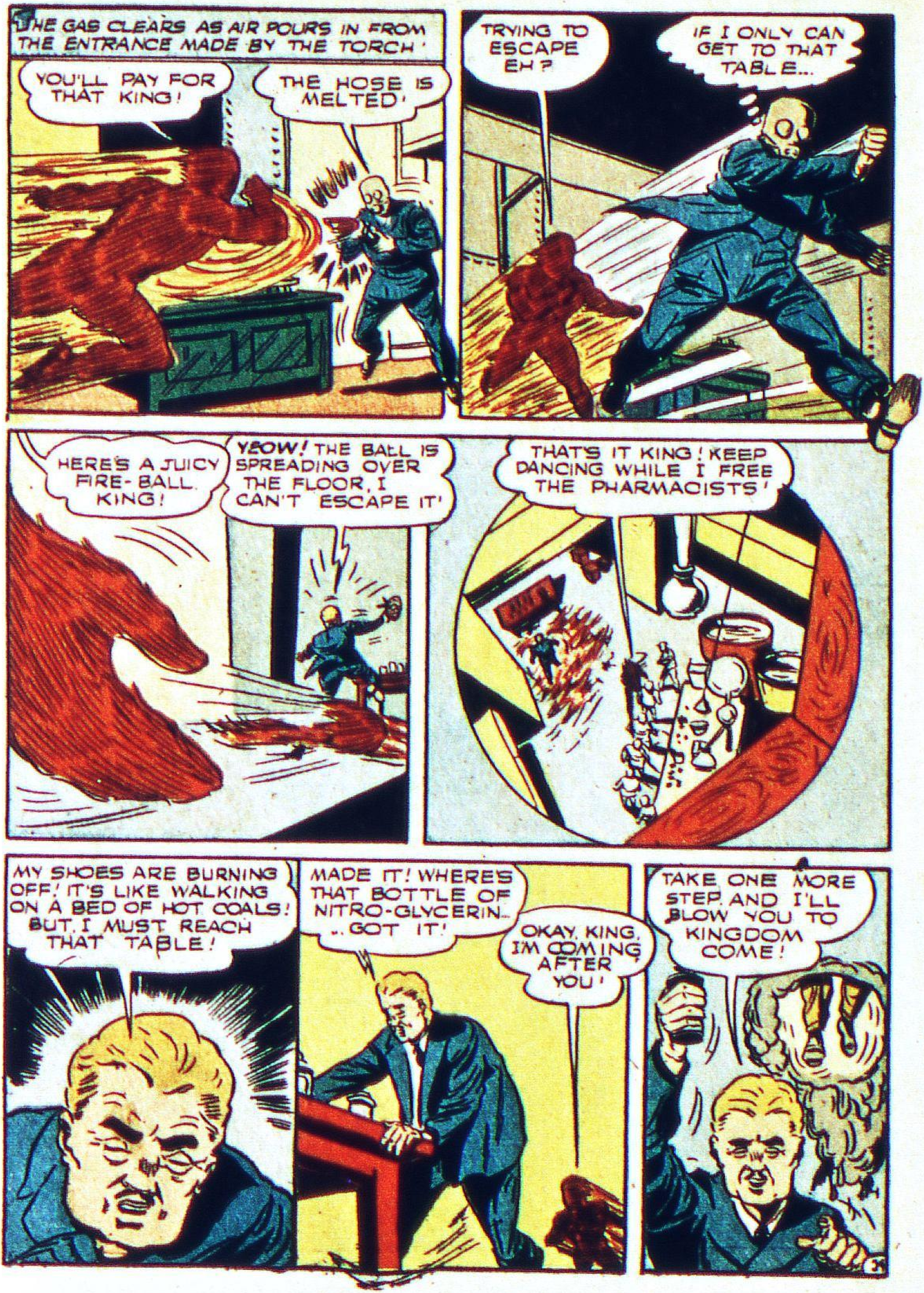

LIKE BLAZING COMETS, THE FIRE MASTERS WING OVER DESERTED STREETS AND DARKENED BUILDINGS!
THERE'S THE VOICE BUILDING, TORO!
JUST THE MAN I WANT TO SEE, THE MANAGING EDITOR!
HUH? TORCH! TORO! SAY, WHERE'S STEVE? HE WAS TO SEND IN A STORY!
THE TORCH TELLS THE EDITOR OF THE PAST EVENTS.
SO YOU SEE THIS KING GUY IS PLANNING A PATENT MEDICINE RACKET AND YOU CAN STOP IT!
HOW?
BY EXPOSING THEM IN YOUR PAPER!
HEY BOSS! TWO TOUGH GUYS ARE WRECKING OUR PRESSES!
WOW! WHAT A SCOOP!
WHAT?
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE PRESSES! GET THAT STORY ROLLING!
NOISELESSLY, THE TORCH AND TORO ENTER THE PRESS-ROOM.
...IT'S ROCKY AND HIS STOOGE!
GET THOSE BOMBS READY!
TORO STOPS THE BOMBS WITH FIRE-BALLS!
NICE WORK, TORO!
FIRE-PANTS AND STOOGE! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

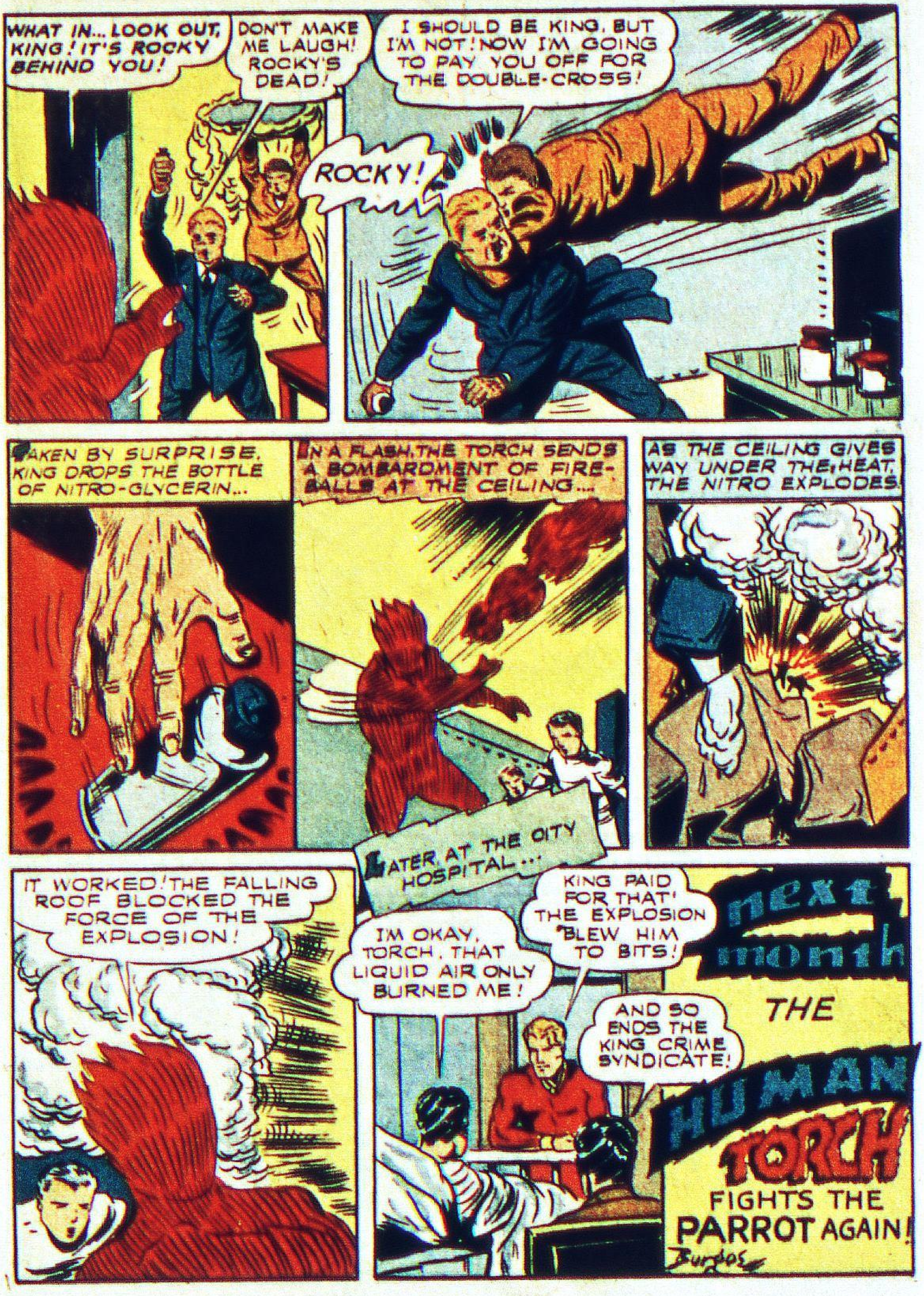

AS THE TORCH RUSHES ROCKY AND HIS MEN, ROCKY WHIPS OUT A ROUND GLASS BALL AND HURLS IT AT THE TORCH!
MY ARM!
HA! HOW DO YOU LIKE THE ACID BOMB?
WITH THE YELL OF A MADMAN, TORCH LEAPS UP AND CRASHES INTO THE CEILING AS TORO CHASES THE MOBSTERS!
BALL'S O' FIRE! MY ARM FEELS LIKE IT'S MISSING!
SECONDS LATER, THE TORCH RECOVERS FROM THE ACID AND MELTS THRU THE WALL!
THEY JUST JUMPED INTO A WAITING AUTO! TORO'S ON THEIR TAIL END!
I BETTER GIVE HIM A HAND!
BEHIND THE TORCH, AN AUTO ROARS INTO VIEW AND SHOOTS FORWARD IN HOT PURSUIT!
WHILE THE TORCH MELTS OFF THE TOP OF ROCKY'S CAR WITH A BLANKET OF FLAME!
A MERE SAMPLE, GENTS!
BEHIND THE TORCH! IT'S KING'S RADIO CONTROLLED AUTO!
YOU'VE GOT TO BEAT THAT CAR! FASTER, DOPE! FASTER!
WE'RE UP TO THE LIMIT, ROCKY!
3Y-BO29

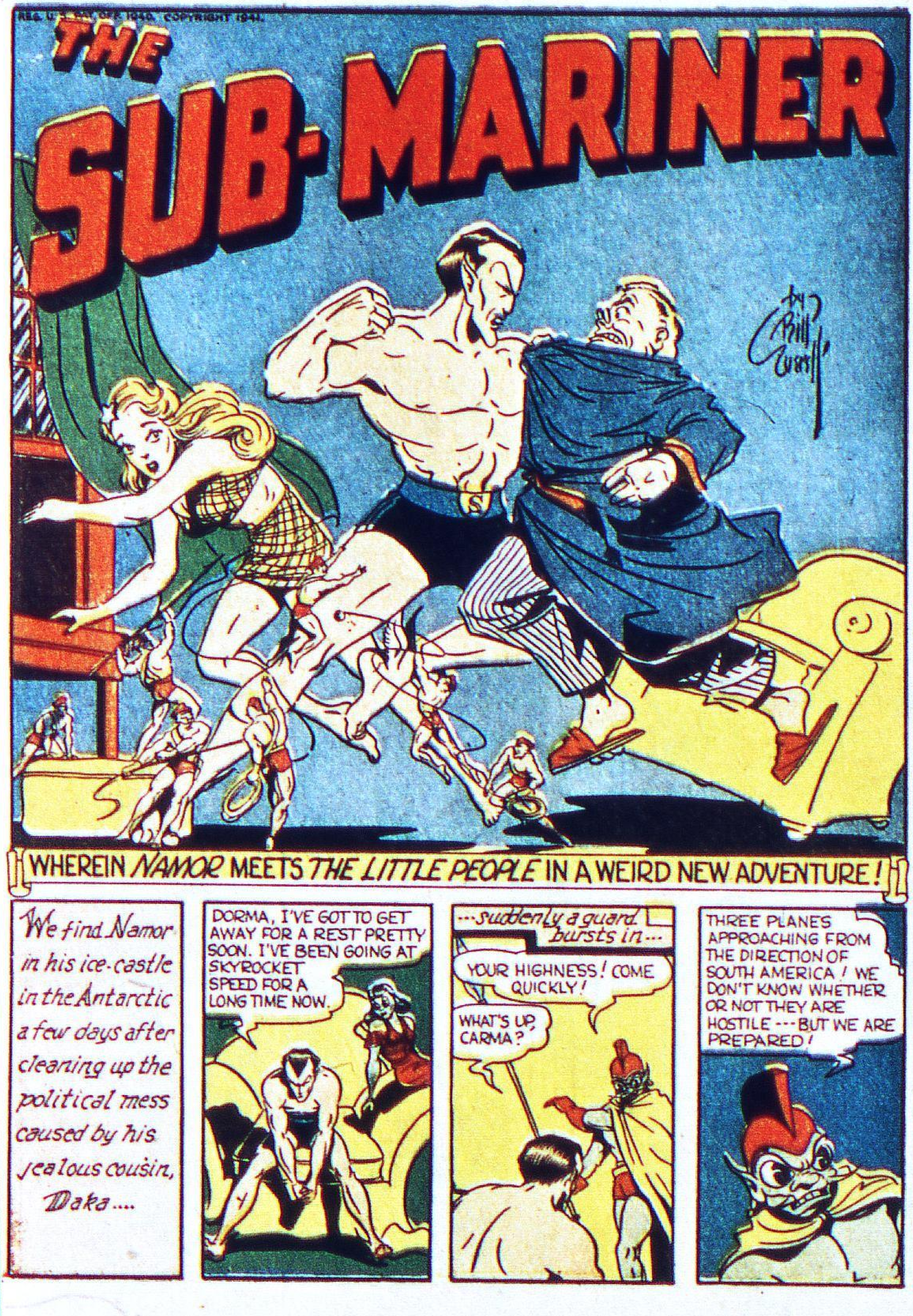

SUDDENLY, THE CAR BEHIND THE FLAME MASTERS ROARS PAST THEM!
WHAT TH-
THEY'RE GOING TO CRASH!
AS THE CARS COLLIDE, AN EXPLOSION FOLLOWS, AND MEN FLY THRU SPACE!
TORO, CHECK THE OTHER CAR! I'LL TAKE CARE OF ROCKYS!
RIGHT, TORCH!
THERES THAT BAG OF BEEF! HOPE HE ISN'T DONE FOR!
WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, ROCKY?
THE KING, HE DOUBLE-CROSSED ME! THE RAT! HE'S AT 1510--- ---OH-H-H-H!
HE'S DEAD, TORO! FIND ANYTHING?
IT'S SCREWY! ALL I FOUND IS RADIO TUBES, A TELEVISION SCREEN AND A LICENSE PLATE. THAT'S ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE OTHER CAR!
A RADIO-CONTROLLED CAR WITH THE POWER OF A TORPEDO! C'MON TORO, WE'RE GOING TO CHECK ON THIS LICENSE PLATE!
RIGHT

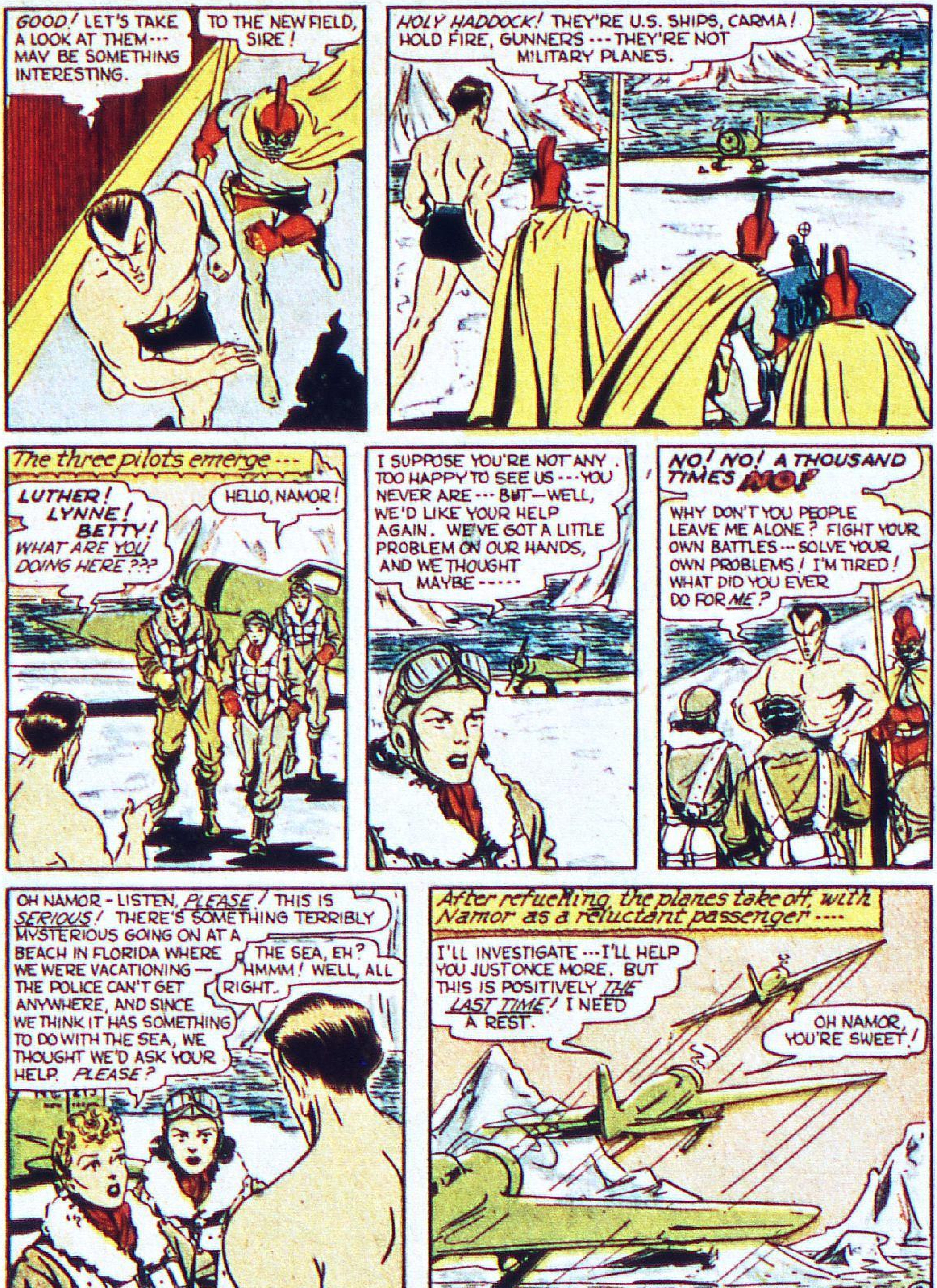

LATER AT THE VEHICLE LICENSE BUREAU...
I'VE GOT IT! THAT TORPEDO CAR BELONGED TO STEVE BRAND!
THE EX-RACKETEER WHO WENT STRAIGHT?
THE SAME! ONLY, HE'S BACK IN BUSINESS!
SO, BRAND IS THE KING! I THOUGHT ROCKY WAS TOO DUMB!
TORCH AND TORO WING TOWARD BRAND'S HOME, 1510 CROOK'S DR.
but/
I TELL YOU, STEVE, THOSE FIRE-BUGS ARE ON THEIR WAY HERE! I SPOTTED THEM AT THE LICENSE BUREAU!
GET THE MINES READY! THEN MEET ME UNDERGROUND!
THE MINES ARE READY! HERE THEY COME, KING!
AND HERE THEY GO!
OW! THE WHOLE SECTION BLEW UP!
AS THE SMOKE CLEARS!
WHAT A BLOW OUT! NOT A BUILDING LEFT ON CROOKS DRIVE!
A BIT TOO CONVENIENT IF YOU ASK ME, TORCH!
HEY, TORCH! COME HERE. I'VE FOUND SOMETHING!
THIS PATCH OF STEEL, IT'S NOT A WATER MAIN, ELSE IT WOULD HAVE SPLIT LIKE THE OTHERS!
YOU'RE RIGHT, TORO! THAT'S THE TOP OF A BOMB SHELTER, AND, I'LL BET, THE KING'S INSIDE

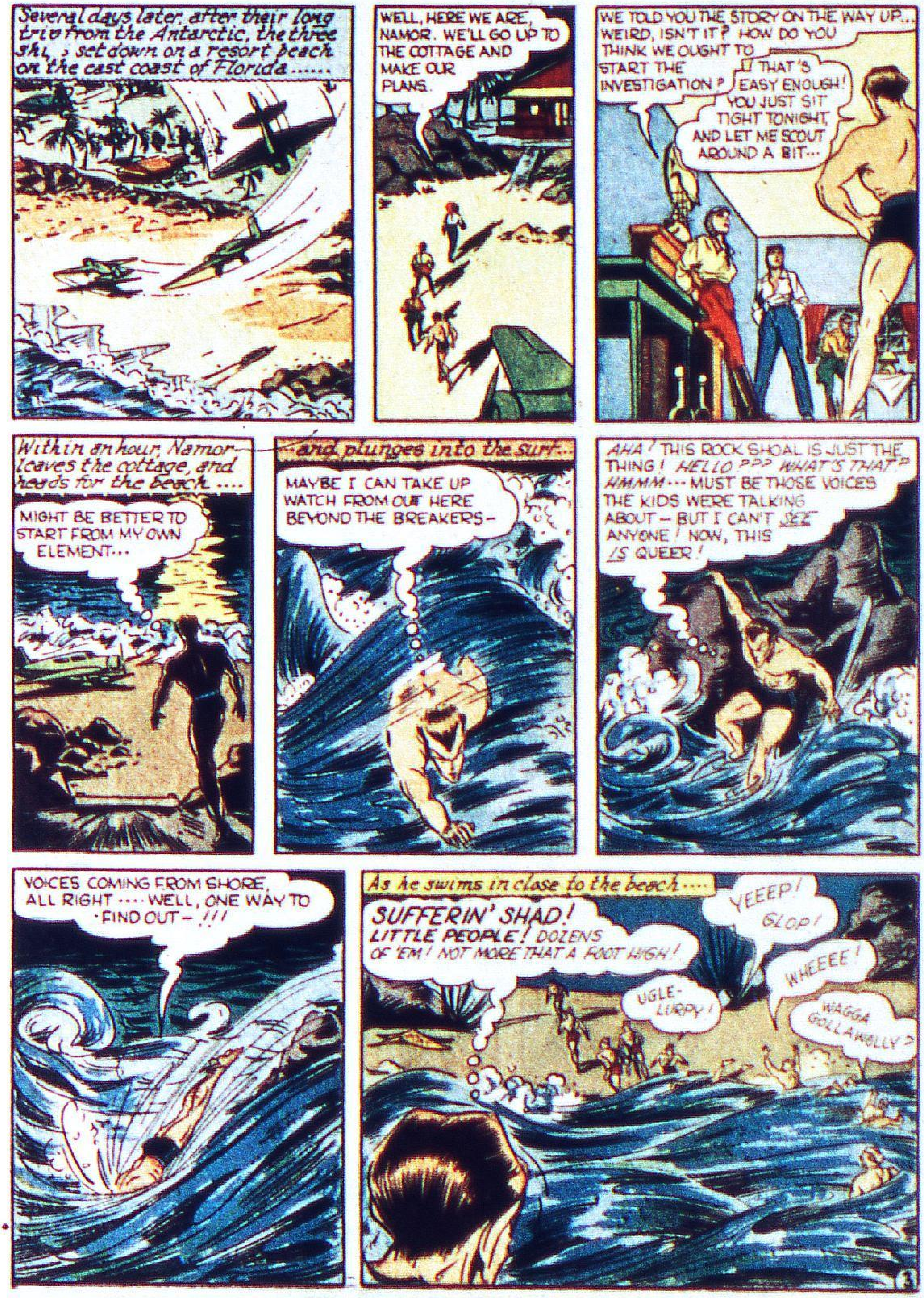

Meanwhile.
HA! THAT EXPLOSION WILL BLOCK FIRE-PANT'S EFFORT TO FIND ME! GET THOSE DOCS TO FINISH UP!
OKAY, KING!
And IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN!
WHAT TH!!
THAT GUY'S SUPPOSED TO BE A STIFF!
NOBODY CAN DOUBLE-CROSS ME, ROCKY! NOT EVEN THE KING, THE RAT!
WHILE THE TORCH AND TORO MELT THRU THE BOMB-SHELTER ROOF..
HELLO, STEVE, OR SHOULD I SAY KING!
TORCH, LOOK! THOSE DOCTORS ARE MASKED AND CHAINED TO THEIR TABLES!
TORCH AND TORO!
KING, WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, SLIPS ON A MASK AND HURLS A GLASS GLOBE AT THE FIRE-MASTERS!
HERE'S A PRESENT, TORCH!
IT EXPLODED! GAS! TORO...TURN OFF YOUR FLAME!
WHERE'S THAT HOSE?
GOT IT! COME CLOSER! NOW THAT THE GAS HAS WEAKENED YOU, THIS'LL FINISH YOU OFF!
DUCK!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I'LL...
YEEOW!! LIQUID AIR!

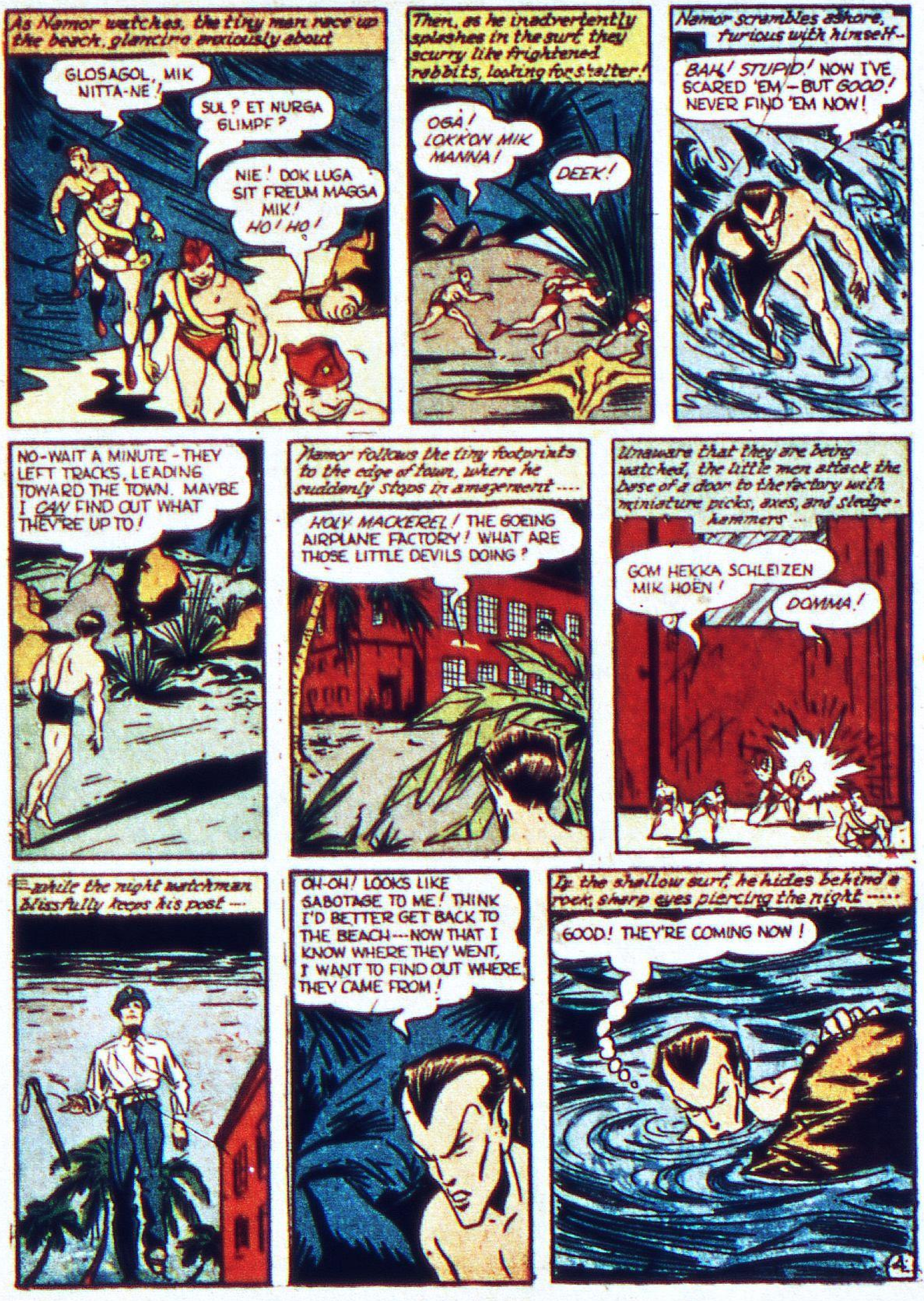

THE GAS CLEARS AS AIR POURS IN FROM THE ENTRANCE MADE BY THE TORCH'
YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT KING!
THE HOSE IS MELTED'
TRYING TO ESCAPE EH?
IF I ONLY CAN GET TO THAT TABLE...
HERE'S A JUICY FIRE-BALL, KING!
YEOW! THE BALL IS SPREADING OVER THE FLOOR, I CAN'T ESCAPE IT'
THAT'S IT KING! KEEP DANCING WHILE I FREE THE PHARMACISTS'
MY SHOES ARE BURNING OFF! IT'S LIKE WALKING ON A BED OF HOT COALS! BUT, I MUST REACH THAT TABLE!
MADE IT! WHERE'S THAT BOTTLE OF NITRO-GLYCERIN.. ..GOT IT'
OKAY, KING, I'M COMING AFTER YOU'
TAKE ONE MORE STEP, AND I'LL BLOW YOU TO KINGDOM COME!
3

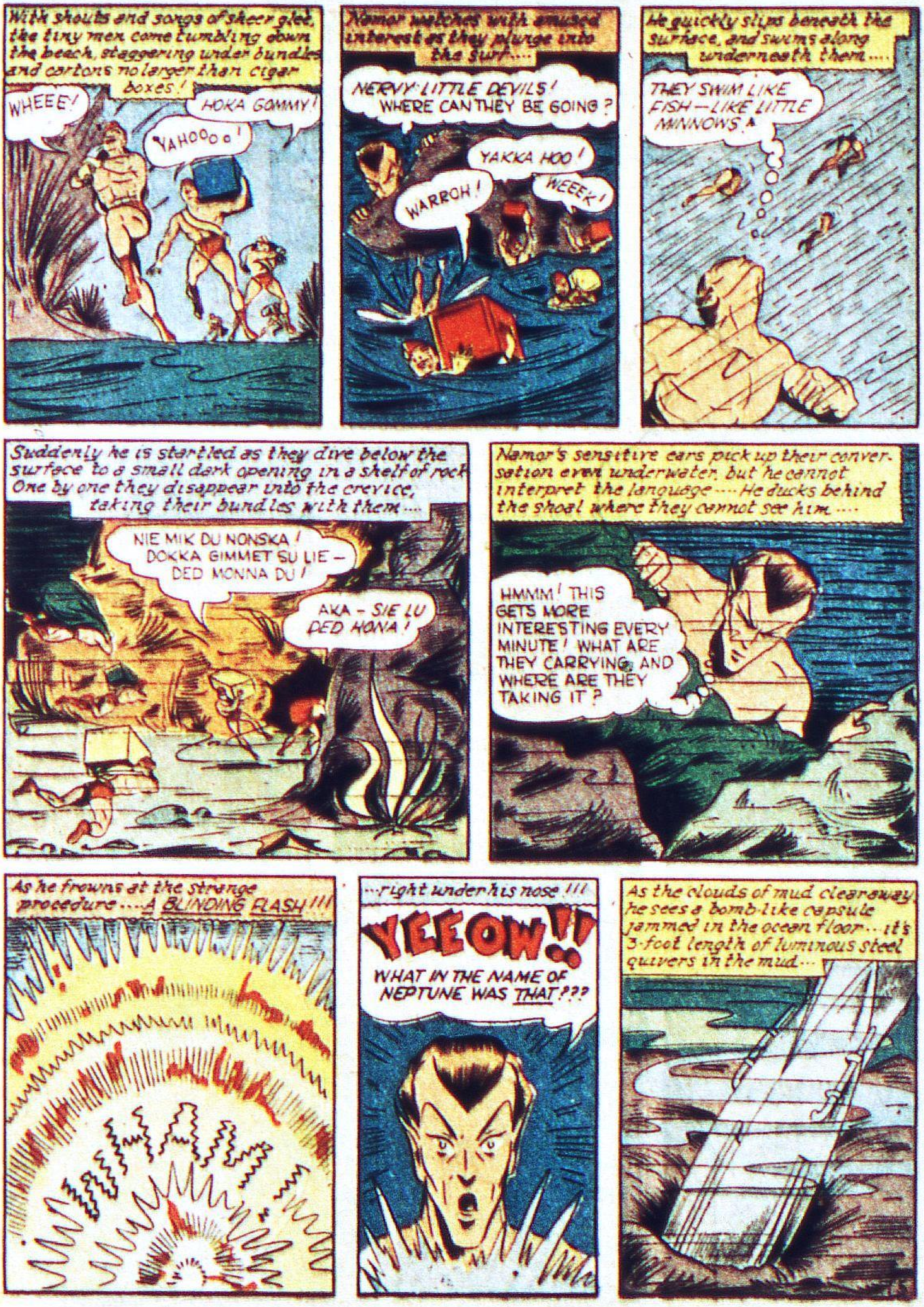

WHAT IN... LOOK OUT, KING! IT'S ROCKY BEHIND YOU!
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! ROCKY'S DEAD!
I SHOULD BE KING, BUT I'M NOT! NOW I'M GOING TO PAY YOU OFF FOR THE DOUBLE-CROSS!
ROCKY!
TAKEN BY SURPRISE, KING DROPS THE BOTTLE OF NITRO-GLYCERIN...
IN A FLASH, THE TORCH SENDS A BOMBARDMENT OF FIRE-BALLS AT THE CEILING...
AS THE CEILING GIVES WAY UNDER THE HEAT, THE NITRO EXPLODES!
IT WORKED! THE FALLING ROOF BLOCKED THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION!
LATER AT THE CITY HOSPITAL...
I'M OKAY, TORCH, THAT LIQUID AIR ONLY BURNED ME!
KING PAID FOR THAT! THE EXPLOSION BLEW HIM TO BITS!
AND SO ENDS THE KING CRIME SYNDICATE!
next month THE HUMAN TORCH FIGHTS THE PARROT AGAIN!
Burgos

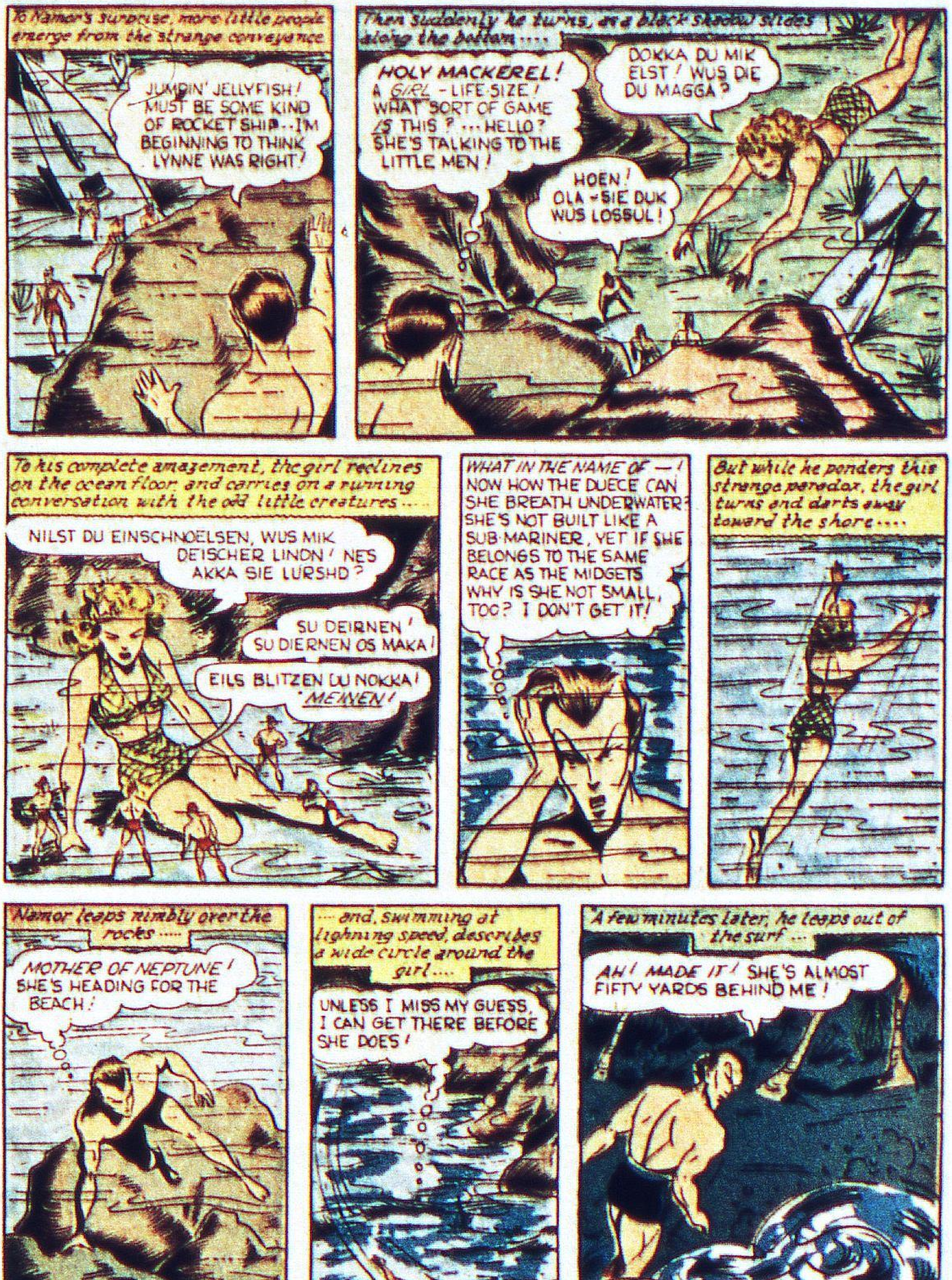

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940. COPYRIGHT 1941.
THE SUB-MARINER
by Bill Everett
WHEREIN NAMOR MEETS THE LITTLE PEOPLE IN A WEIRD NEW ADVENTURE!
We find Namor in his ice-castle in the Antarctic a few days after cleaning up the political mess caused by his jealous cousin, Daka....
DORMA, I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FOR A REST PRETTY SOON. I'VE BEEN GOING AT SKYROCKET SPEED FOR A LONG TIME NOW.
...suddenly a guard bursts in...
YOUR HIGHNESS! COME QUICKLY!
WHAT'S UP, CARMA?
THREE PLANES APPROACHING FROM THE DIRECTION OF SOUTH AMERICA! WE DON'T KNOW WHETHER OR NOT THEY ARE HOSTILE --- BUT WE ARE PREPARED!

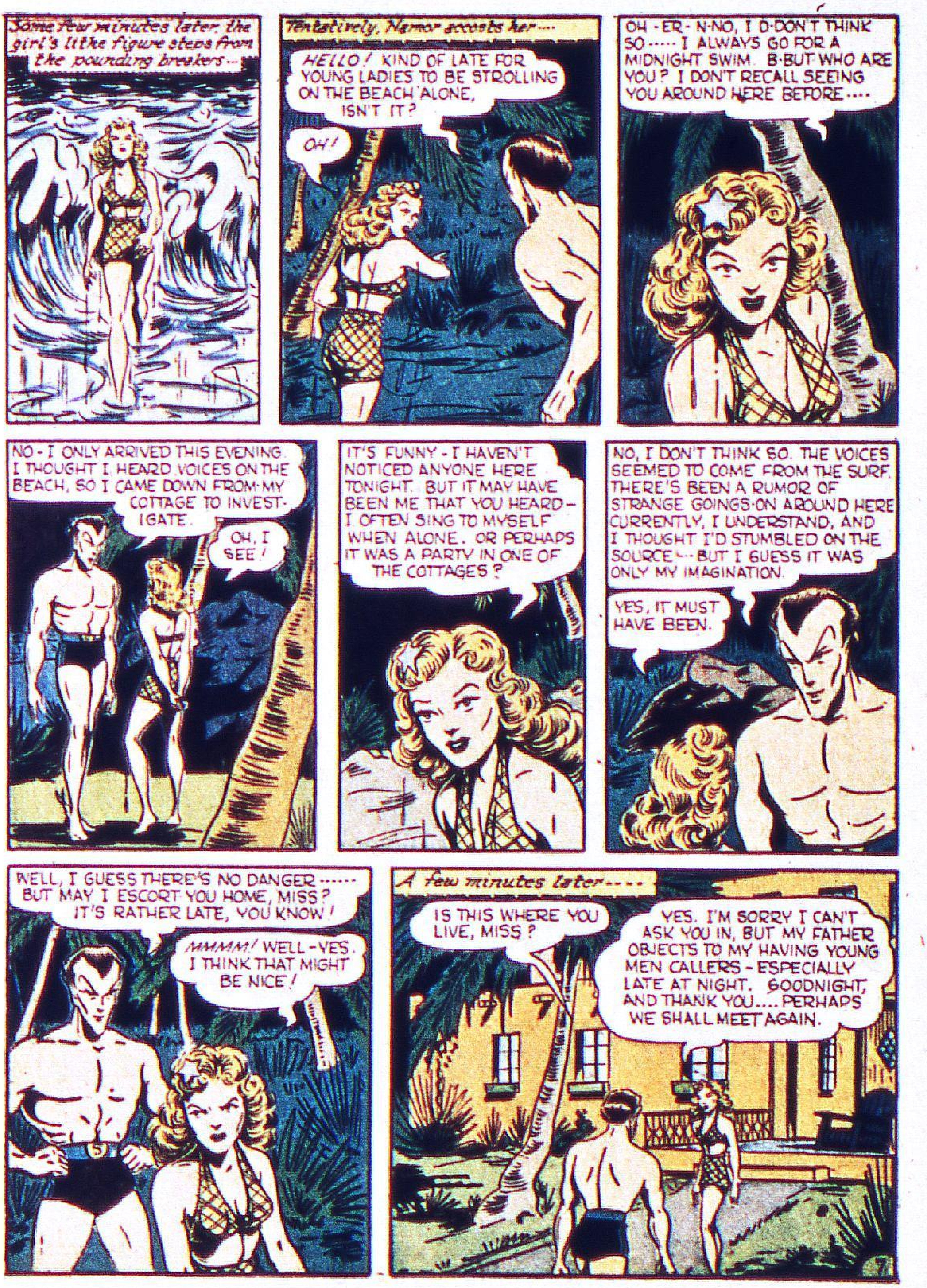

GOOD! LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THEM--- MAY BE SOMETHING INTERESTING.
TO THE NEW FIELD, SIRE!
HOLY HADDOCK! THEY'RE U.S. SHIPS, CARMA! HOLD FIRE, GUNNERS --- THEY'RE NOT MILITARY PLANES.
The three pilots emerge ---
LUTHER! LYNNE! BETTY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE???
HELLO, NAMOR!
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE NOT ANY TOO HAPPY TO SEE US --- YOU NEVER ARE --- BUT—WELL, WE'D LIKE YOUR HELP AGAIN. WE'VE GOT A LITTLE PROBLEM ON OUR HANDS, AND WE THOUGHT MAYBE -----
NO! NO! A THOUSAND TIMES NO!
WHY DON'T YOU PEOPLE LEAVE ME ALONE? FIGHT YOUR OWN BATTLES --- SOLVE YOUR OWN PROBLEMS! I'M TIRED! WHAT DID YOU EVER DO FOR ME?
OH NAMOR - LISTEN, PLEASE! THIS IS SERIOUS! THERE'S SOMETHING TERRIBLY MYSTERIOUS GOING ON AT A BEACH IN FLORIDA WHERE WE WERE VACATIONING — THE POLICE CAN'T GET ANYWHERE, AND SINCE WE THINK IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE SEA, WE THOUGHT WE'D ASK YOUR HELP. PLEASE?
THE SEA, EH? HMMM! WELL, ALL RIGHT.
After refuelling, the planes take off, with Namor as a reluctant passenger ----
I'LL INVESTIGATE --- I'LL HELP YOU JUST ONCE MORE. BUT THIS IS POSITIVELY THE LAST TIME! I NEED A REST.
OH NAMOR, YOU'RE SWEET!
2

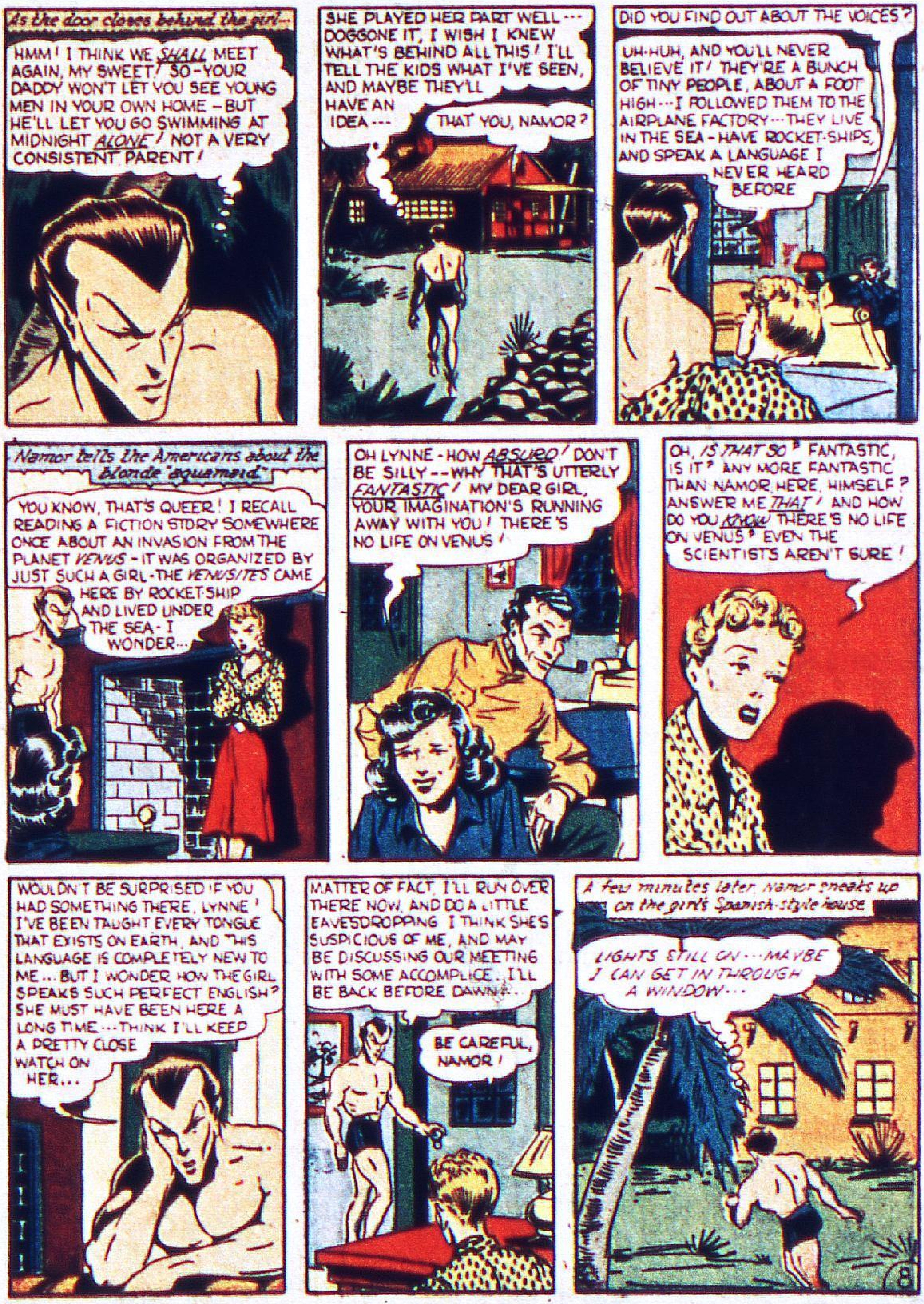

Several days later, after their long trip from the Antarctic, the three ships set down on a resort beach on the east coast of Florida......
WELL, HERE WE ARE, NAMOR. WE'LL GO UP TO THE COTTAGE AND MAKE OUR PLANS.
WE TOLD YOU THE STORY ON THE WAY UP... WEIRD, ISN'T IT? HOW DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO START THE INVESTIGATION?
THAT'S EASY ENOUGH! YOU JUST SIT TIGHT TONIGHT, AND LET ME SCOUT AROUND A BIT...
Within an hour, Namor leaves the cottage, and heads for the beach....
MIGHT BE BETTER TO START FROM MY OWN ELEMENT...
...and plunges into the surf...
MAYBE I CAN TAKE UP WATCH FROM OUT HERE BEYOND THE BREAKERS-
AHA! THIS ROCK SHOAL IS JUST THE THING! HELLO??? WHAT'S THAT? HMMM... MUST BE THOSE VOICES THE KIDS WERE TALKING ABOUT - BUT I CAN'T SEE ANYONE! NOW, THIS IS QUEER!
VOICES COMING FROM SHORE, ALL RIGHT.... WELL, ONE WAY TO FIND OUT-!!!
As he swims in close to the beach....
SUFFERIN' SHAD! LITTLE PEOPLE! DOZENS OF 'EM! NOT MORE THAT A FOOT HIGH!
YEEEP!
GLOP!
WHEEEE!
UGLE-LURPY!
WAGGA GOLLAWOLLY?
3

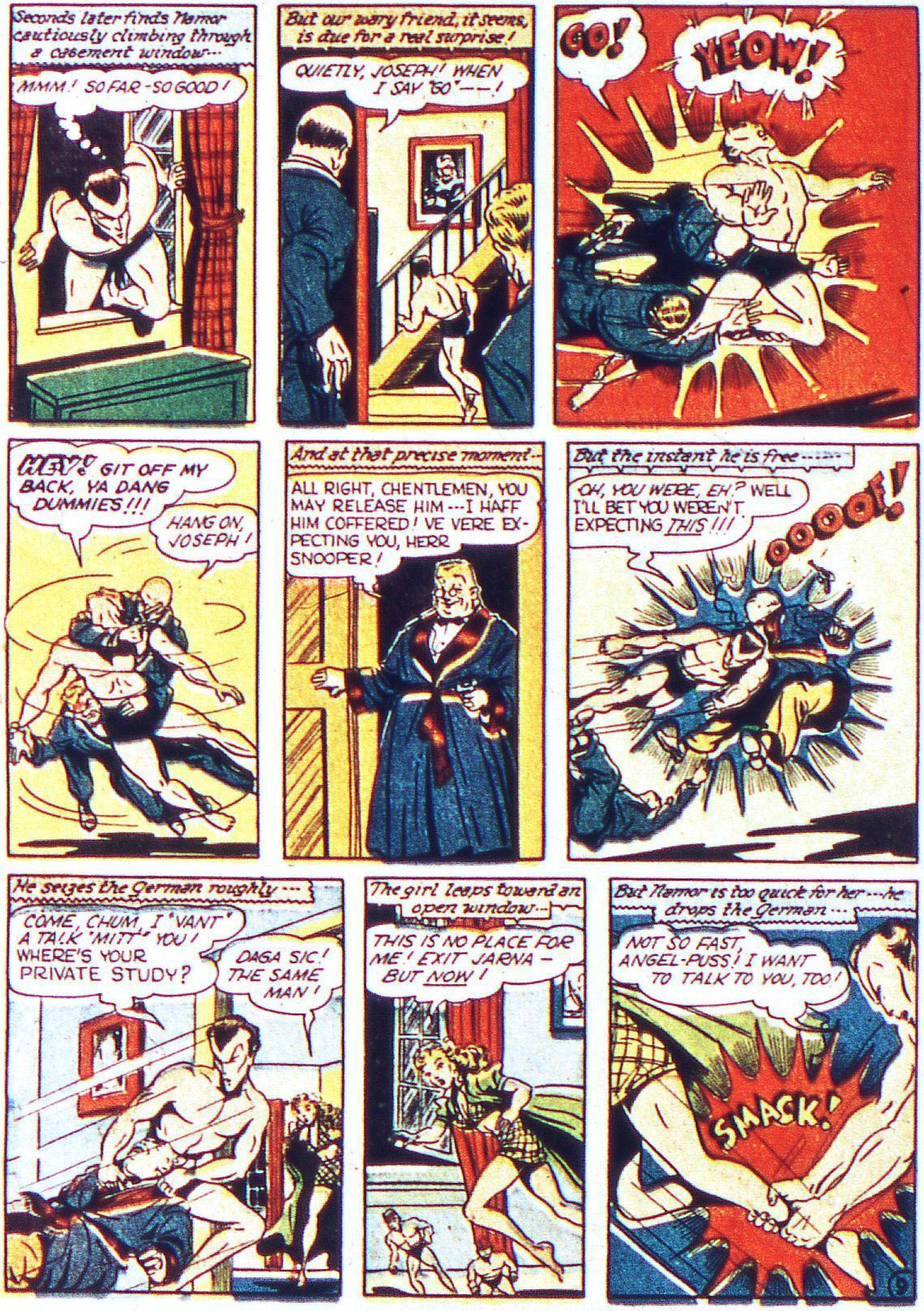

As Namor watches, the tiny men race up the beach, glancing anxiously about
GLOSAGOL, MIK NITTA-NE'!
SUL? ET NURGA GLIMPF?
NIE! DOK LUGA SIT FREUM MAGGA MIK! HO! HO!
Then, as he inadvertently splashes in the surf they scurry like frightened rabbits, looking for shelter!
OGÀ! LOKK'ON MIK MANNA!
DEEK!
Namor scrambles ashore, furious with himself--
BAH! STUPID! NOW I'VE SCARED 'EM--BUT GOOD! NEVER FIND 'EM NOW!
NO-WAIT A MINUTE-THEY LEFT TRACKS, LEADING TOWARD THE TOWN. MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!
Namor follows the tiny footprints to the edge of town, where he suddenly stops in amazement....
HOLY MACKEREL! THE GOEING AIRPLANE FACTORY! WHAT ARE THOSE LITTLE DEVILS DOING?
Unaware that they are being watched, the little men attack the base of a door to the factory with miniature picks, axes, and sledge-hammers...
GOM HEKKA SCHLEIZEN MIK HOËN!
DOMMA!
--while the night watchman blissfully keeps his post---
OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE SABOTAGE TO ME! THINK I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE BEACH---NOW THAT I KNOW WHERE THEY WENT, I WANT TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY CAME FROM!
In the shallow surf, he hides behind a rock, sharp eyes piercing the night.....
GOOD! THEY'RE COMING NOW!

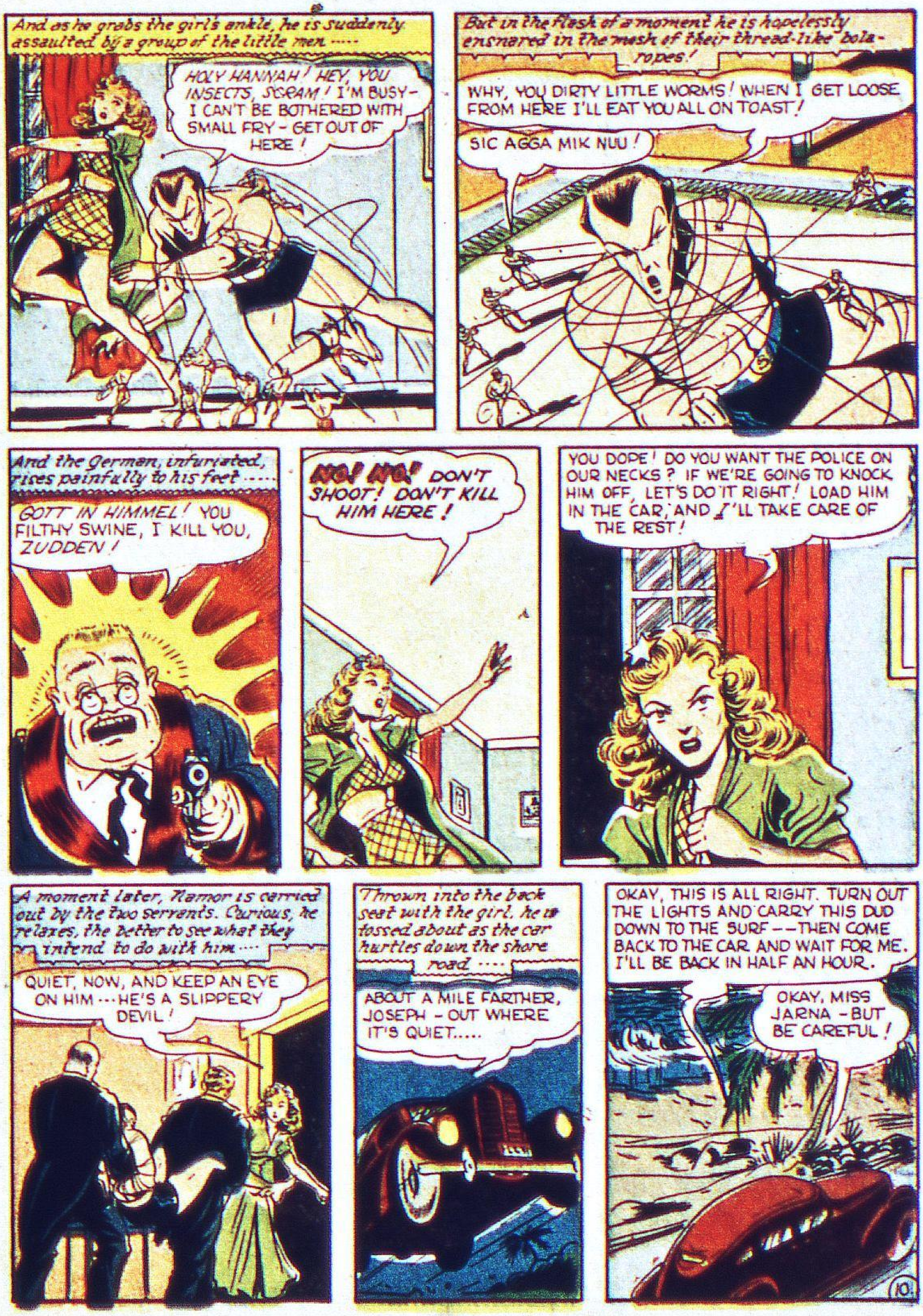

With shouts and songs of sheer glee, the tiny men come tumbling down the beach, staggering under bundles and cartons no larger than cigar boxes!
WHEEE!
HOKA GOMMY!
YAHOOooo!
Namor watches with amused interest as they plunge into the surf....
NERVY LITTLE DEVILS! WHERE CAN THEY BE GOING?
YAKKA HOO!
WARROH!
WEEEK!
He quickly slips beneath the surface, and swims along underneath them....
THEY SWIM LIKE FISH—LIKE LITTLE MINNOWS!
Suddenly he is startled as they dive below the surface to a small dark opening in a shelf of rock. One by one they disappear into the crevice, taking their bundles with them....
NIE MIK DU NONSKA! DOKKA GIMMET SU LIE-DED MONNA DU!
AKA - SIE LU DED HONA!
Namor's sensitive ears pick up their conversation even underwater, but he cannot interpret the language.... He ducks behind the shoal where they cannot see him....
HMMM! THIS GETS MORE INTERESTING EVERY MINUTE! WHAT ARE THEY CARRYING, AND WHERE ARE THEY TAKING IT?
As he frowns at the strange procedure.... A BLINDING FLASH!!!
...right under his nose!!!
YEEOW!!
WHAT IN THE NAME OF NEPTUNE WAS THAT???
As the clouds of mud clearaway he sees a bomb-like capsule jammed in the ocean floor... it's 3-foot length of luminous steel quivers in the mud...

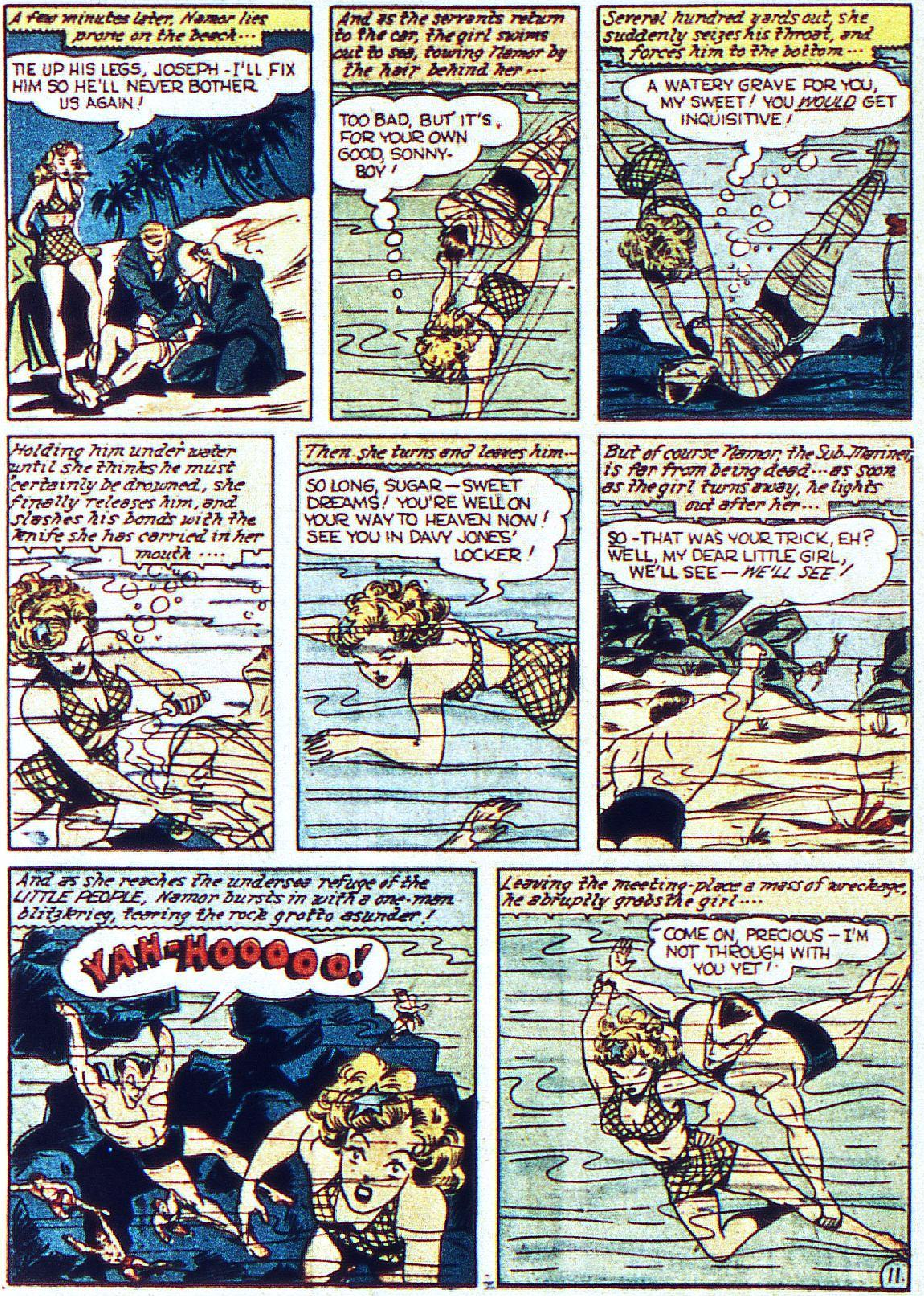

To Namor's surprise, more little people emerge from the strange conveyance
JUMPIN' JELLYFISH! MUST BE SOME KIND OF ROCKET SHIP--I'M BEGINNING TO THINK LYNNE WAS RIGHT!
Then suddenly he turns, as a black shadow slides along the bottom....
HOLY MACKEREL! A GIRL - LIFE-SIZE! WHAT SORT OF GAME IS THIS? ...HELLO? SHE'S TALKING TO THE LITTLE MEN!
DOKKA DU MIK ELST! WUS DIE DU MAGGA?
HOEN! OLA-SIE DUK WUS LOSSUL!
To his complete amazement, the girl reclines on the ocean floor and carries on a running conversation with the odd little creatures....
NILST DU EINSCHNOELSEN, WUS MIK DEISCHER LINON! NES AKKA SIE LURSHD?
SU DEIRNEN! SU DIERNEN OS MAKA!
EILS BLITZEN DU NOKKA! MEMNEN!
WHAT IN THE NAME OF --! NOW HOW THE DUECE CAN SHE BREATH UNDERWATER? SHE'S NOT BUILT LIKE A SUB-MARINER, YET IF SHE BELONGS TO THE SAME RACE AS THE MIDGETS WHY IS SHE NOT SMALL, TOO? I DON'T GET IT!
But while he ponders this strange paradox, the girl turns and darts away toward the shore....
Namor leaps nimbly over the rocks....
MOTHER OF NEPTUNE! SHE'S HEADING FOR THE BEACH!
...and, swimming at lightning speed, describes a wide circle around the girl....
UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, I CAN GET THERE BEFORE SHE DOES!
A few minutes later, he leaps out of the surf...
AH! MADE IT! SHE'S ALMOST FIFTY YARDS BEHIND ME!

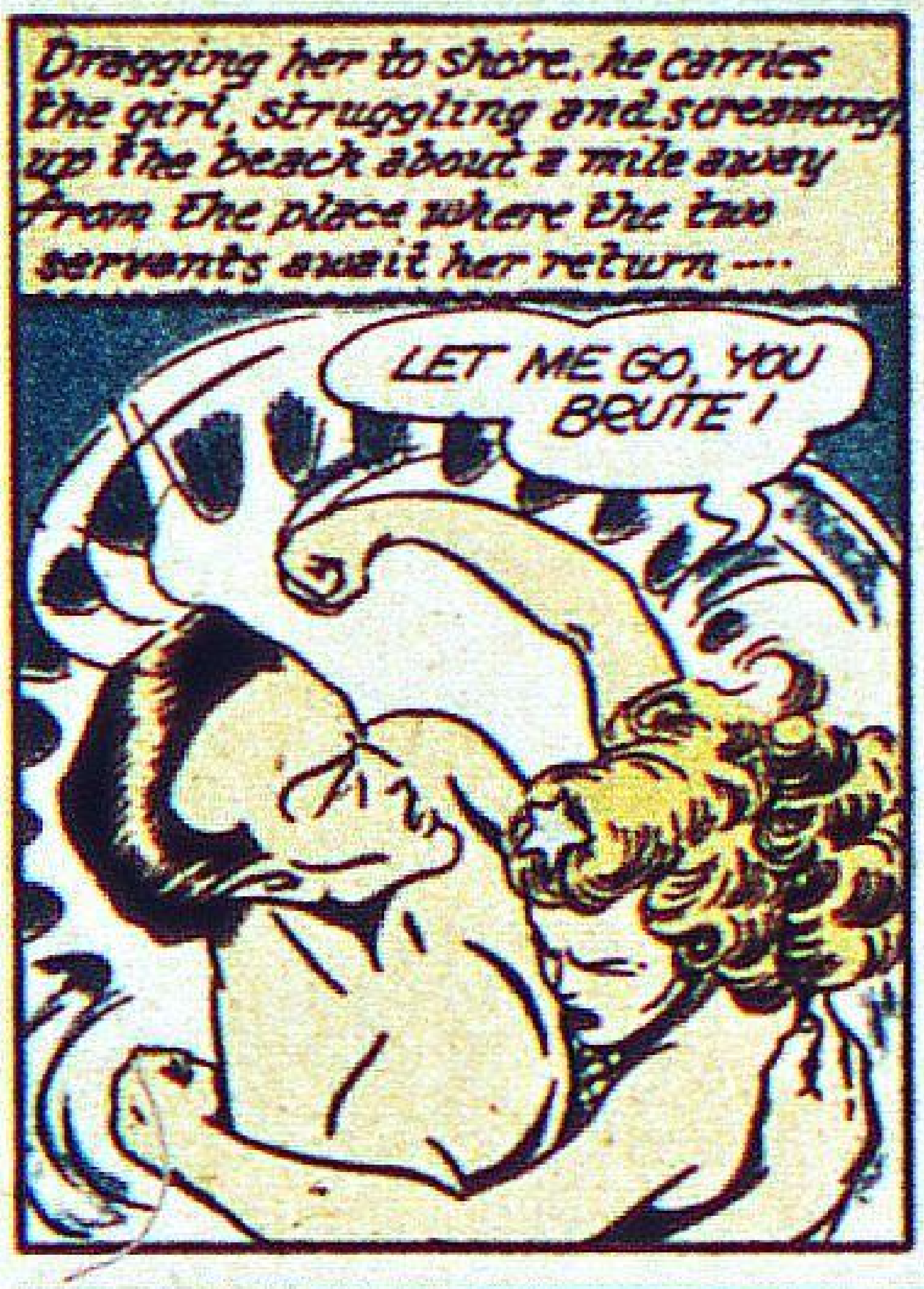

Some few minutes later, the girl's lithe figure steps from the pounding breakers...
Tentatively, Namor accosts her....
HELLO! KIND OF LATE FOR YOUNG LADIES TO BE STROLLING ON THE BEACH ALONE, ISN'T IT?
OH!
OH - ER - N-NO, I D-DON'T THINK SO..... I ALWAYS GO FOR A MIDNIGHT SWIM. B-BUT WHO ARE YOU? I DON'T RECALL SEEING YOU AROUND HERE BEFORE....
NO - I ONLY ARRIVED THIS EVENING. I THOUGHT I HEARD VOICES ON THE BEACH, SO I CAME DOWN FROM MY COTTAGE TO INVESTIGATE.
OH, I SEE!
IT'S FUNNY - I HAVEN'T NOTICED ANYONE HERE TONIGHT. BUT IT MAY HAVE BEEN ME THAT YOU HEARD - I OFTEN SING TO MYSELF WHEN ALONE. OR PERHAPS IT WAS A PARTY IN ONE OF THE COTTAGES?
NO, I DON'T THINK SO. THE VOICES SEEMED TO COME FROM THE SURF. THERE'S BEEN A RUMOR OF STRANGE GOINGS-ON AROUND HERE CURRENTLY, I UNDERSTAND, AND I THOUGHT I'D STUMBLED ON THE SOURCE--- BUT I GUESS IT WAS ONLY MY IMAGINATION.
YES, IT MUST HAVE BEEN.
WELL, I GUESS THERE'S NO DANGER...... BUT MAY I ESCORT YOU HOME, MISS? IT'S RATHER LATE, YOU KNOW!
MMMM! WELL - YES. I THINK THAT MIGHT BE NICE!
A few minutes later....
IS THIS WHERE YOU LIVE, MISS?
YES. I'M SORRY I CAN'T ASK YOU IN, BUT MY FATHER OBJECTS TO MY HAVING YOUNG MEN CALLERS - ESPECIALLY LATE AT NIGHT. GOODNIGHT, AND THANK YOU.... PERHAPS WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.
7

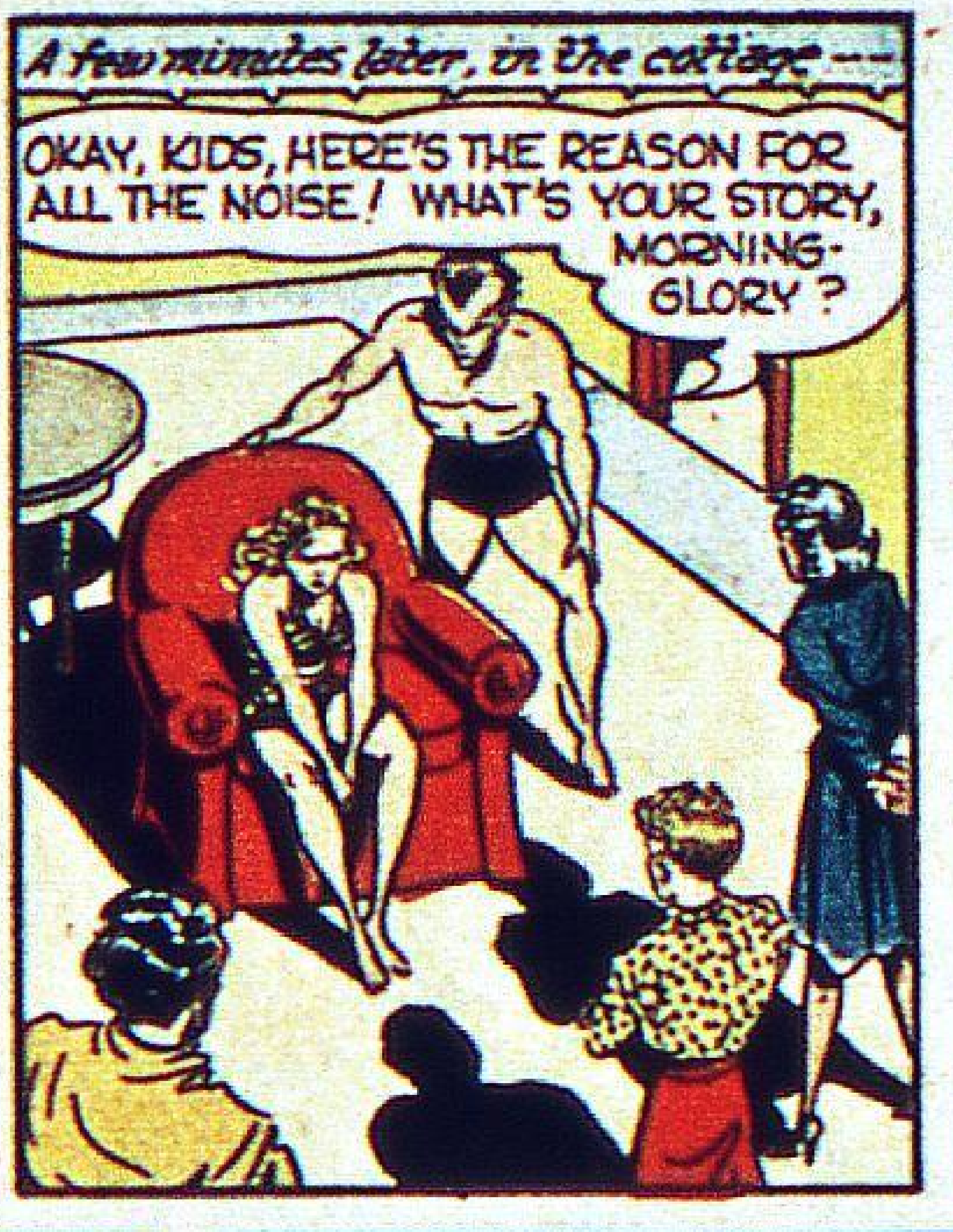

As the door closes behind the girl--
HMM! I THINK WE SHALL MEET AGAIN, MY SWEET! SO-YOUR DADDY WON'T LET YOU SEE YOUNG MEN IN YOUR OWN HOME - BUT HE'LL LET YOU GO SWIMMING AT MIDNIGHT ALONE! NOT A VERY CONSISTENT PARENT!
SHE PLAYED HER PART WELL --- DOGGONE IT, I WISH I KNEW WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS! I'LL TELL THE KIDS WHAT I'VE SEEN, AND MAYBE THEY'LL HAVE AN IDEA ---
THAT YOU, NAMOR?
DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THE VOICES?
UH-HUH, AND YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT! THEY'RE A BUNCH OF TINY PEOPLE, ABOUT A FOOT HIGH --- I FOLLOWED THEM TO THE AIRPLANE FACTORY --- THEY LIVE IN THE SEA - HAVE ROCKET-SHIPS, AND SPEAK A LANGUAGE I NEVER HEARD BEFORE
Namor tells the Americans about the blonde "aquamaid."
YOU KNOW, THAT'S QUEER! I RECALL READING A FICTION STORY SOMEWHERE ONCE ABOUT AN INVASION FROM THE PLANET VENUS - IT WAS ORGANIZED BY JUST SUCH A GIRL - THE VENUSITES CAME HERE BY ROCKET-SHIP AND LIVED UNDER THE SEA - I WONDER...
OH LYNNE - HOW ABSURD! DON'T BE SILLY -- WHY THAT'S UTTERLY FANTASTIC! MY DEAR GIRL, YOUR IMAGINATION'S RUNNING AWAY WITH YOU! THERE'S NO LIFE ON VENUS!
OH, IS THAT SO? FANTASTIC, IS IT? ANY MORE FANTASTIC THAN NAMOR HERE, HIMSELF? ANSWER ME THAT! AND HOW DO YOU KNOW THERE'S NO LIFE ON VENUS? EVEN THE SCIENTISTS AREN'T SURE!
WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU HAD SOMETHING THERE, LYNNE! I'VE BEEN TAUGHT EVERY TONGUE THAT EXISTS ON EARTH, AND THIS LANGUAGE IS COMPLETELY NEW TO ME... BUT I WONDER HOW THE GIRL SPEAKS SUCH PERFECT ENGLISH? SHE MUST HAVE BEEN HERE A LONG TIME... THINK I'LL KEEP A PRETTY CLOSE WATCH ON HER...
MATTER OF FACT, I'LL RUN OVER THERE NOW, AND DO A LITTLE EAVESDROPPING. I THINK SHE'S SUSPICIOUS OF ME, AND MAY BE DISCUSSING OUR MEETING WITH SOME ACCOMPLICE. I'LL BE BACK BEFORE DAWN!
BE CAREFUL, NAMOR!
A few minutes later, Namor sneaks up on the girl's Spanish-style house
LIGHTS STILL ON... MAYBE I CAN GET IN THROUGH A WINDOW...
8

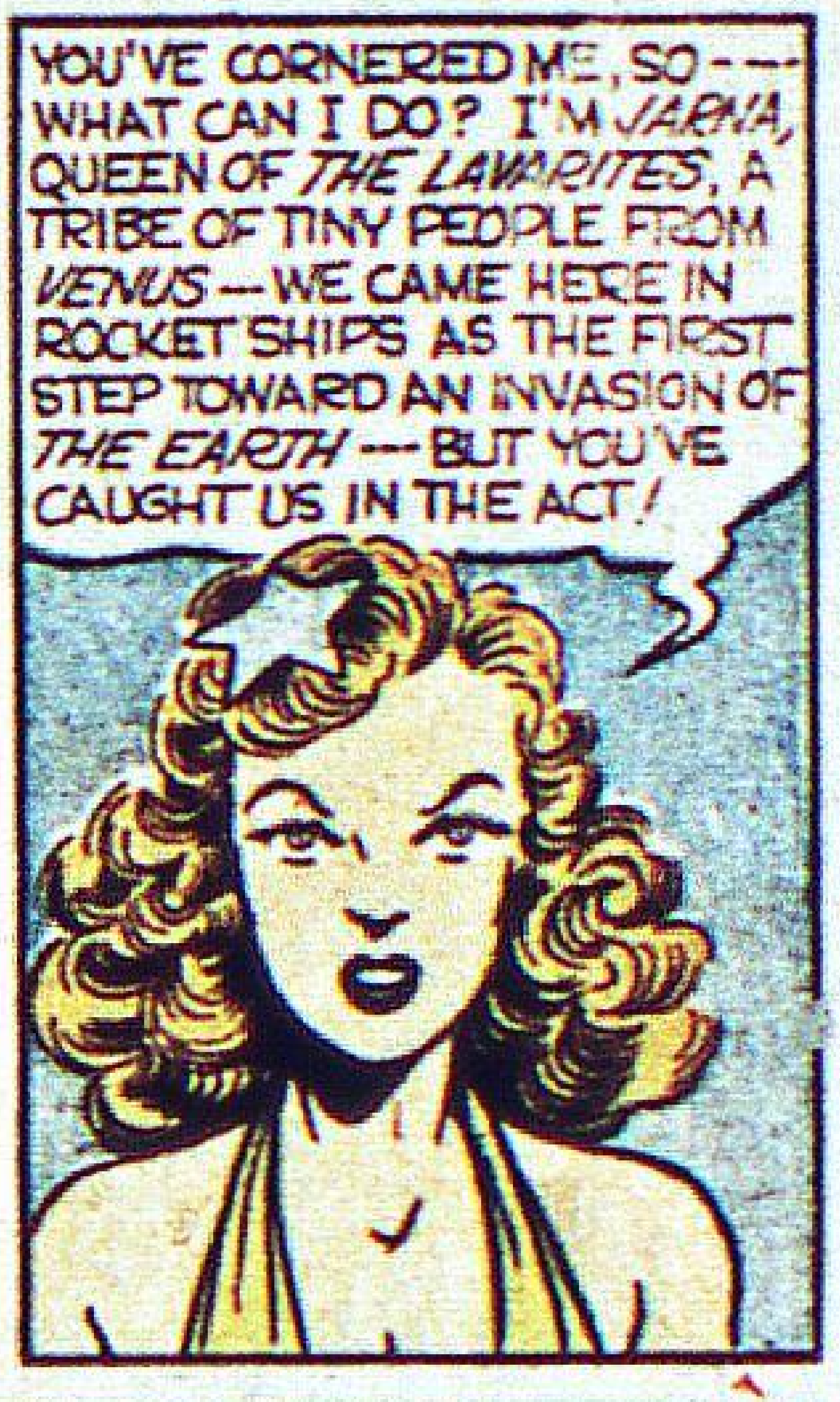

Seconds later finds Namor cautiously climbing through a casement window---
MMM! SO FAR-SO GOOD!
But our wary friend, it seems, is due for a real surprise!
QUIETLY, JOSEPH! WHEN I SAY "GO"---!
GO!
YEOW!
HEY! GIT OFF MY BACK, YA DANG DUMMIES!!!
HANG ON, JOSEPH!
And at that precise moment--
ALL RIGHT, CHENTLEMEN, YOU MAY RELEASE HIM---I HAFF HIM COFFERED! VE VERE EXPECTING YOU, HERR SNOOPER!
But the instant he is free------
OH, YOU WERE, EH? WELL I'LL BET YOU WEREN'T EXPECTING THIS!!!
OOOOOF!
He seizes the German roughly---
COME, CHUM, I "VANT" A TALK "MITT" YOU! WHERE'S YOUR PRIVATE STUDY?
DAGA SIC! THE SAME MAN!
The girl leaps toward an open window--
THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME! EXIT JARNA - BUT NOW!
But Namor is too quick for her---he drops the German---
NOT SO FAST, ANGEL-PUSS! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU, TOO!
SMACK!
5

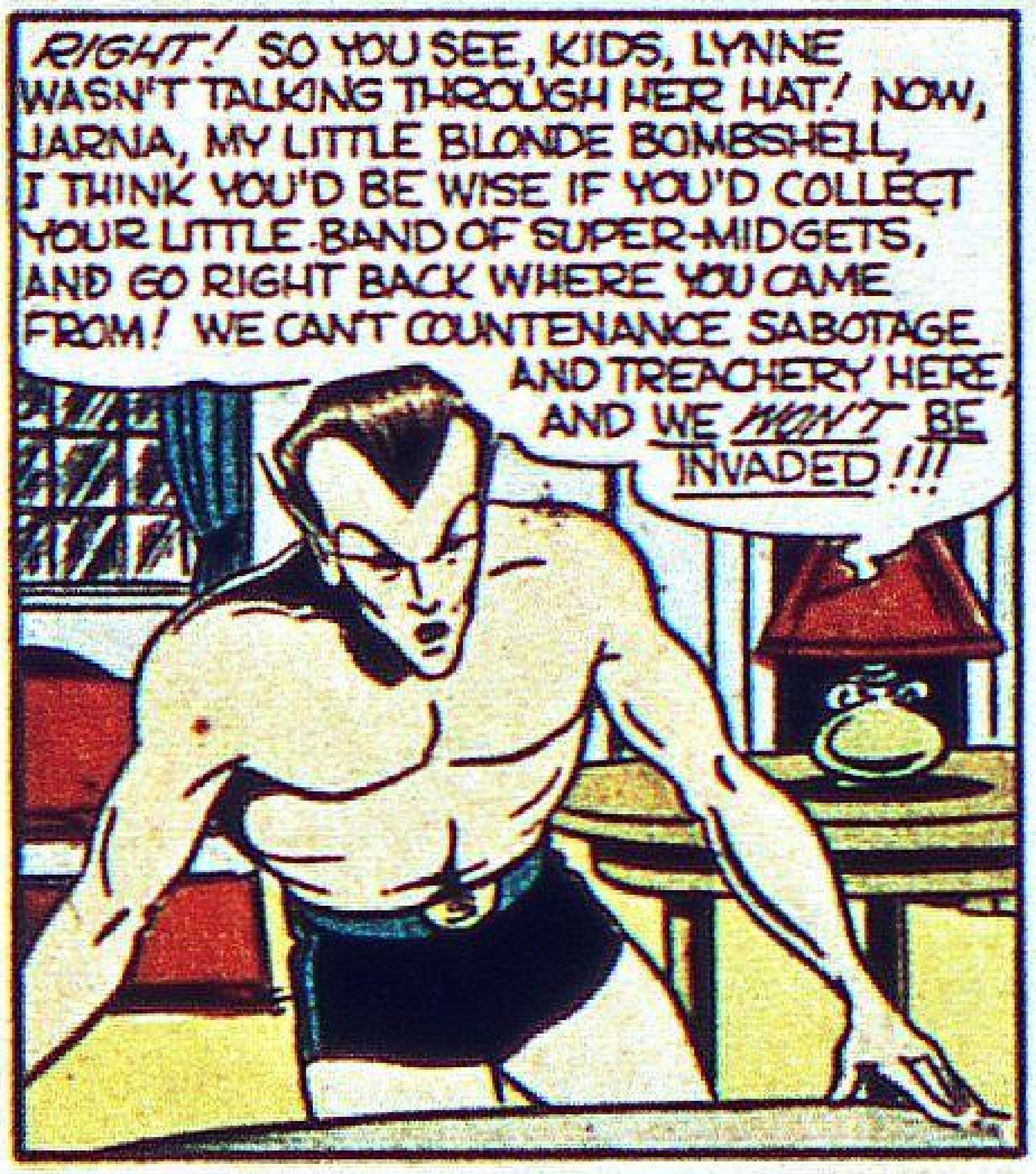

And as he grabs the girl's ankle, he is suddenly assaulted by a group of the little men .....
HOLY HANNAH! HEY, YOU INSECTS, SCRAM! I'M BUSY- I CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH SMALL FRY - GET OUT OF HERE!
But in the flesh of a moment he is hopelessly ensnared in the mesh of their thread-like bola-ropes!
WHY, YOU DIRTY LITTLE WORMS! WHEN I GET LOOSE FROM HERE I'LL EAT YOU ALL ON TOAST!
SIC AGGA MIK NUU!
And the German, infuriated, rises painfully to his feet .....
GOTT IN HIMMEL! YOU FILTHY SWINE, I KILL YOU, ZUDDEN!
NO! NO! DON'T SHOOT! DON'T KILL HIM HERE!
YOU DOPE! DO YOU WANT THE POLICE ON OUR NECKS? IF WE'RE GOING TO KNOCK HIM OFF, LET'S DO IT RIGHT! LOAD HIM IN THE CAR, AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST!
A moment later, Namor is carried out by the two servents. Curious, he relaxes, the better to see what they intend to do with him ....
QUIET, NOW, AND KEEP AN EYE ON HIM --- HE'S A SLIPPERY DEVIL!
Thrown into the back seat with the girl, he is tossed about as the car hurtles down the shore road ....
ABOUT A MILE FARTHER, JOSEPH - OUT WHERE IT'S QUIET.....
OKAY, THIS IS ALL RIGHT. TURN OUT THE LIGHTS AND CARRY THIS DUD DOWN TO THE SURF --THEN COME BACK TO THE CAR AND WAIT FOR ME. I'LL BE BACK IN HALF AN HOUR.
OKAY, MISS JARNA - BUT BE CAREFUL!

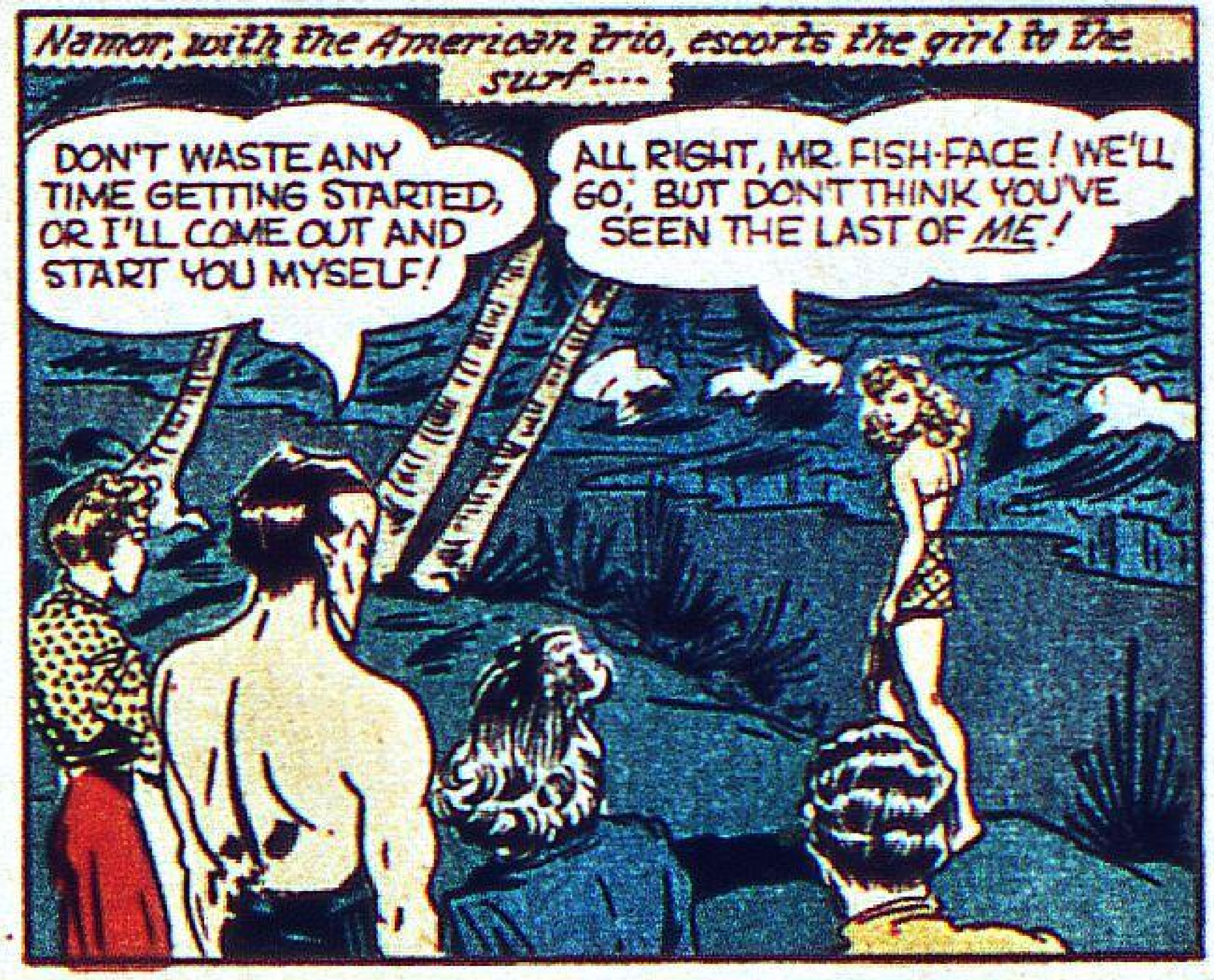

A few minutes later, Namor lies prone on the beach...
TIE UP HIS LEGS, JOSEPH - I'LL FIX HIM SO HE'LL NEVER BOTHER US AGAIN!
And as the servants return to the car, the girl swims out to sea, towing Namor by the hair behind her...
TOO BAD, BUT IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, SONNY-BOY!
Several hundred yards out, she suddenly seizes his throat, and forces him to the bottom...
A WATERY GRAVE FOR YOU, MY SWEET! YOU WOULD GET INQUISITIVE!
Holding him under water until she thinks he must certainly be drowned, she finally releases him, and slashes his bonds with the knife she has carried in her mouth....
Then she turns and leaves him...
SO LONG, SUGAR—SWEET DREAMS! YOU'RE WELL ON YOUR WAY TO HEAVEN NOW! SEE YOU IN DAVY JONES' LOCKER!
But of course Namor, the Sub-Mariner, is far from being dead... as soon as the girl turns away, he lights out after her...
SO-THAT WAS YOUR TRICK, EH? WELL, MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL, WE'LL SEE—WE'LL SEE!
And as she reaches the undersea refuge of the LITTLE PEOPLE, Namor bursts in with a one-man blitzkrieg, tearing the rock grotto asunder!
YAH-HOOOOOO!
Leaving the meeting-place a mass of wreckage, he abruptly grabs the girl....
COME ON, PRECIOUS - I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU YET!

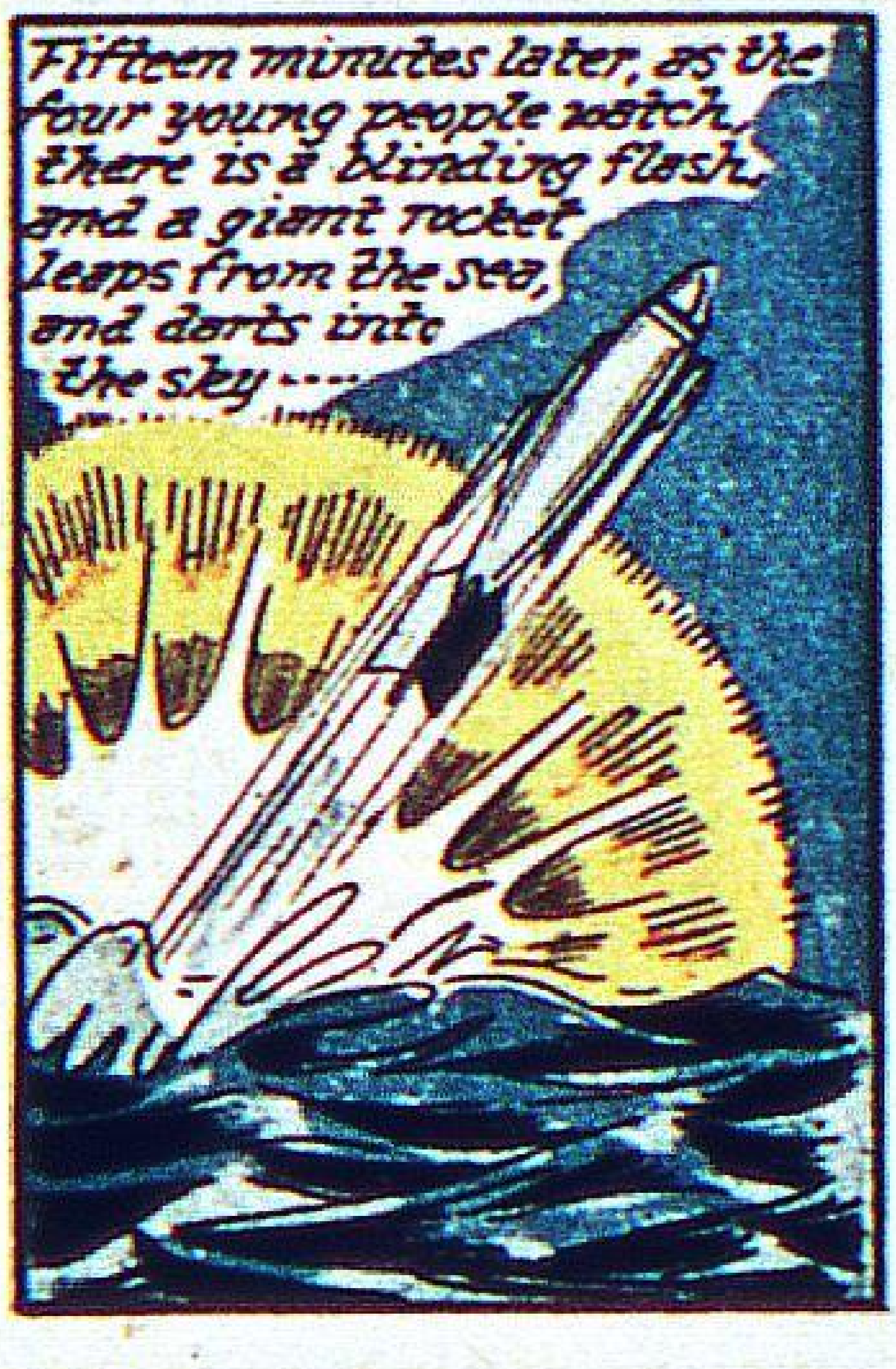

Dragging her to shore, he carries the girl, struggling and screaming up the beach about a mile away from the place where the two servants await her return ....
LET ME GO, YOU BRUTE!

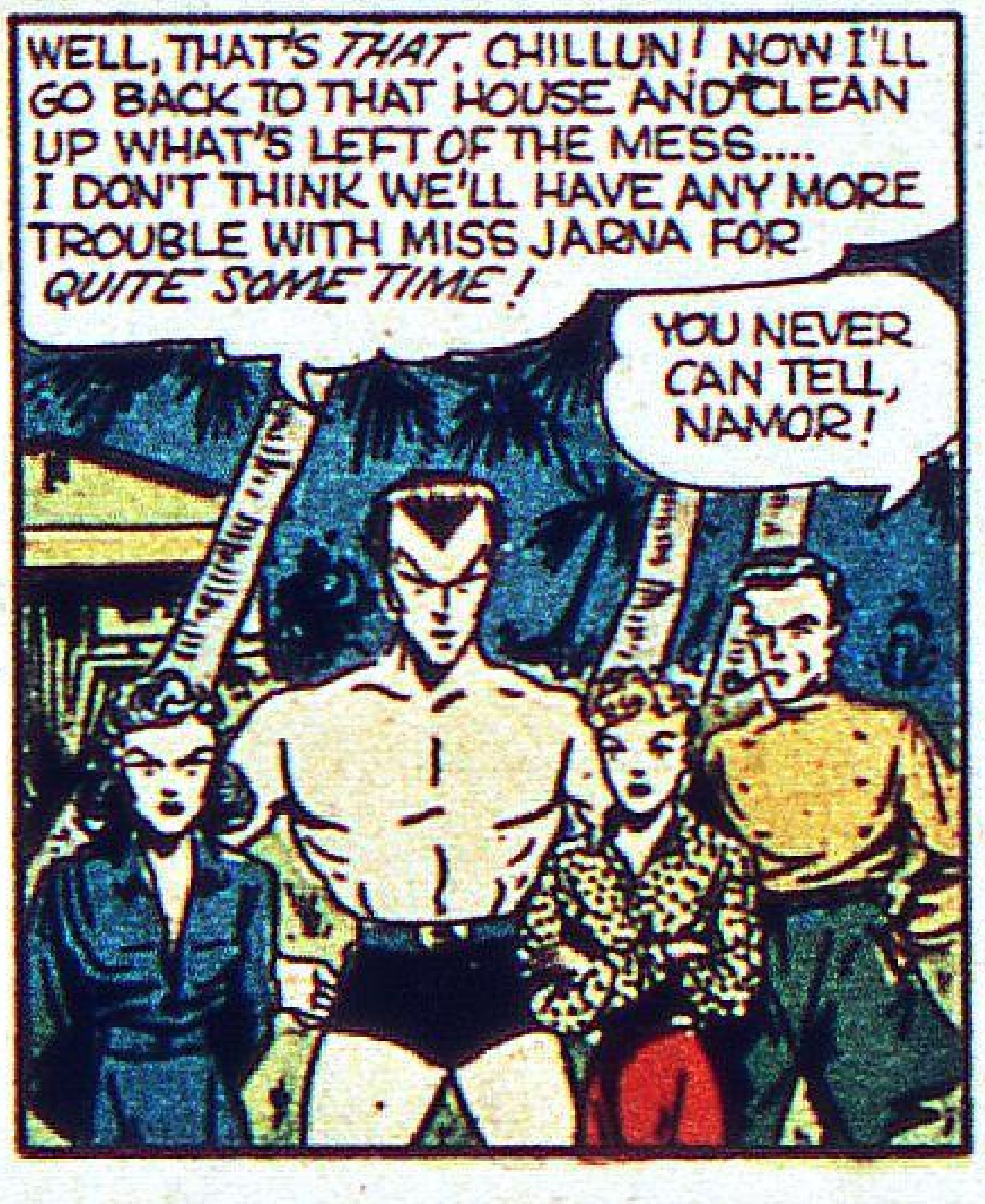

A few minutes later, in the cottage ---
OKAY, KIDS, HERE'S THE REASON FOR ALL THE NOISE! WHAT'S YOUR STORY, MORNING-GLORY?

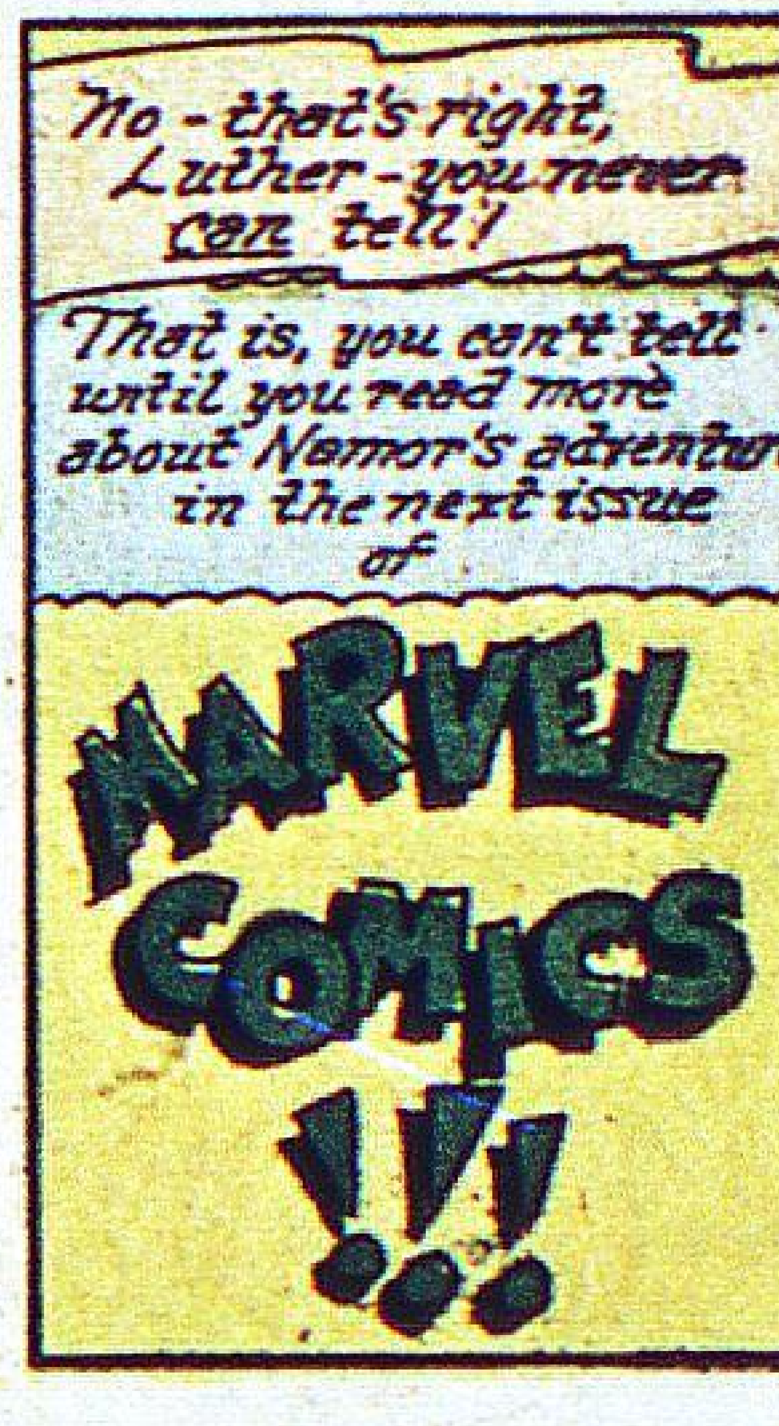

YOU'VE CORNERED ME, SO --- WHAT CAN I DO? I'M JARNA, QUEEN OF THE LAVARITES, A TRIBE OF TINY PEOPLE FROM VENUS -- WE CAME HERE IN ROCKET SHIPS AS THE FIRST STEP TOWARD AN INVASION OF THE EARTH --- BUT YOU'VE CAUGHT US IN THE ACT!


RIGHT! SO YOU SEE, KIDS, LYNNE WASN'T TALKING THROUGH HER HAT! NOW, JARNA, MY LITTLE BLONDE BOMBSHELL, I THINK YOU'D BE WISE IF YOU'D COLLECT YOUR LITTLE BAND OF SUPER-MIDGETS, AND GO RIGHT BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM! WE CAN'T COUNTENANCE SABOTAGE AND TREACHERY HERE, AND WE WON'T BE INVADED!!!

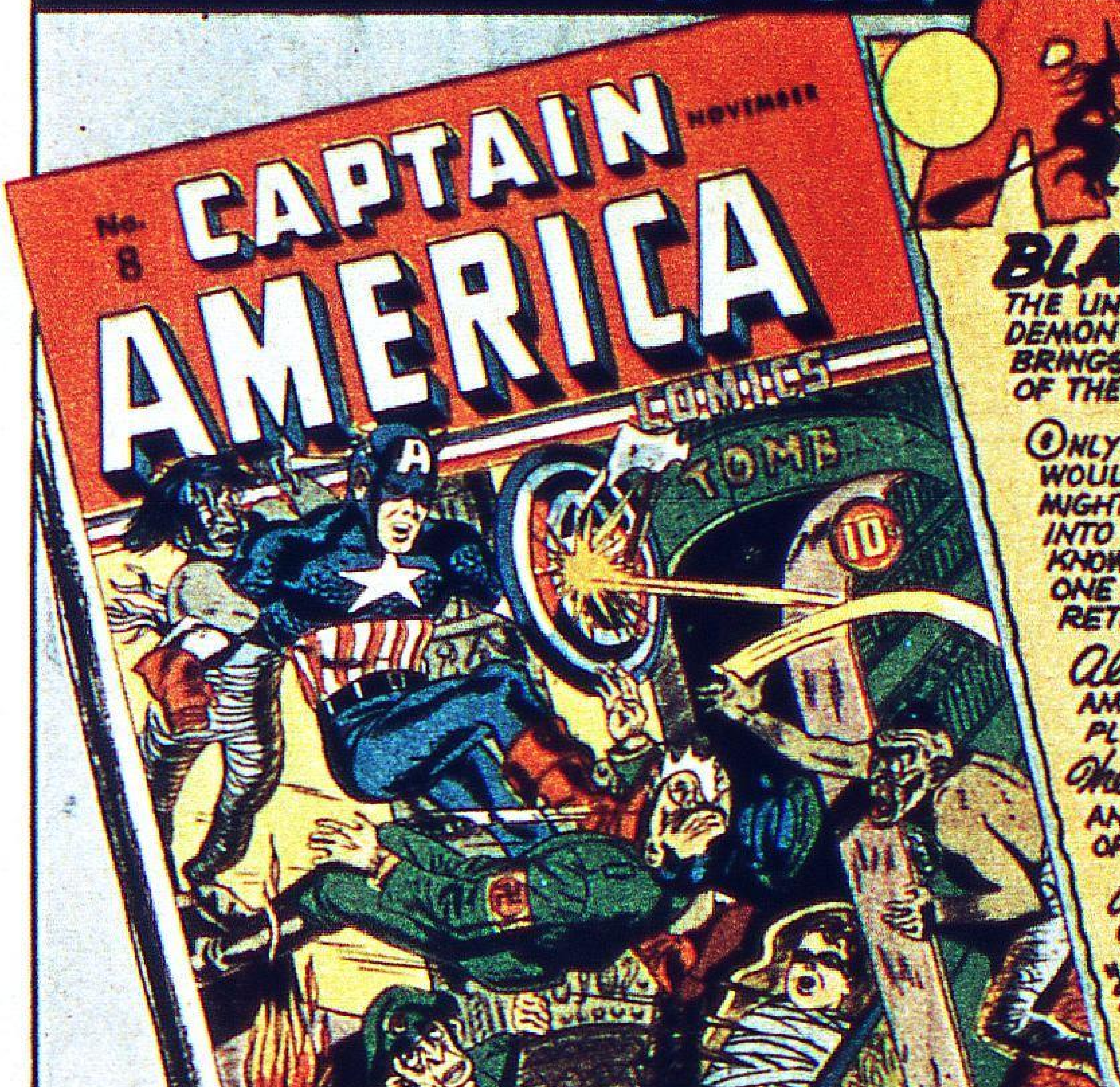

Namor, with the American trio, escorts the girl to the surf....
DON'T WASTE ANY TIME GETTING STARTED, OR I'LL COME OUT AND START YOU MYSELF!
ALL RIGHT, MR. FISH-FACE! WE'LL GO, BUT DON'T THINK YOU'VE SEEN THE LAST OF ME!


Fifteen minutes later, as the four young people watch, there is a blinding flash and a giant rocket leaps from the sea, and darts into the sky....


WELL, THAT'S THAT, CHILLUN! NOW I'LL GO BACK TO THAT HOUSE AND CLEAN UP WHAT'S LEFT OF THE MESS.... I DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE WITH MISS JARNA FOR QUITE SOME TIME!
YOU NEVER CAN TELL, NAMOR!


No - that's right, Luther - you never can tell!
That is, you can't tell until you read more about Namor's adventures in the next issue of
MARVEL COMICS!!!

A NEW better-than-ever; excitement-packed ISSUE!



RIDE THE WINTRY WIND ON A BROOMSTICK AS YOU FOLLOW THE THRILL-FILLED STORY OF THE

BLACK WITCH,

THE UNBELIEVABLE, MURDERING DEMON WHOSE VERY NAME BRINGS HORROR TO THE HEARTS OF THE BRAVEST !!

ONLY THE BLACK WITCH WOULD DARE TO LURE THE MIGHTY CAPTAIN AMERICA INTO THE CASTLE OF TERROR, KNOWING FULL WELL THAT ONE OF THEM WOULD NEVER RETURN ALIVE !!

also THRILL TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S DESPERATE PLIGHT AS HE ENCOUNTERS *the* RUBY *of the* NILE, AND IT'S STRANGE HERITAGE OF HORROR!

And, DON'T FAIL TO READ CAPTAIN AMERICA'S MOST PERPLEXING CASE IN-- *"Murder Stalks the Maneuvers"*

P.S.

LET'S ALL RALLY AROUND CAP AND BUCKY AND HELP THEM IN THEIR COURAGEOUS FIGHT AGAINST SPIES AND TRAITORS WHO PLOT AGAINST OUR NATION! JOIN THE SENTINELS OF LIBERTY TODAY AND HELP OVERCOME THESE SUBVERSIVE INFLUENCES THAT THREATEN OUR CHERISHED BIRTHRIGHT-

· Liberty ·

THIS BADGE IS OF HIGH QUALITY METAL--THE SAME AS USED BY FIREMEN AND OFFICERS; IT IS NOT A PICTURE BUTTON NOVELTY-

SEND THIS COUPON OR WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY ON A SEPARATE PIECE OF PAPER ALONG WITH 10¢ to

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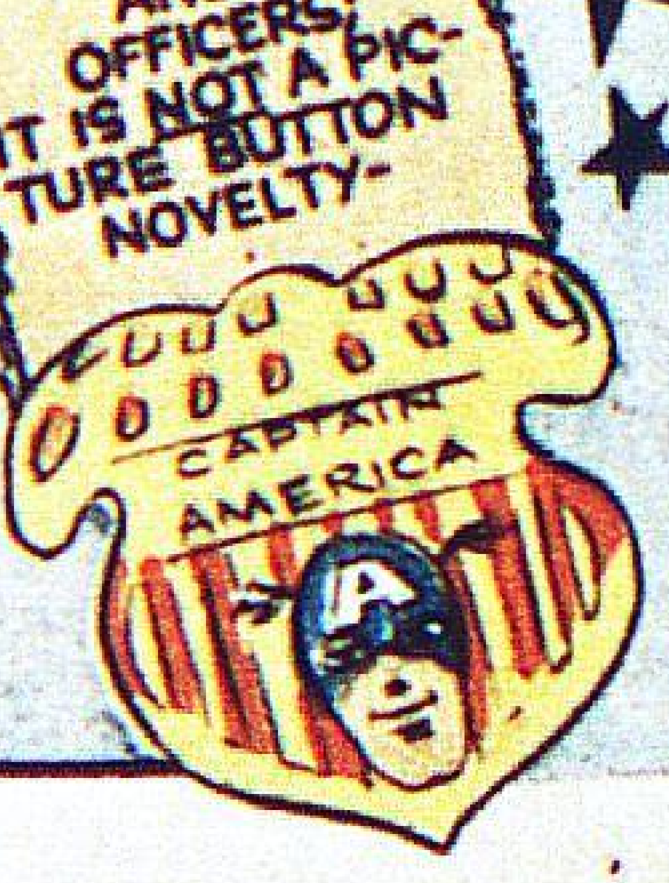
AND YOU WILL RECEIVE A BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD



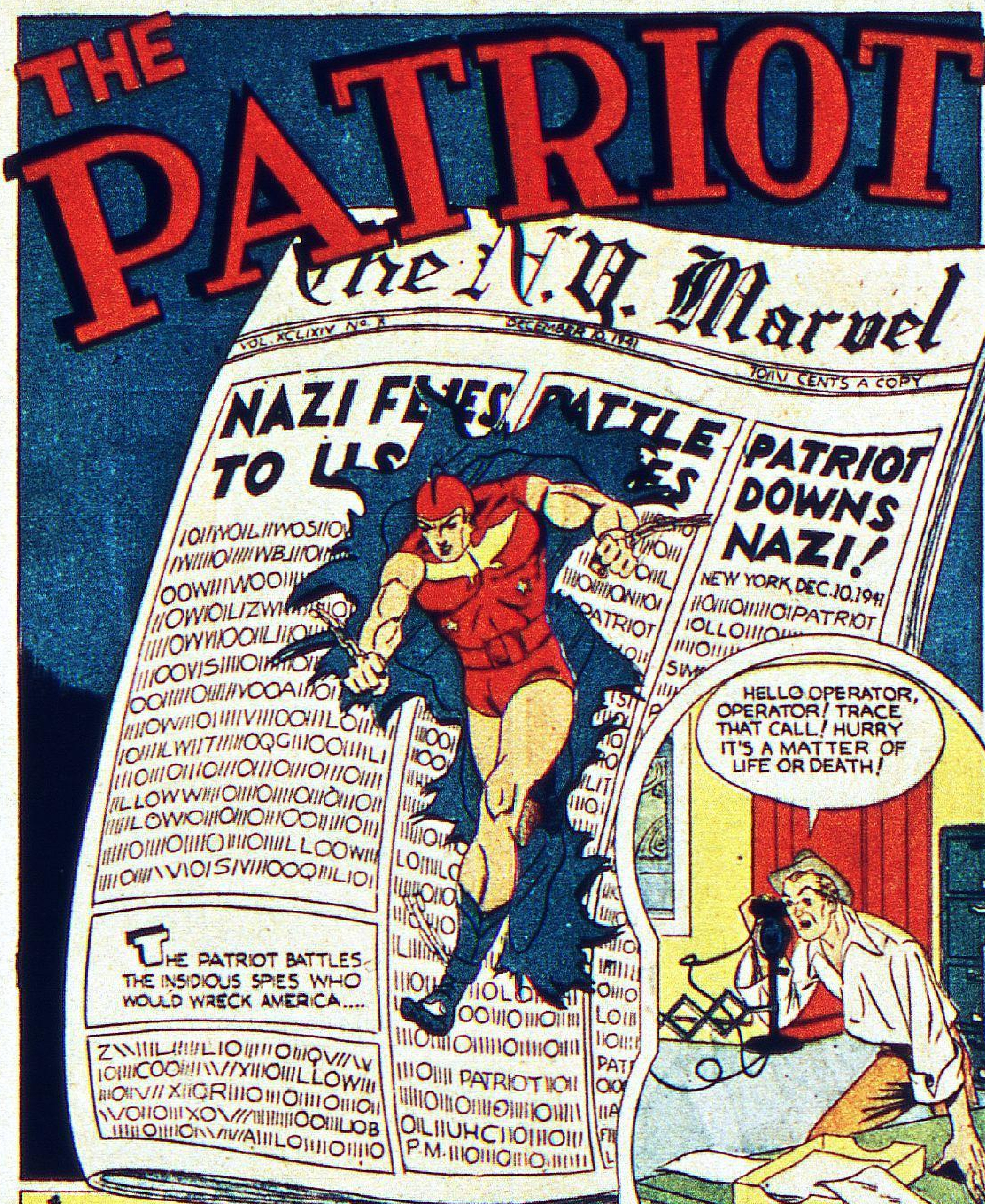
I AM ENCLOSING 10¢ -M-25-

I WOULD LIKE TO JOIN *CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY* AND HELP TO FIGHT SPIES AND TRAITORS TO THE U.S.A.

NAME AND ADDRESS: ______

CITY AND STATE: ______

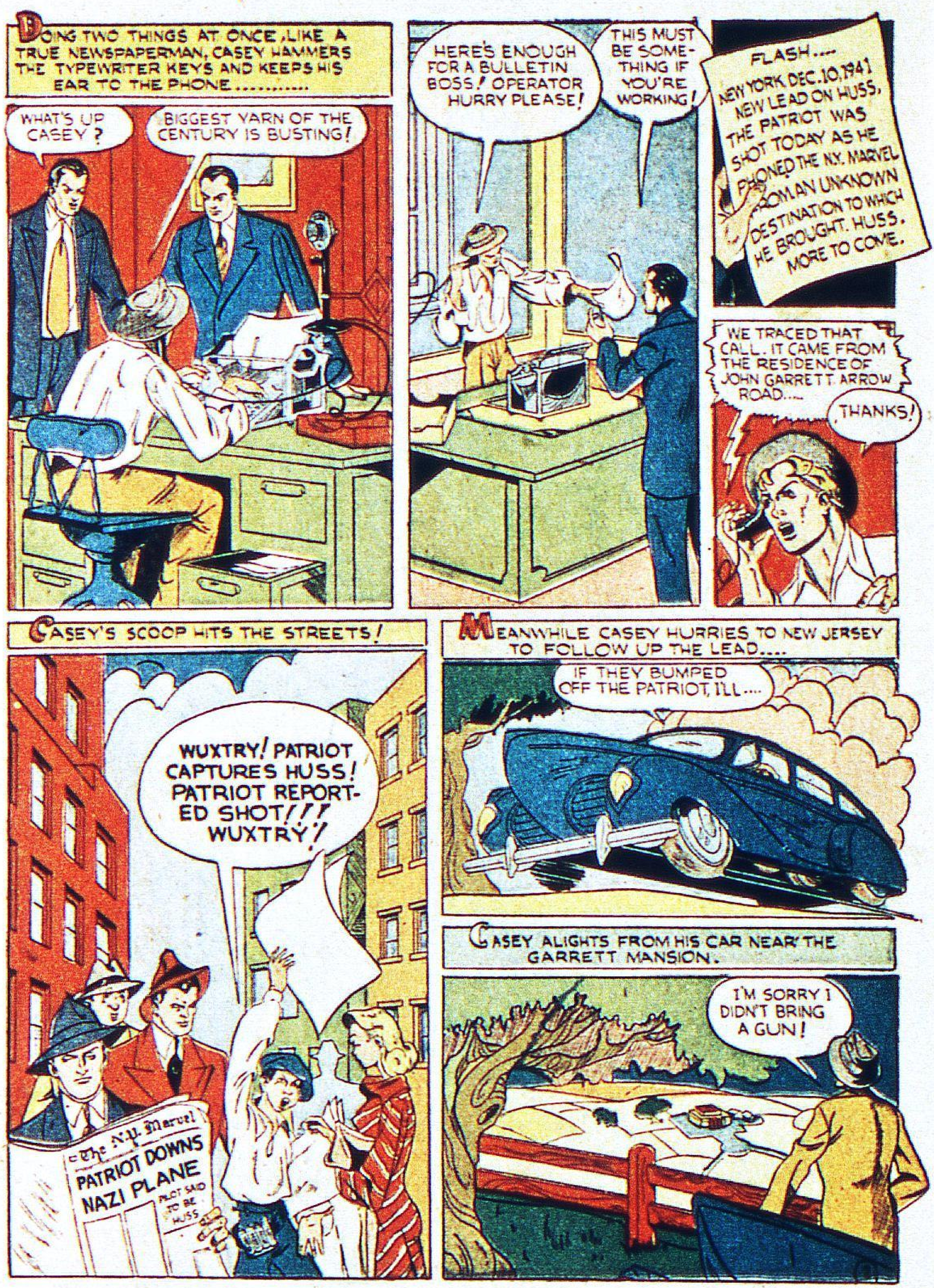
THE PATRIOT

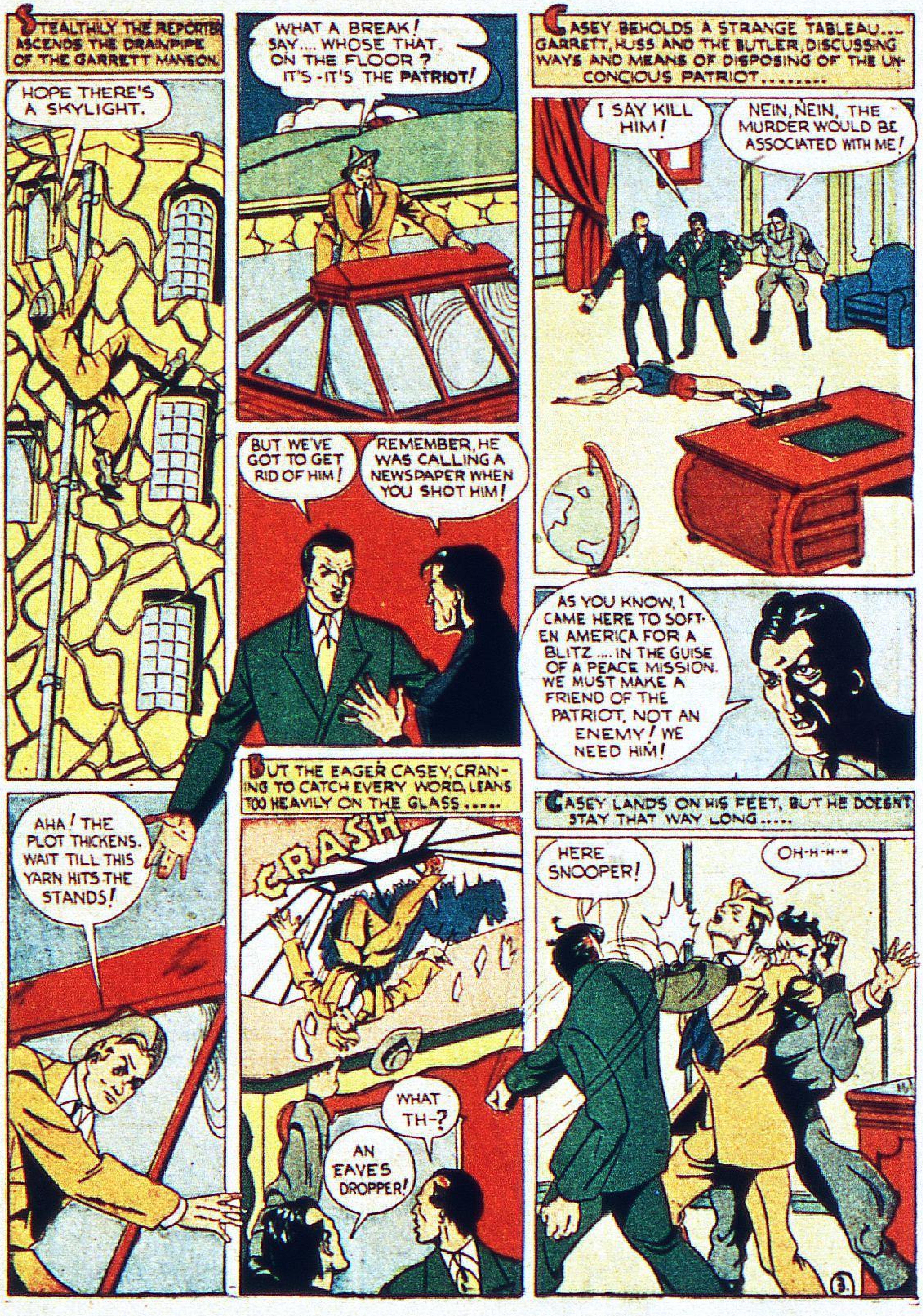

THE PATRIOT
The N.Y. Marvel
VOL. XCLIXIV No. X
DECEMBER 10, 1941
TWO CENTS A COPY
NAZI FLIES TO US
BATTLE ES
PATRIOT DOWNS NAZI!
NEW YORK, DEC. 10, 1941
PATRIOT
HELLO OPERATOR, OPERATOR! TRACE THAT CALL! HURRY IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH!

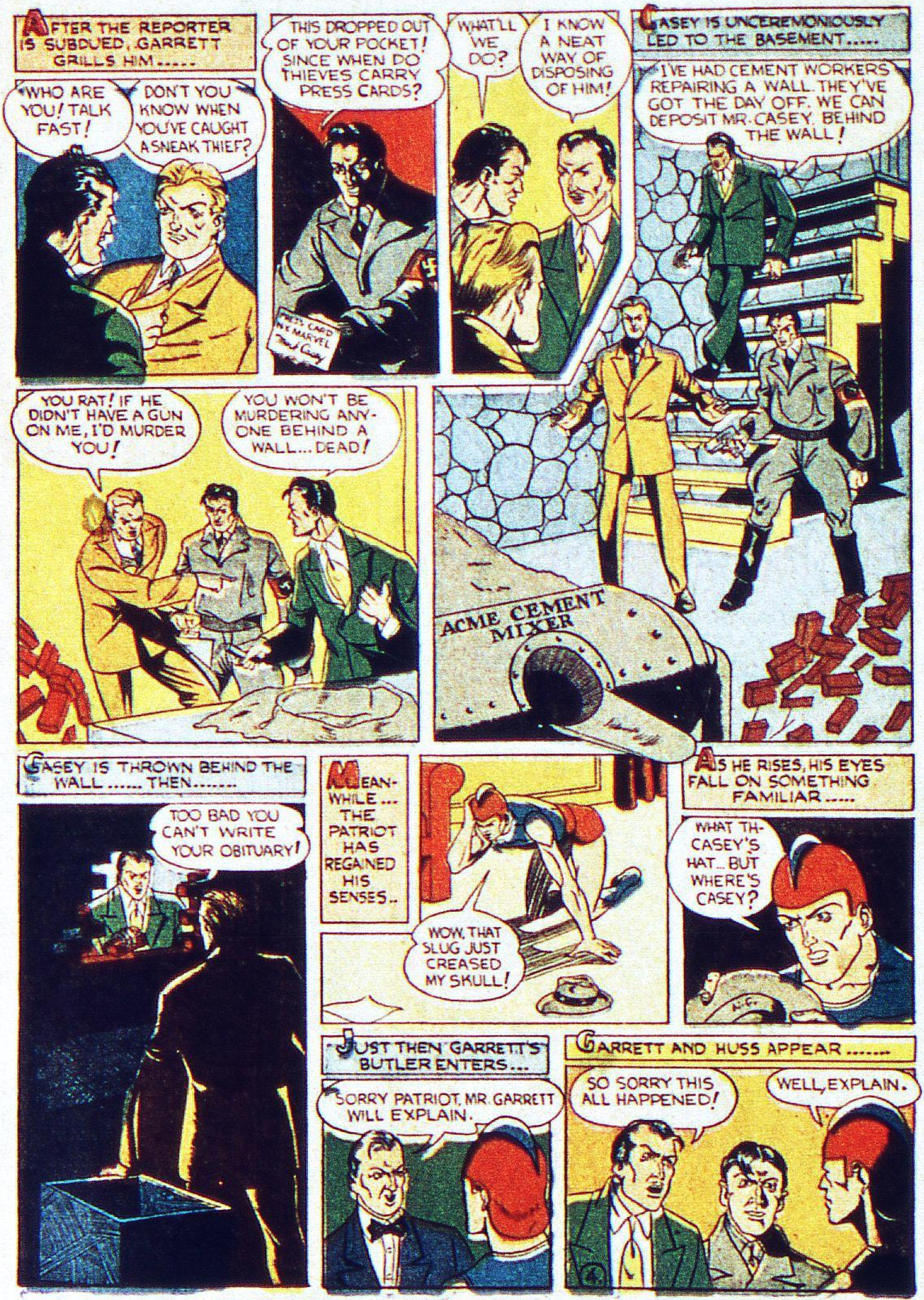
THE PATRIOT BATTLES THE INSIDIOUS SPIES WHO WOULD WRECK AMERICA....

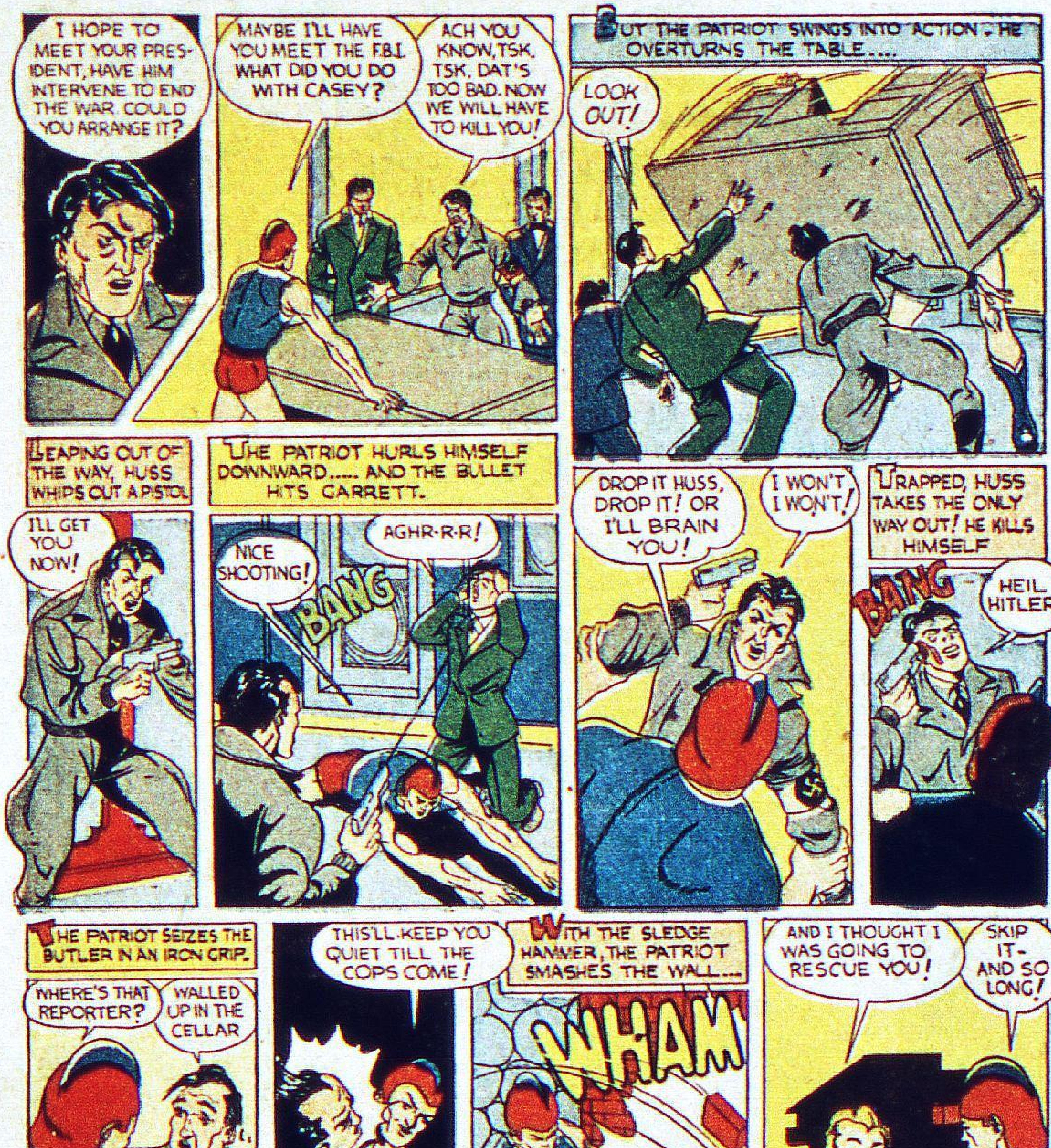
HERR HUSS, HITLER'S RIGHT-HAND MAN, LEFT GERMANY FLYING TO THE UNITED STATES. THE PATRIOT, IN A SPORTS PLANE, ENGAGED HIM IN A DOG FIGHT OVER NEW YORK. HUSS, WOUNDED, LANDED ON THE NEW JERSEY SIDE OF THE HUDSON. THE PATRIOT AIDED HIM TO A NEARBY MANSION, THE HOME OF GARRETT, A PRO-NAZI AMERICAN. AS THE PATRIOT PHONED CASEY, HIS NEWSPAPER PAL, A SHOT RANG OUT, ENDING THE TELEPHONE CONVERSATION......

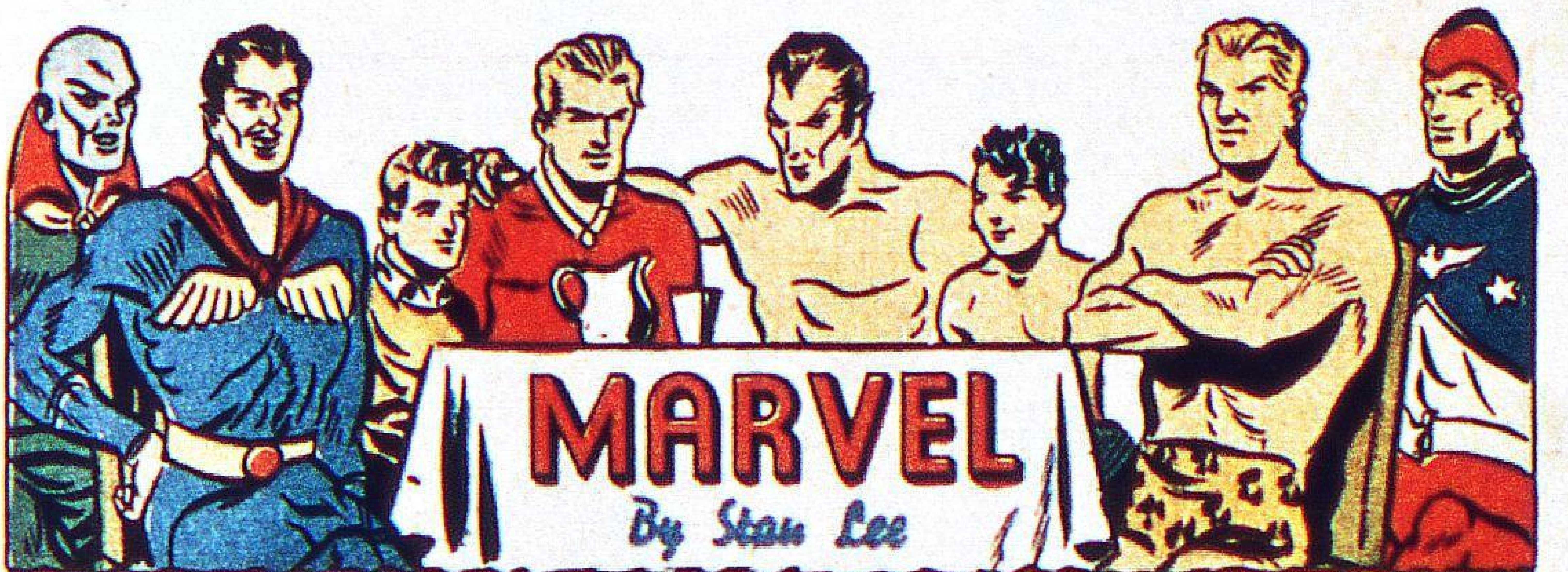
by SID GREENE


DOING TWO THINGS AT ONCE, LIKE A TRUE NEWSPAPERMAN, CASEY HAMMERS THE TYPEWRITER KEYS AND KEEPS HIS EAR TO THE PHONE...........
WHAT'S UP CASEY ?
BIGGEST YARN OF THE CENTURY IS BUSTING!
HERE'S ENOUGH FOR A BULLETIN BOSS! OPERATOR HURRY PLEASE!
THIS MUST BE SOMETHING IF YOU'RE WORKING!
FLASH....
NEW YORK DEC. 10, 1941
NEW LEAD ON HUSS, THE PATRIOT WAS SHOT TODAY AS HE PHONED THE N.Y. MARVEL FROM AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION TO WHICH HE BROUGHT. HUSS. MORE TO COME.
WE TRACED THAT CALL. IT CAME FROM THE RESIDENCE OF JOHN GARRETT. ARROW ROAD....
THANKS!
CASEY'S SCOOP HITS THE STREETS!
WUXTRY! PATRIOT CAPTURES HUSS! PATRIOT REPORTED SHOT!!! WUXTRY!
The N.Y. Marvel
PATRIOT DOWNS NAZI PLANE
PILOT SAID TO BE HUSS
MEANWHILE CASEY HURRIES TO NEW JERSEY TO FOLLOW UP THE LEAD....
IF THEY BUMPED OFF THE PATRIOT, I'LL....
CASEY ALIGHTS FROM HIS CAR NEAR THE GARRETT MANSION.
I'M SORRY I DIDN'T BRING A GUN!


STEALTHILY THE REPORTER ASCENDS THE DRAINPIPE OF THE GARRETT MANSON.
HOPE THERE'S A SKYLIGHT.
WHAT A BREAK! SAY.... WHOSE THAT ON THE FLOOR? IT'S -IT'S THE PATRIOT!
CASEY BEHOLDS A STRANGE TABLEAU... GARRETT, HUSS AND THE BUTLER, DISCUSSING WAYS AND MEANS OF DISPOSING OF THE UNCONCIOUS PATRIOT........
I SAY KILL HIM!
NEIN, NEIN, THE MURDER WOULD BE ASSOCIATED WITH ME!
BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM!
REMEMBER, HE WAS CALLING A NEWSPAPER WHEN YOU SHOT HIM!
AS YOU KNOW, I CAME HERE TO SOFTEN AMERICA FOR A BLITZ.... IN THE GUISE OF A PEACE MISSION. WE MUST MAKE A FRIEND OF THE PATRIOT, NOT AN ENEMY! WE NEED HIM!
AHA! THE PLOT THICKENS. WAIT TILL THIS YARN HITS THE STANDS!
BUT THE EAGER CASEY, CRANING TO CATCH EVERY WORD, LEANS TOO HEAVILY ON THE GLASS.....
CRASH
WHAT TH-?
AN EAVES DROPPER!
CASEY LANDS ON HIS FEET, BUT HE DOESNT STAY THAT WAY LONG.....
HERE SNOOPER!
OH-H-H-H
3.


AFTER THE REPORTER IS SUBDUED, GARRETT GRILLS HIM......
WHO ARE YOU! TALK FAST!
DON'T YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'VE CAUGHT A SNEAK THIEF?
THIS DROPPED OUT OF YOUR POCKET! SINCE WHEN DO THIEVES CARRY PRESS CARDS?
PRESS CARD N.Y. MARVEL
WHAT'LL WE DO?
I KNOW A NEAT WAY OF DISPOSING OF HIM!
CASEY IS UNCEREMONIOUSLY LED TO THE BASEMENT.....
I'VE HAD CEMENT WORKERS REPAIRING A WALL. THEY'VE GOT THE DAY OFF. WE CAN DEPOSIT MR. CASEY BEHIND THE WALL!
YOU RAT! IF HE DIDN'T HAVE A GUN ON ME, I'D MURDER YOU!
YOU WON'T BE MURDERING ANYONE BEHIND A WALL...DEAD!
ACME CEMENT MIXER
CASEY IS THROWN BEHIND THE WALL...... THEN.......
TOO BAD YOU CAN'T WRITE YOUR OBITUARY!
MEANWHILE... THE PATRIOT HAS REGAINED HIS SENSES..
WOW, THAT SLUG JUST CREASED MY SKULL!
AS HE RISES, HIS EYES FALL ON SOMETHING FAMILIAR.....
WHAT TH- CASEY'S HAT... BUT WHERE'S CASEY?
JUST THEN GARRETT'S BUTLER ENTERS...
SORRY PATRIOT, MR. GARRETT WILL EXPLAIN.
GARRETT AND HUSS APPEAR.......
SO SORRY THIS ALL HAPPENED!
WELL, EXPLAIN.


I HOPE TO MEET YOUR PRESIDENT, HAVE HIM INTERVENE TO END THE WAR. COULD YOU ARRANGE IT?
MAYBE I'LL HAVE YOU MEET THE F.B.I. WHAT DID YOU DO WITH CASEY?
ACH YOU KNOW, TSK, TSK, DAT'S TOO BAD. NOW WE WILL HAVE TO KILL YOU!
BUT THE PATRIOT SWINGS INTO ACTION. HE OVERTURNS THE TABLE....
LOOK OUT!
LEAPING OUT OF THE WAY, HUSS WHIPS OUT A PISTOL
I'LL GET YOU NOW!
THE PATRIOT HURLS HIMSELF DOWNWARD..... AND THE BULLET HITS GARRETT.
NICE SHOOTING!
AGHR-R-R!
BANG
DROP IT HUSS, DROP IT! OR I'LL BRAIN YOU!
I WON'T I WON'T!
TRAPPED, HUSS TAKES THE ONLY WAY OUT! HE KILLS HIMSELF
BANG
HEIL HITLER!
THE PATRIOT SEIZES THE BUTLER IN AN IRON GRIP.
WHERE'S THAT REPORTER?
WALLED UP IN THE CELLAR
THIS'LL KEEP YOU QUIET TILL THE COPS COME!
INTO THE CELLAR RUSHES THE PATRIOT.
THERE HE IS! IN THERE!
HELP!
WITH THE SLEDGE HAMMER, THE PATRIOT SMASHES THE WALL....
WHAM
AND I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO RESCUE YOU!
SKIP IT- AND SO LONG!
ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH THE PATRIOT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS. DON'T MISS IT.



GET-TOGETHER

TORO, the flaming kid, grinned happily. "Gee whiz," he smiled, "once in a blue moon the whole gang from MARVEL COMICS gets together, and I've missed all the last meetings. But this time, I'm on hand, and golly, Torch, I can't wait!"

The Human Torch looked at Toro with a grin. "Take it easy, Fire-pants," he advised. "You know that you'll be sure to have a fight with the Sub-Mariner when he comes, anyway. Then he'll probably boot you out of the room and you'll miss everything. Why can't you two guys get along?"

Toro started to sizzle. "Why can't *I* get along with Namor?" he cried. "You mean why can't *you* get along with him? Every time you two get together, trouble starts. I've never seen such . . ."

Just then the door flew open. "Hi, fellas," greeted a youthful voice. Turning around, the Torch and Toro saw America's most famous young detective, Terry Vance!

"Am I too early?" asked Terry, noticing that none of the others had arrived yet. "I see that nobody else has come"

"Ha, Ha!" laughed Toro. "You can tell that Terry is a detective. He's been here only a minute and already he's making observations!"

"Not to mention deductions," added the Torch, gaily.

Just as Terry was about to answer, the door opened, and the rest of the gang trooped in.

First came The Angel, in his colorful blue, yellow and red costume. "Hi, gang," he said, "here we are!"

Then The Patriot trotted in with Ka-Zar close behind. "Hello, *men*," greeted The Patriot, looking at Toro and Terry in particular, with a smile. "Okay, I'm here," interrupted Ka-Zar, cheerfully. "Now you can start the party."

"Just a moment," called a deep voice. "I hope you haven't forgotten about me!" Tossing his great cloak over his shoulder, the mighty Vision walked in!

"No indeed," answered the Torch. "We haven't forgotten. Come right in. Well, now we can get started right away inasmuch as everybody's here!"

"What about the Sub-Mariner?" asked Terry.

"I mean everybody *important!*" laughed the Fire-Master.

"I heard that crack!" bellowed an angry voice. "And if I wasn't your guest, I'd make you eat those words!"

"Oh, gee, he's come after all!" wailed the Torch pretending to be sad. "Come in, Namor, we're *very* glad to see you!"

"You're a hypocrite, but I'll come in anyway," grinned the undersea prince as he walked in. "Well, well, so we're all together again, eh?"

The visitors sat down around the room and made themselves comfortable. Then the meeting began.

"IT'S RATHER NICE having this get-together today," said the Patriot, looking at the others. "We're all so busy dealing with crime that we seldom have the opportunity to meet and compare notes."

"Anybody who calls 'meeting the Human Torch' an *opportunity*, ought to have his head examined!" interrupted the Sub-Mariner. He would have said more, but a stern glance from the Vision quieted him.

"I also think these meetings are a good thing," continued Ka-Zar, the Jungle Lord. "I certainly wouldn't have travelled all the way here from Africa if I *didn't!*"

"How did you get here?" asked Namor, curiously.

"By boat," answered the white King of the Jungle. "Why did you ask?"

"Oh, I just wondered," grinned the Sub-Mariner. "*I'd* swim, myself."

"You think you're pretty smart, don't you?" asked Terry Vance after Namor made that remark. "Well, I've got an easy riddle that I'll bet you can't answer correctly!"

"Oh, no? Just try me and see!" dared Namor.

"O. K. here goes . . ." said Terry confidently.

The others drew closer, not wanting to miss a word of this. Terry began . . .

"Now, Namor," he said, "I want you to spell the words which I'm going to ask you. We'll start with 'joke'."

Namor threw out his chest proudly, "Oh that's easy," he said, "j-o-k-e."

"All right, now try this one—'poke'."

"Easy, too," exclaimed the Sub-Mariner . . . "p-o-k-e."

"Now this . . . 'woke'."

"W-o-k-e."

"And spell 'broke'."

"B-r-o-k-e! Ha Ha, you can't trick me!"

"Now spell the word which means the white of an egg," asked Terry, calmly.

"Oh that's a cinch . . . 'y-o-l-k'!"

Suddenly the whole room was in an uproar. Everybody started to laugh at once. "What's the matter with you guys?" asked Namor, angrily. "I spelled it correctly, didn't I?"

When Terry stopped laughing he answered, "Sure you did! You spelled 'yolk' correctly, but it was the wrong word! The white of an egg is called the 'albumen'; the yolk is the yellow part! Ha Ha, we sure fooled *you!*"

The Sub-Mariner looked angry for a minute, but then realizing that the joke was on him, he smiled and said, "Suffering swordfish, I should have known better than to try to put something over on a boy detective!"

"But, enough of this," said the Angel. "Let's get down to business. After all, we know why we've all come here!"

"Yes," echoed the Patriot. "We had planned to make a resolution, and this is as good a time as any to do it!"

"I'll start off by reading the resolution," offered the Vision.

Everybody said, "All right," and so the Vision rose, faced the little group, and began reading from a piece of paper which had been lying on a table.

"It is hereby resolved," he read, "that the Human Torch and Toro, Prince Namor, Terry Vance, The Patriot, Ka-Zar of the Jungle, The Angel and myself, the Vision, will do all in our power to preserve the sacred principles and ideals of American Democracy and to crush the fiendish efforts of the underworld for all time!"

"HOORAY!" shouted Toro, impulsively.

"Shhh," warned the Torch. "He hasn't finished yet."

"And so," continued the Vision, "we have all resolved that next month we shall come together again and exert all our powers to the task of annihilating, once and for all, the forces of evil which are all around us!"

"Wh-what does he mean, Angel?" Toro whispered to the sober figure seated near him.

The Angel answered, "He means that next month we're going to meet again, and each of us will use his own particular talents for the noble purpose of ridding the nation of crime!"

"That's great," exclaimed Terry, who had been listening. "If a bunch of fellas like you can't eliminate law-breakers, then nobody can!"

"Speak for yourself, too, Terry," added the Patriot. "*You* haven't been doing so badly."

"The only guy laying down on the job has been that human fireball over there!" chimed in the Sub-Mariner, who had been unusually quiet for the past few minutes.

"Why you no-good straggling piece of seaweed! The only time you ever did anybody any good has been when you went away from them!" The Torch was getting real mad!

Ka-Zar and the Patriot joined the Angel in rushing to separate the Torch and the Sub-Mariner.

"Look here, fellas," said Ka-Zar, "why must you fight with each other all the time?"

Torch and Namor looked at him so severely that he didn't say anything else.

"I'll tell you what, then," suggested the Angel, "suppose you postpone your fight 'till next month—and then, the one who catches the most criminals will automatically be the winner!"

"Say that's a good idea," cried Terry Vance, with the Vision nodding his assent also.

"Why don't you two shake hands on it?" asked the Vision.

"O. K.!" grunted Namor.

"I'm willing," scowled the Torch.

And so, the two friendly enemies shook hands and . . . suddenly Namor drew back with a yell!

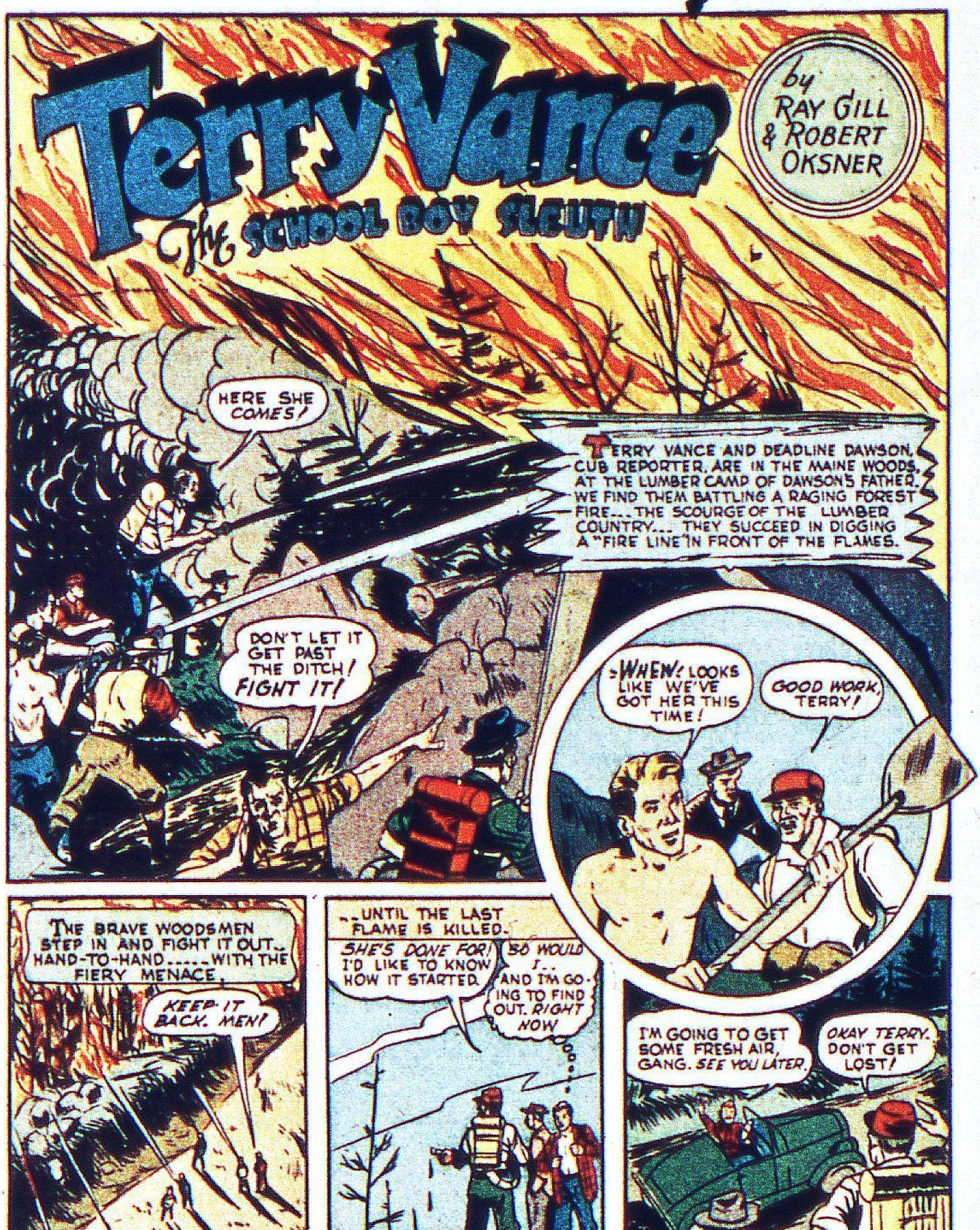
"What's wrong?" asked Toro.

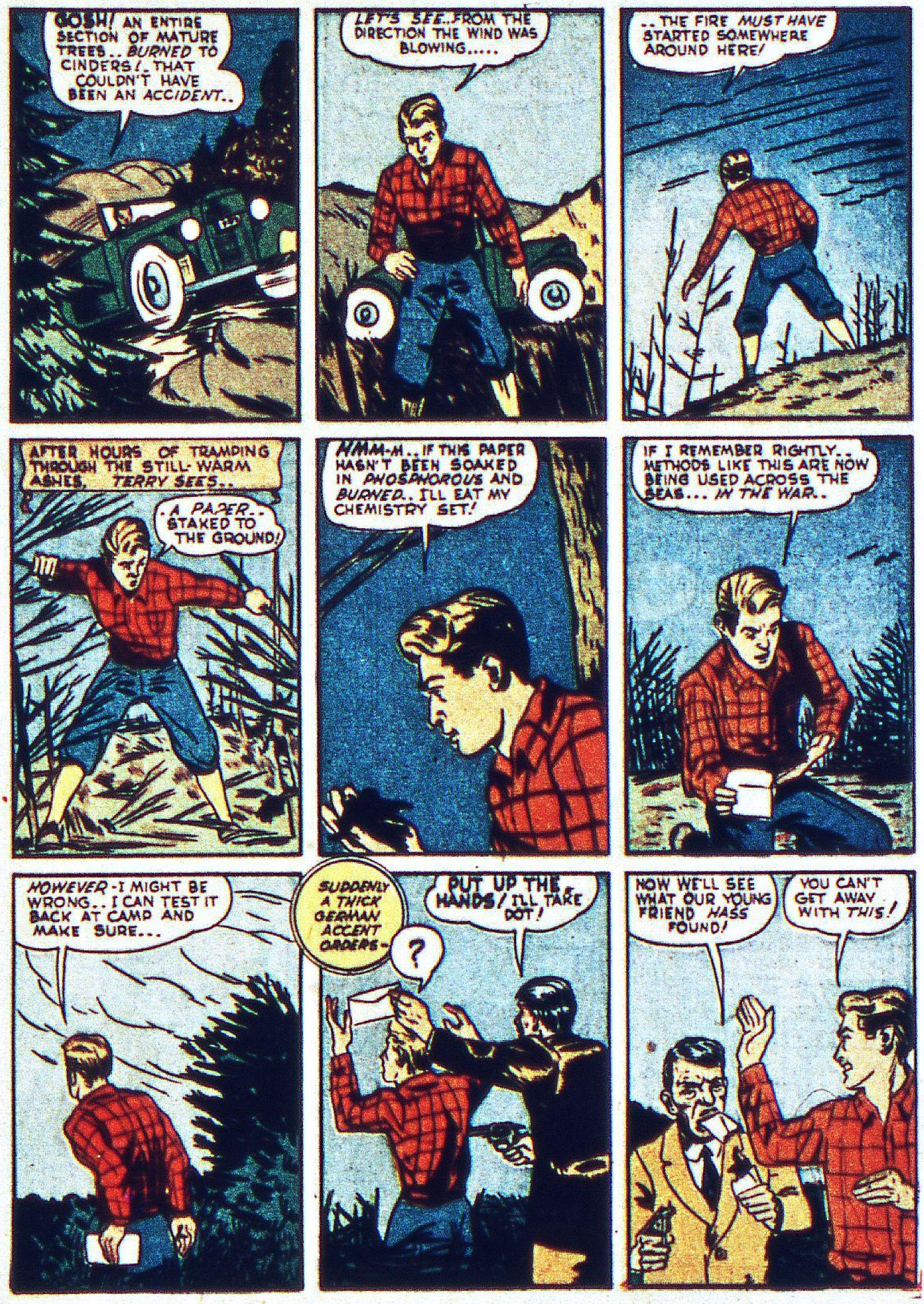
"The low-down cigar lighter turned on the flame of his hand and burnt me!" growled the Sub-Mariner!

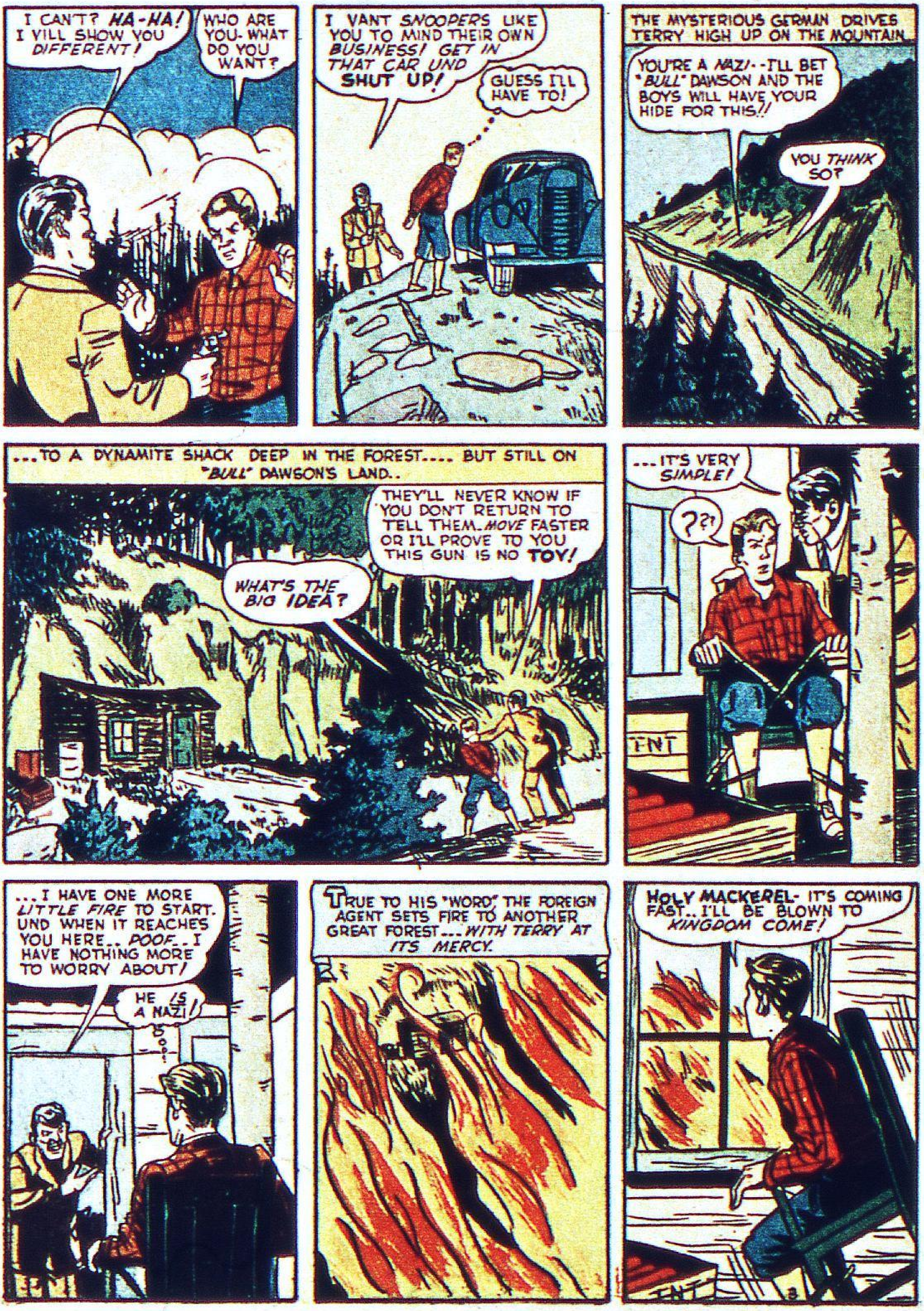
* * * *

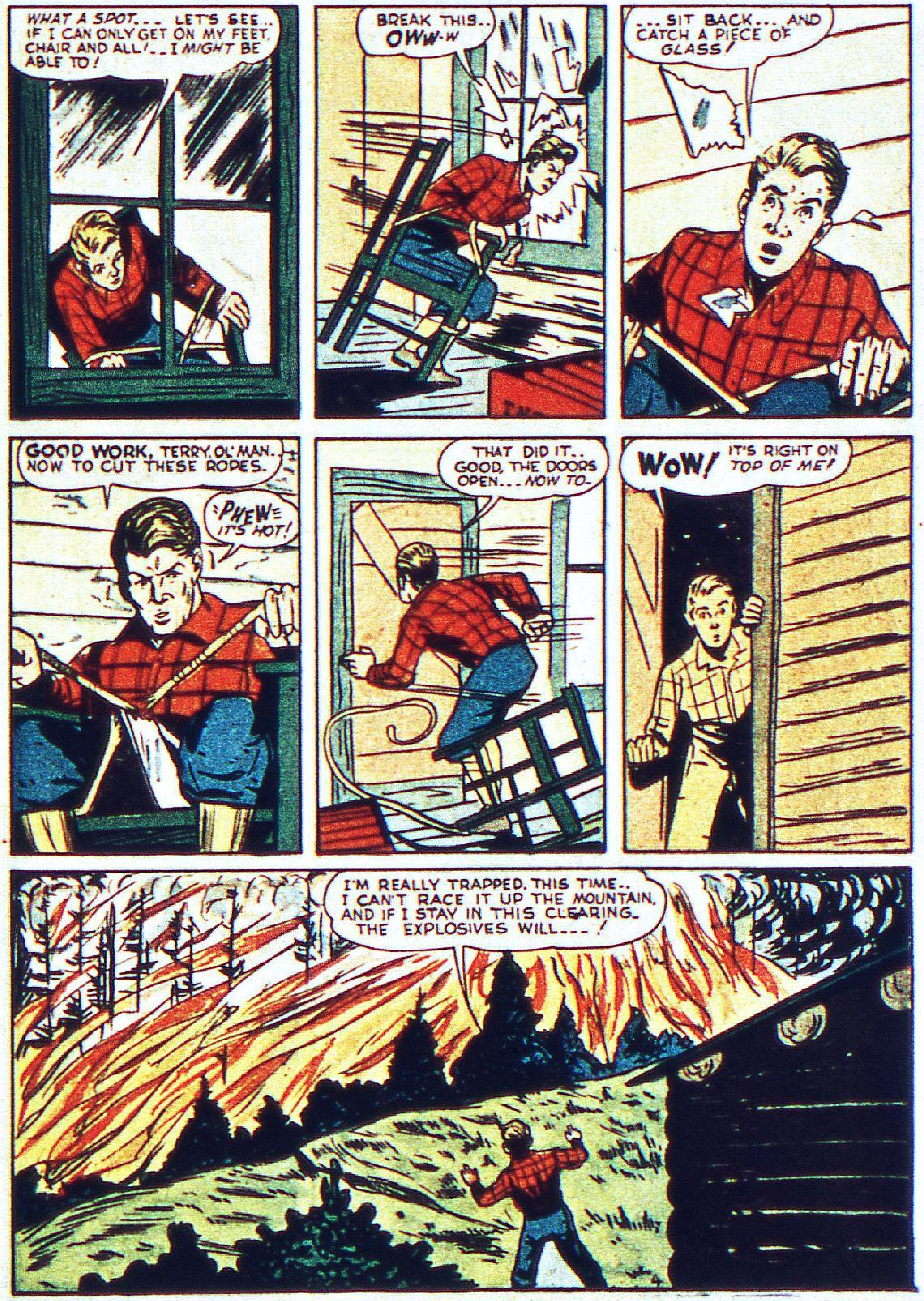
LET'S DRAW a veil of charity over the rest of the scene. But don't forget to get next month's issue of MARVEL COMICS and read all about the further developments of the "Marvel Get-Together."

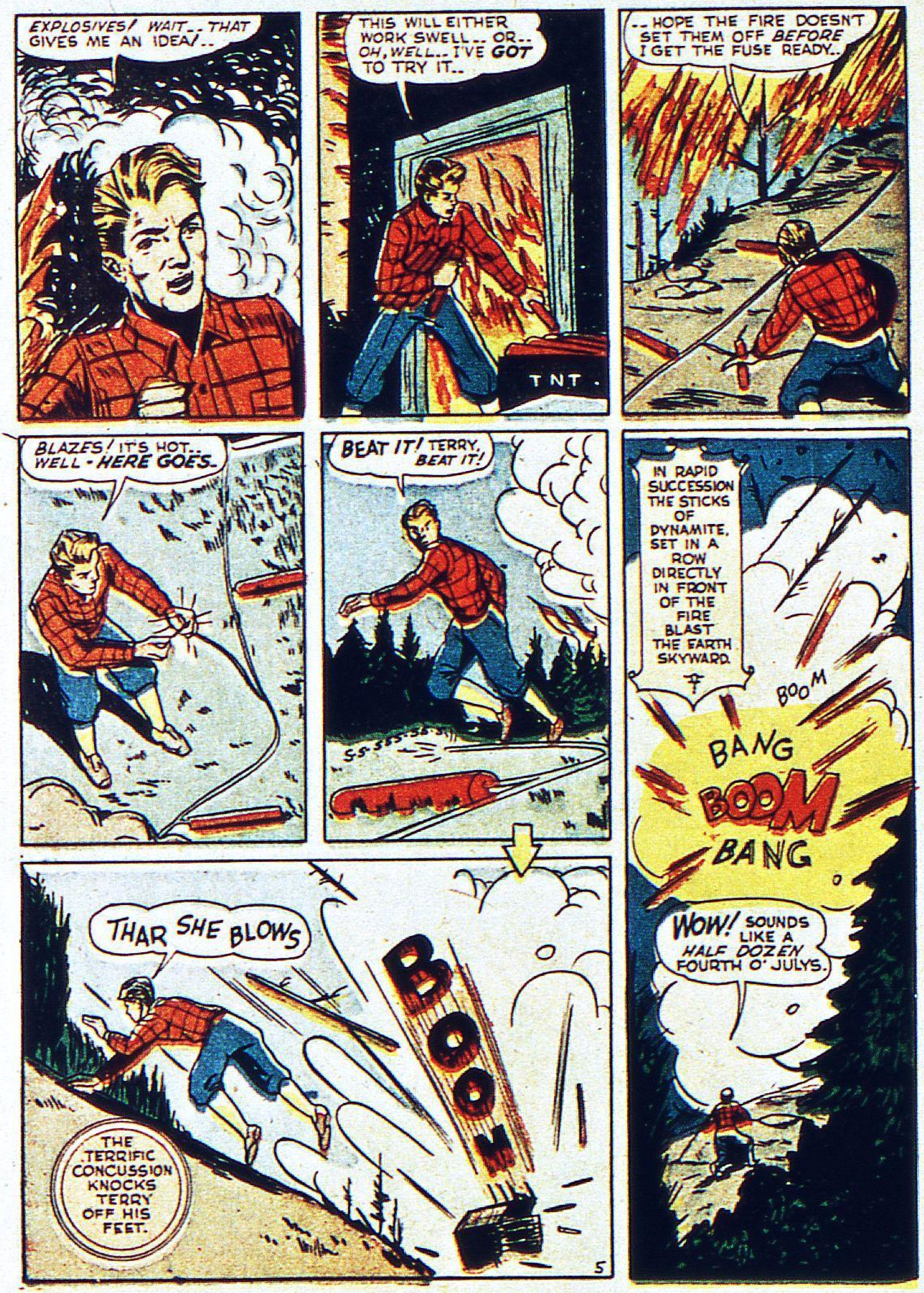
See you then . . .

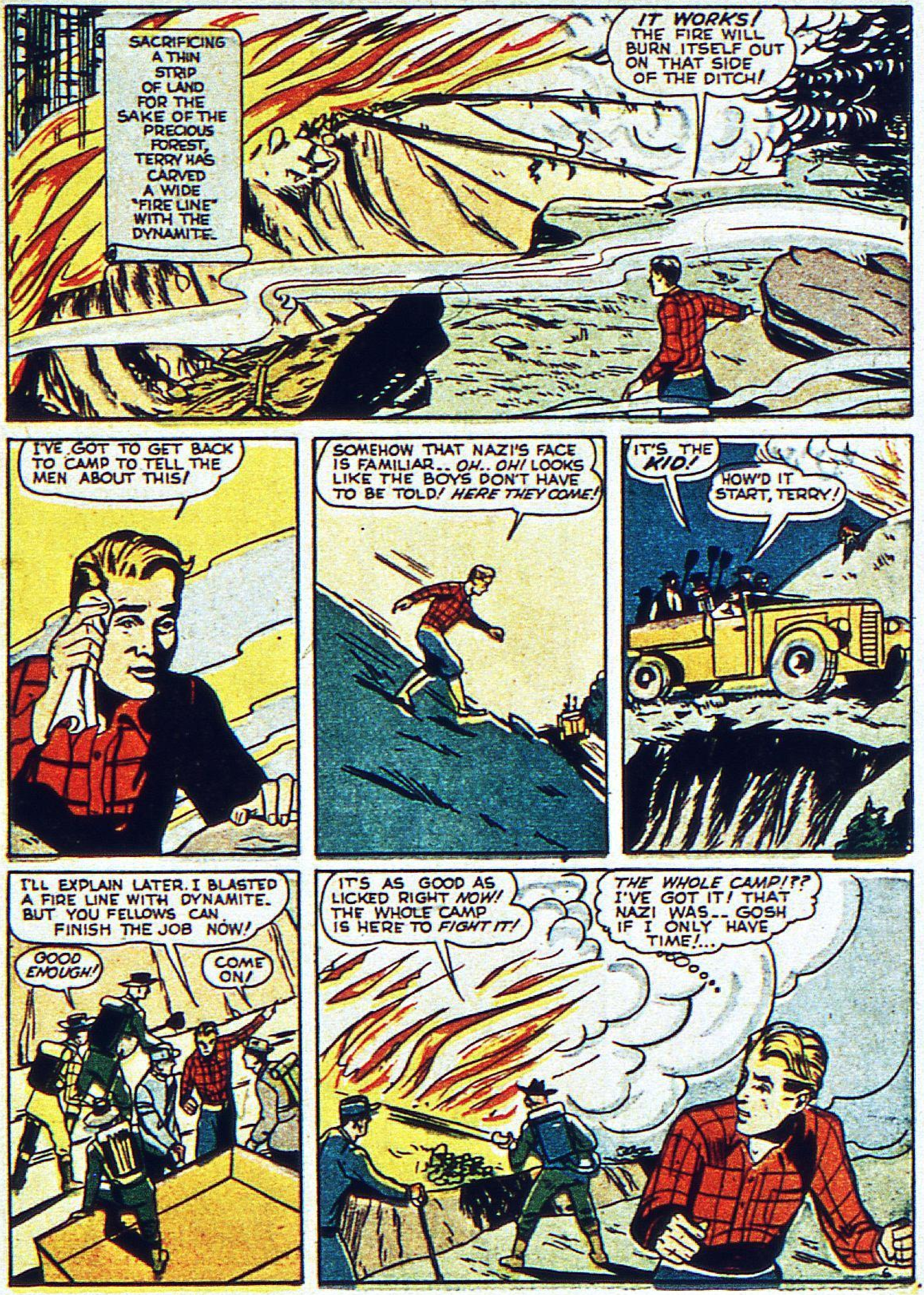

Terry Vance
The School Boy Sleuth
by RAY GILL & ROBERT OKSNER
HERE SHE COMES!
TERRY VANCE AND DEADLINE DAWSON, CUB REPORTER, ARE IN THE MAINE WOODS, AT THE LUMBER CAMP OF DAWSON'S FATHER. WE FIND THEM BATTLING A RAGING FOREST FIRE... THE SCOURGE OF THE LUMBER COUNTRY... THEY SUCCEED IN DIGGING A "FIRE LINE" IN FRONT OF THE FLAMES.
DON'T LET IT GET PAST THE DITCH! FIGHT IT!
WHEW! LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT HER THIS TIME!
GOOD WORK, TERRY!
THE BRAVE WOODSMEN STEP IN AND FIGHT IT OUT.. HAND-TO-HAND...... WITH THE FIERY MENACE,
KEEP IT BACK, MEN!
..UNTIL THE LAST FLAME IS KILLED.
SHE'S DONE FOR! I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW IT STARTED.
SO WOULD I.. AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT. RIGHT NOW
I'M GOING TO GET SOME FRESH AIR, GANG. SEE YOU LATER.
OKAY TERRY. DON'T GET LOST!

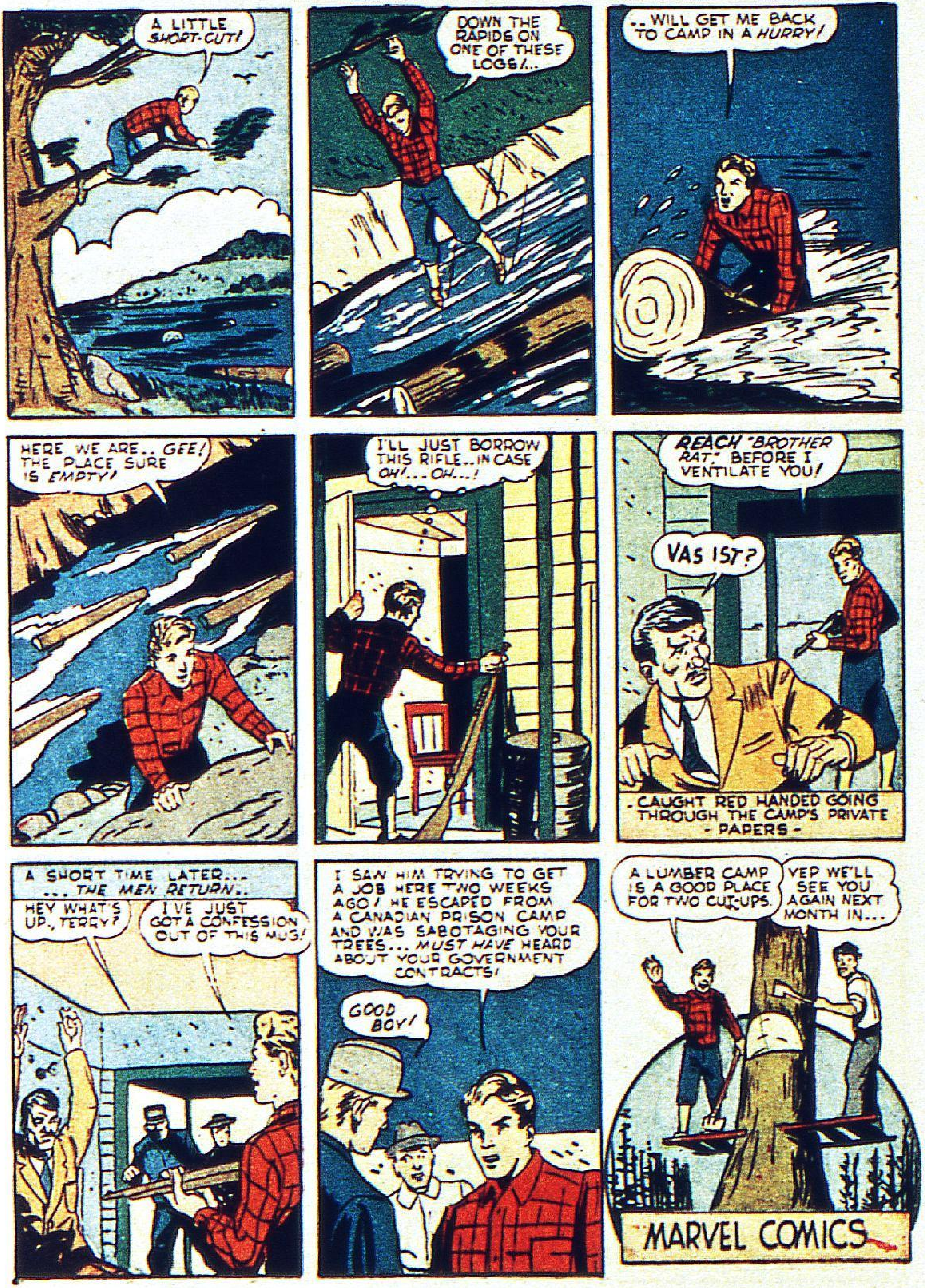

GOSH! AN ENTIRE SECTION OF MATURE TREES.. BURNED TO CINDERS!.. THAT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT..
LET'S SEE..FROM THE DIRECTION THE WIND WAS BLOWING.....
..THE FIRE MUST HAVE STARTED SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE!
AFTER HOURS OF TRAMPING THROUGH THE STILL-WARM ASHES, TERRY SEES..
A PAPER.. STAKED TO THE GROUND!
HMM-M.. IF THIS PAPER HASN'T BEEN SOAKED IN PHOSPHOROUS AND BURNED.. I'LL EAT MY CHEMISTRY SET!
IF I REMEMBER RIGHTLY.. METHODS LIKE THIS ARE NOW BEING USED ACROSS THE SEAS... IN THE WAR..
HOWEVER-I MIGHT BE WRONG.. I CAN TEST IT BACK AT CAMP AND MAKE SURE...
SUDDENLY A THICK GERMAN ACCENT ORDERS-
PUT UP THE HANDS! I'LL TAKE DOT!
?
NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT OUR YOUNG FRIEND HASS FOUND!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!


I CAN'T? HA-HA! I VILL SHOW YOU DIFFERENT!
WHO ARE YOU- WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I VANT SNOOPERS LIKE YOU TO MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS! GET IN THAT CAR UND SHUT UP!
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO!
THE MYSTERIOUS GERMAN DRIVES TERRY HIGH UP ON THE MOUNTAIN
YOU'RE A NAZI--I'LL BET "BULL" DAWSON AND THE BOYS WILL HAVE YOUR HIDE FOR THIS!!
YOU THINK SO?
...TO A DYNAMITE SHACK DEEP IN THE FOREST.... BUT STILL ON "BULL" DAWSON'S LAND..
THEY'LL NEVER KNOW IF YOU DON'T RETURN TO TELL THEM. MOVE FASTER OR I'LL PROVE TO YOU THIS GUN IS NO TOY!
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
...IT'S VERY SIMPLE!
??!
TNT
...I HAVE ONE MORE LITTLE FIRE TO START. UND WHEN IT REACHES YOU HERE.. POOF.. I HAVE NOTHING MORE TO WORRY ABOUT!
HE IS A NAZI!
TRUE TO HIS "WORD" THE FOREIGN AGENT SETS FIRE TO ANOTHER GREAT FOREST... WITH TERRY AT ITS MERCY.
HOLY MACKEREL- IT'S COMING FAST.. I'LL BE BLOWN TO KINGDOM COME!
TNT


WHAT A SPOT... LET'S SEE... IF I CAN ONLY GET ON MY FEET, CHAIR AND ALL!.. I *MIGHT* BE ABLE TO!
BREAK THIS.. OWW-W
...SIT BACK... AND CATCH A PIECE OF GLASS!
GOOD WORK, TERRY, OL' MAN.. NOW TO CUT THESE ROPES.
PHEW IT'S HOT!
THAT DID IT.. GOOD, THE DOORS OPEN... *NOW TO-*
WOW! IT'S RIGHT ON *TOP OF ME!*
I'M REALLY TRAPPED, THIS TIME.. I CAN'T RACE IT UP THE MOUNTAIN, AND IF I STAY IN THIS CLEARING THE EXPLOSIVES WILL---!

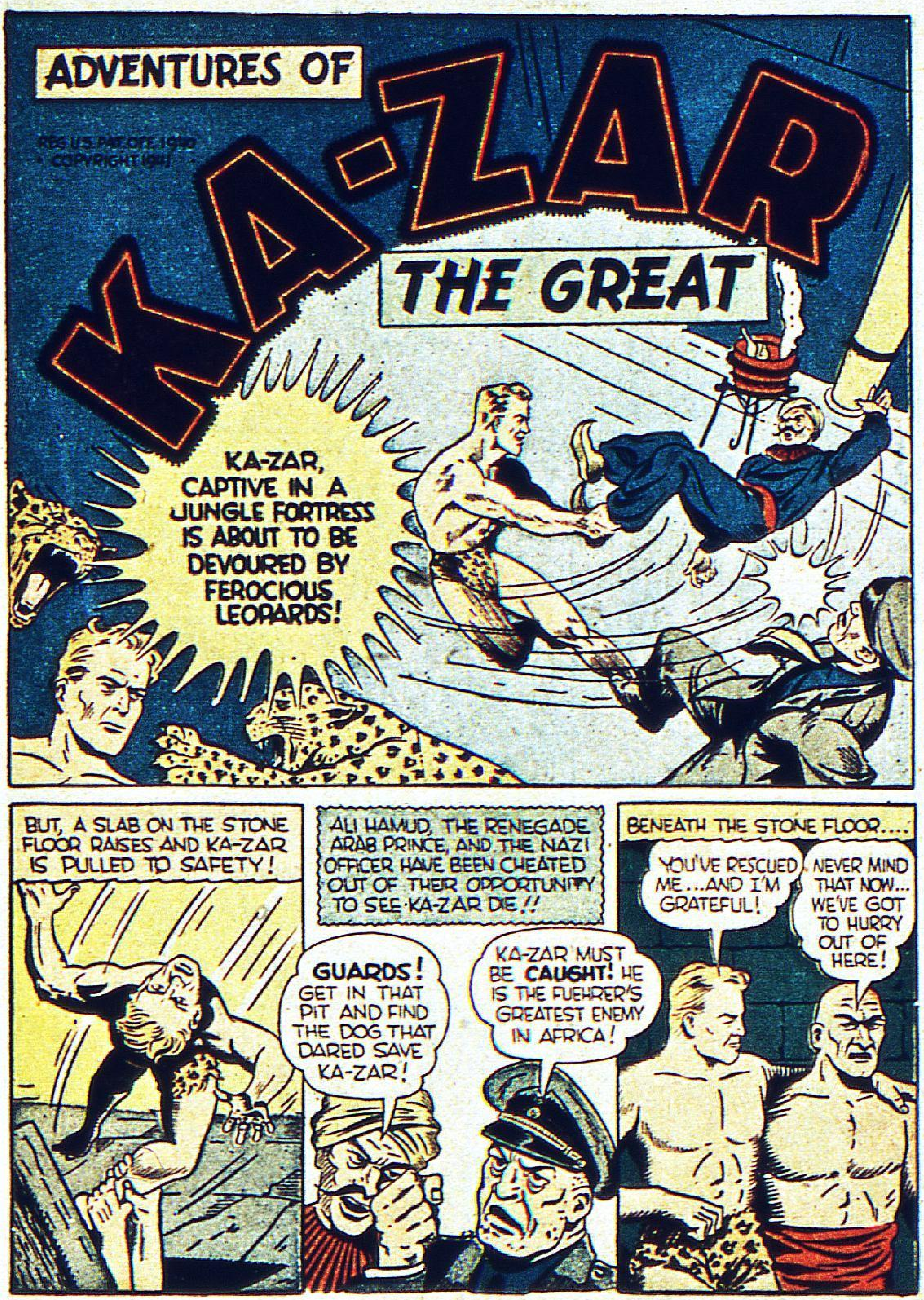

EXPLOSIVES! WAIT.. THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!..
THIS WILL EITHER WORK SWELL.. OR.. OH, WELL.. I'VE GOT TO TRY IT..
TNT.
..HOPE THE FIRE DOESN'T SET THEM OFF BEFORE I GET THE FUSE READY..
BLAZES! IT'S HOT.. WELL - HERE GOES..
BEAT IT! TERRY, BEAT IT!
S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S
IN RAPID SUCCESSION THE STICKS OF DYNAMITE, SET IN A ROW DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE FIRE BLAST THE EARTH SKYWARD.
BOOM
BANG
BOOM
BANG
WOW! SOUNDS LIKE A HALF DOZEN FOURTH O' JULYS.
THAR SHE BLOWS
BOOM
THE TERRIFIC CONCUSSION KNOCKS TERRY OFF HIS FEET.

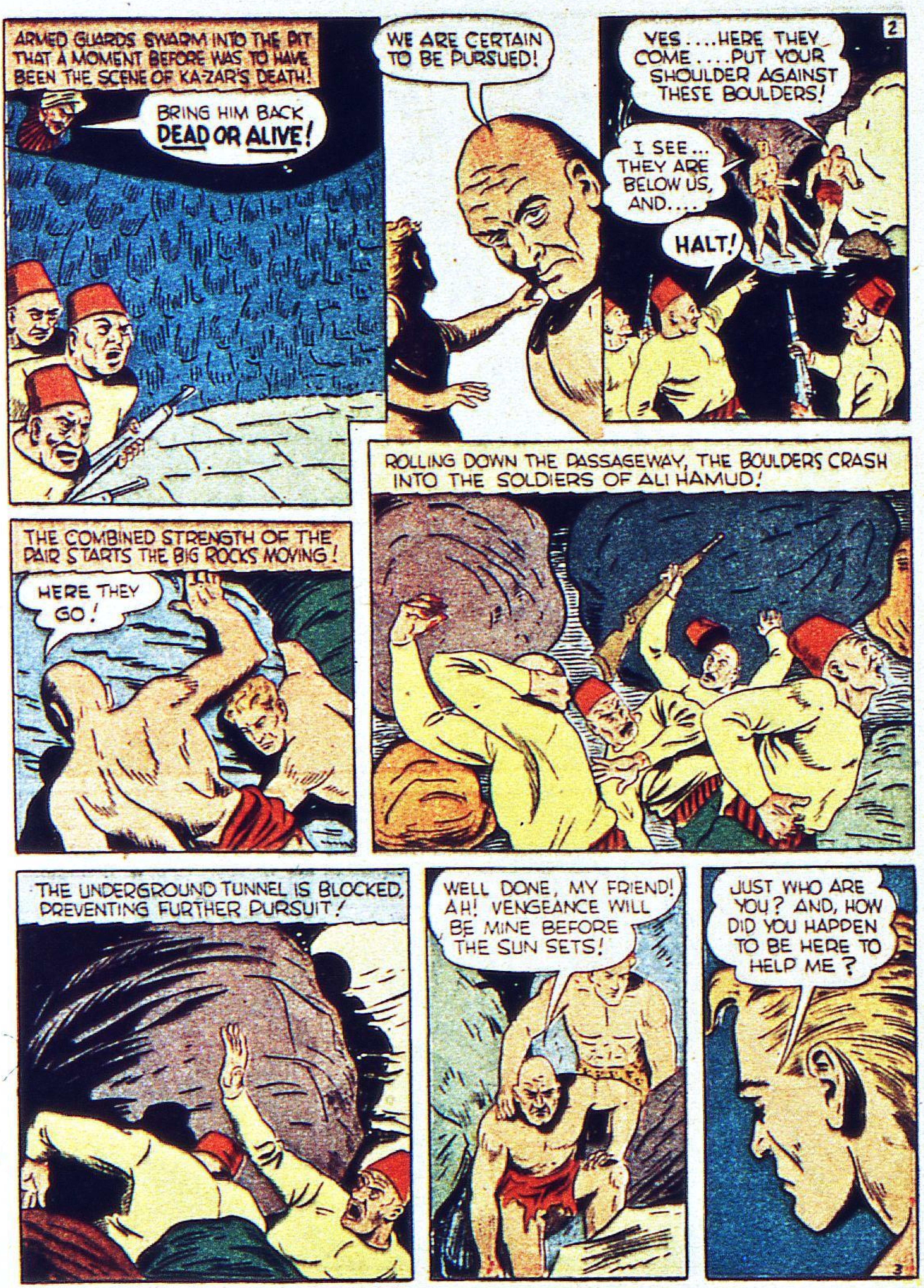

SACRIFICING A THIN STRIP OF LAND FOR THE SAKE OF THE PRECIOUS FOREST, TERRY HAS CARVED A WIDE "FIRE LINE" WITH THE DYNAMITE.
IT WORKS! THE FIRE WILL BURN ITSELF OUT ON THAT SIDE OF THE DITCH!
I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO CAMP TO TELL THE MEN ABOUT THIS!
SOMEHOW THAT NAZI'S FACE IS FAMILIAR.. OH.. OH! LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS DON'T HAVE TO BE TOLD! HERE THEY COME!
IT'S THE KID!
HOW'D IT START, TERRY?
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER. I BLASTED A FIRE LINE WITH DYNAMITE. BUT YOU FELLOWS CAN FINISH THE JOB NOW!
GOOD ENOUGH!
COME ON!
IT'S AS GOOD AS LICKED RIGHT NOW! THE WHOLE CAMP IS HERE TO FIGHT IT!
THE WHOLE CAMP!?? I'VE GOT IT! THAT NAZI WAS.. GOSH IF I ONLY HAVE TIME!...
6

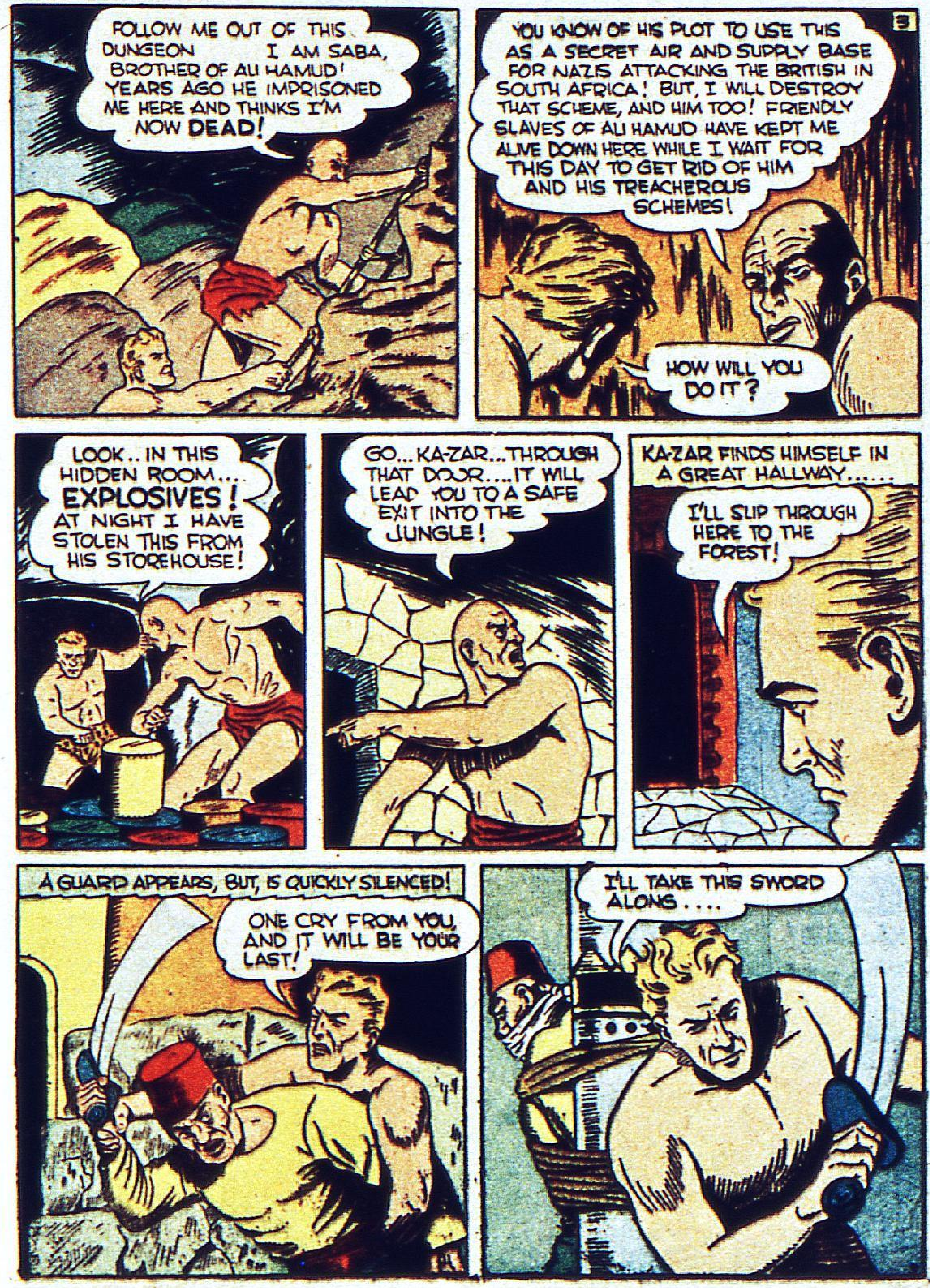

A LITTLE SHORT-CUT!
DOWN THE RAPIDS ON ONE OF THESE LOGS!...
..WILL GET ME BACK TO CAMP IN A HURRY!
HERE WE ARE.. GEE! THE PLACE SURE IS EMPTY!
I'LL JUST BORROW THIS RIFLE...IN CASE
OH!...OH...!
REACH "BROTHER RAT" BEFORE I VENTILATE YOU!
VAS IST?
-CAUGHT RED HANDED GOING THROUGH THE CAMP'S PRIVATE PAPERS-
A SHORT TIME LATER... ...THE MEN RETURN..
HEY WHAT'S UP., TERRY?
I'VE JUST GOT A CONFESSION OUT OF THIS MUG!
I SAW HIM TRYING TO GET A JOB HERE TWO WEEKS AGO! HE ESCAPED FROM A CANADIAN PRISON CAMP AND WAS SABOTAGING YOUR TREES... MUST HAVE HEARD ABOUT YOUR GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS!
GOOD BOY!
A LUMBER CAMP IS A GOOD PLACE FOR TWO CUT-UPS.
YEP WE'LL SEE YOU AGAIN NEXT MONTH IN...
MARVEL COMICS

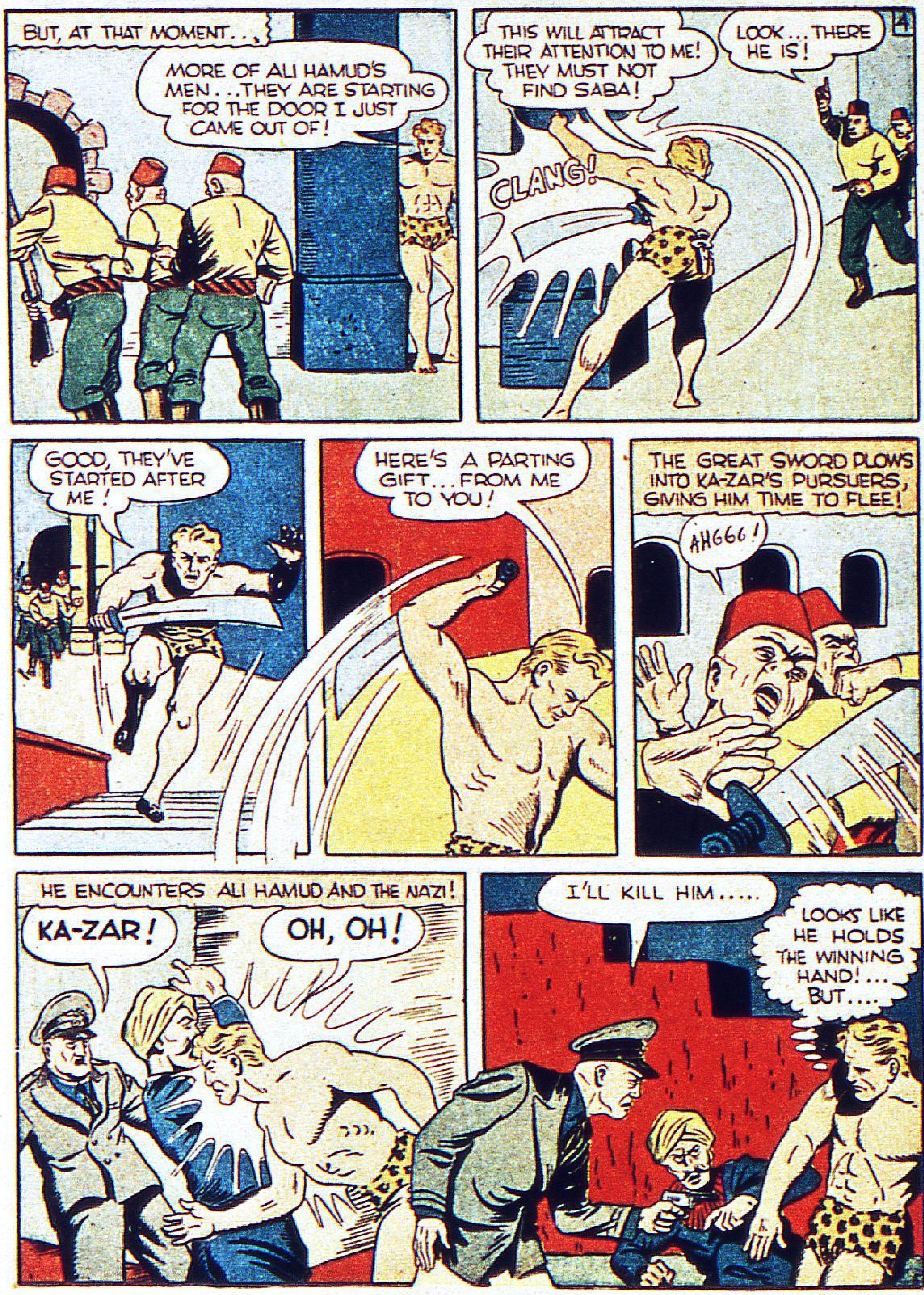
ADVENTURES OF KA-ZAR THE GREAT

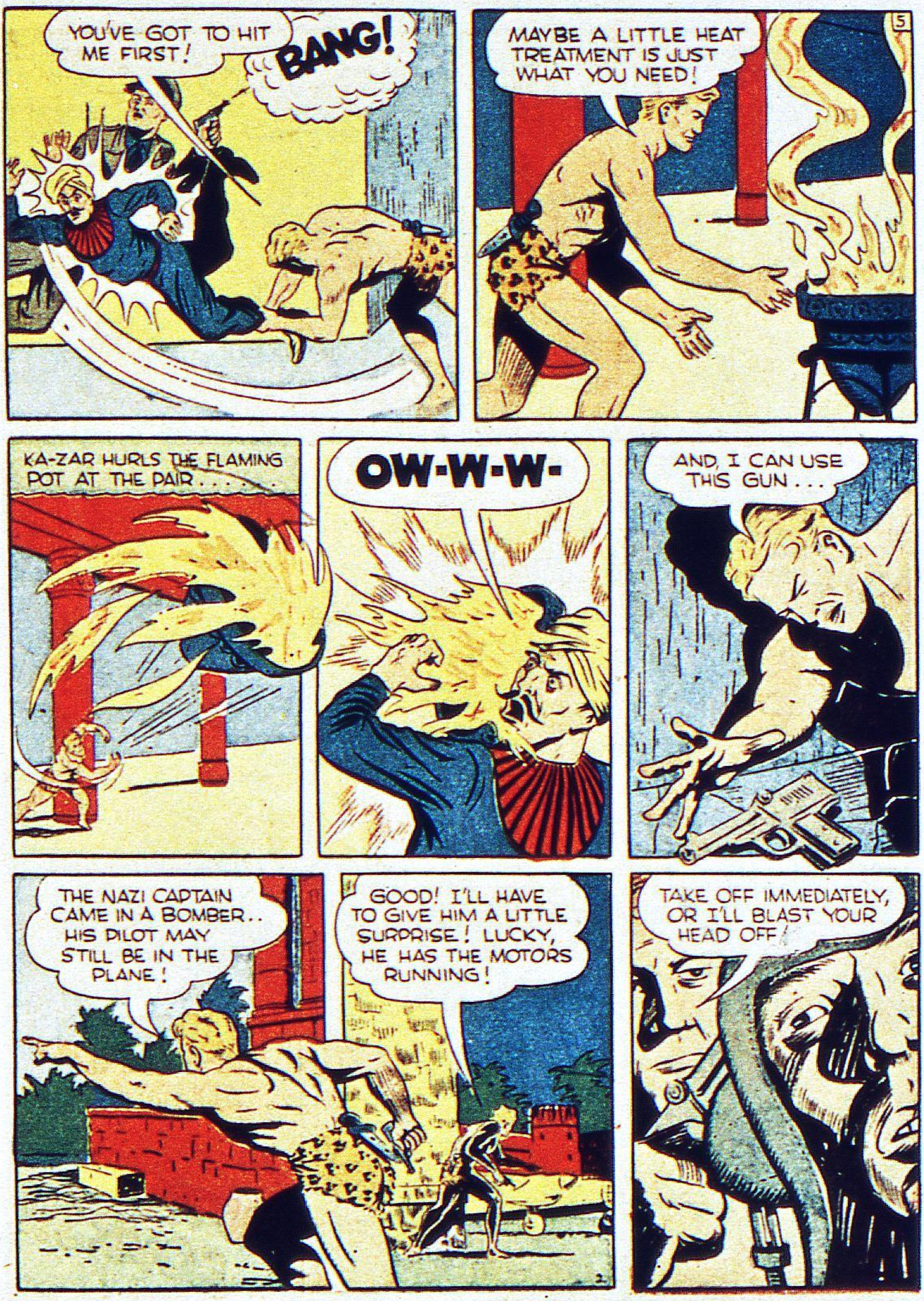
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
• COPYRIGHT 1941

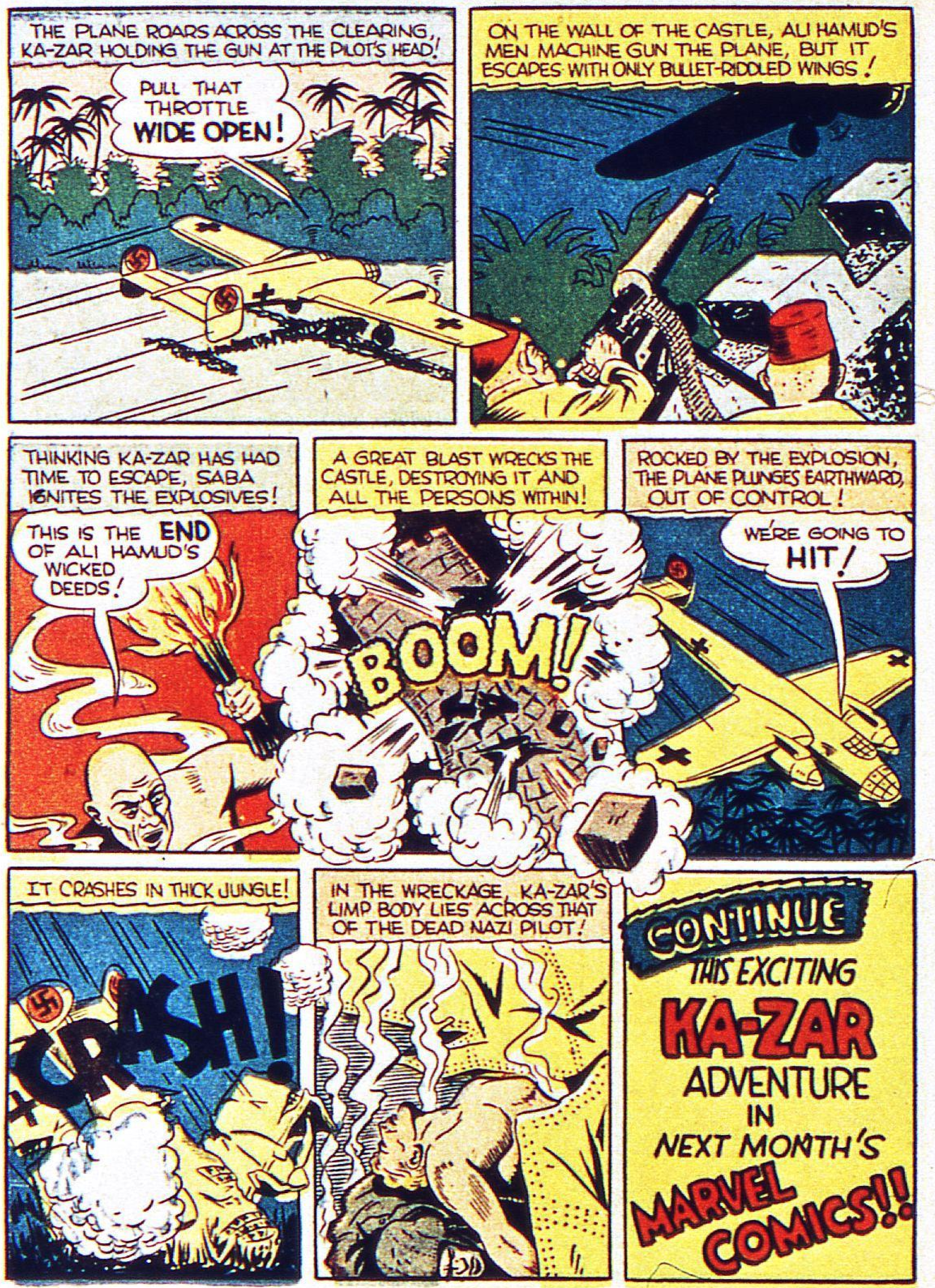

KA-ZAR, CAPTIVE IN A JUNGLE FORTRESS IS ABOUT TO BE DEVOURED BY FEROCIOUS LEOPARDS!
BUT, A SLAB ON THE STONE FLOOR RAISES AND KA-ZAR IS PULLED TO SAFETY!
ALI HAMUD, THE RENEGADE ARAB PRINCE, AND THE NAZI OFFICER HAVE BEEN CHEATED OUT OF THEIR OPPORTUNITY TO SEE KA-ZAR DIE!!
GUARDS! GET IN THAT PIT AND FIND THE DOG THAT DARED SAVE KA-ZAR!
KA-ZAR MUST BE CAUGHT! HE IS THE FUEHRER'S GREATEST ENEMY IN AFRICA!
BENEATH THE STONE FLOOR....
YOU'VE RESCUED ME...AND I'M GRATEFUL!
NEVER MIND THAT NOW... WE'VE GOT TO HURRY OUT OF HERE!

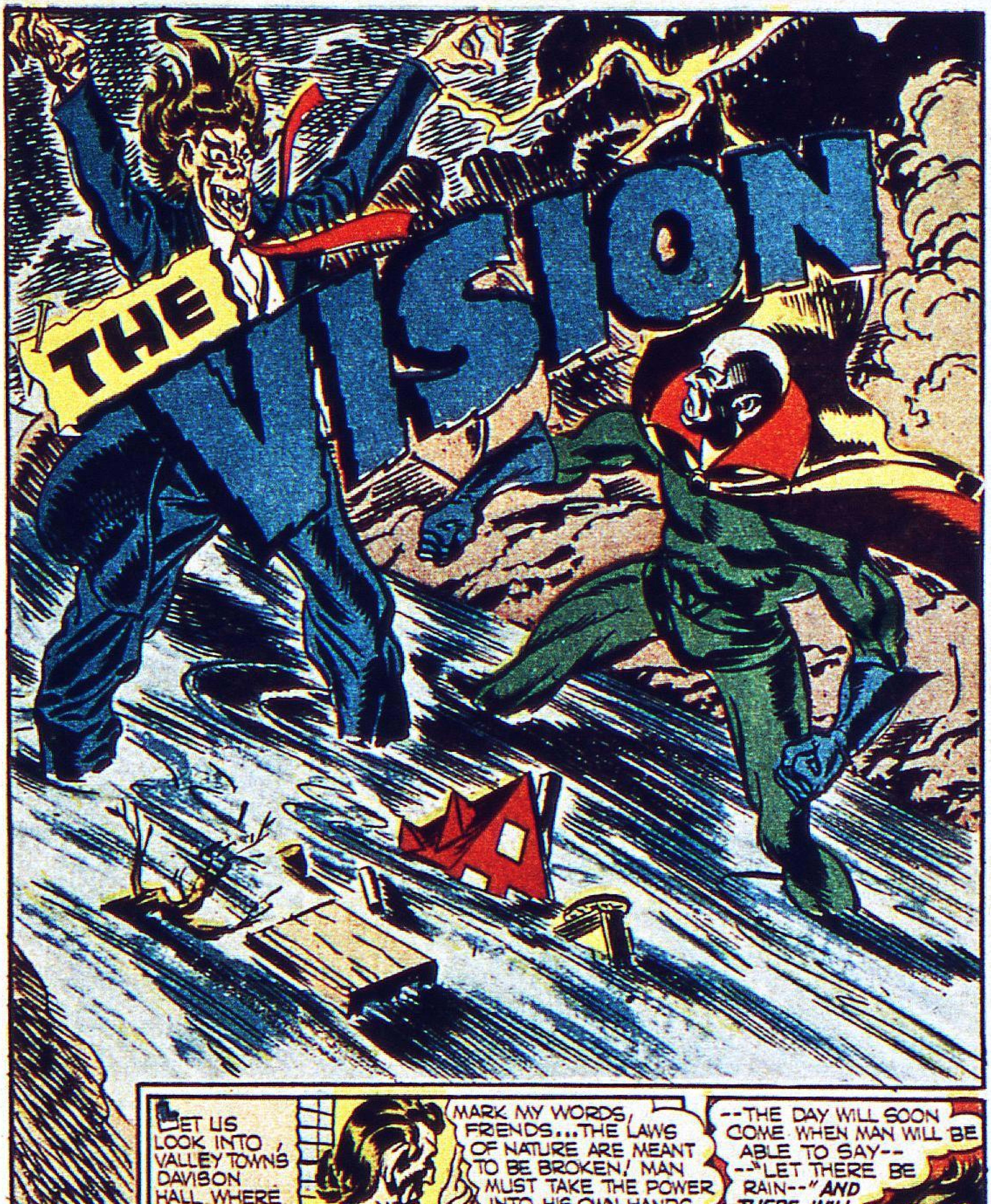

ARMED GUARDS SWARM INTO THE PIT THAT A MOMENT BEFORE WAS TO HAVE BEEN THE SCENE OF KA-ZAR'S DEATH!
BRING HIM BACK **DEAD OR ALIVE!**
WE ARE CERTAIN TO BE PURSUED!
2
YES....HERE THEY COME....PUT YOUR SHOULDER AGAINST THESE BOULDERS!
I SEE... THEY ARE BELOW US, AND....
HALT!
THE COMBINED STRENGTH OF THE PAIR STARTS THE BIG ROCKS MOVING!
HERE THEY GO!
ROLLING DOWN THE PASSAGEWAY, THE BOULDERS CRASH INTO THE SOLDIERS OF ALI HAMUD!
THE UNDERGROUND TUNNEL IS BLOCKED, PREVENTING FURTHER PURSUIT!
WELL DONE, MY FRIEND! AH! VENGEANCE WILL BE MINE BEFORE THE SUN SETS!
JUST WHO ARE YOU? AND, HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO BE HERE TO HELP ME?
3

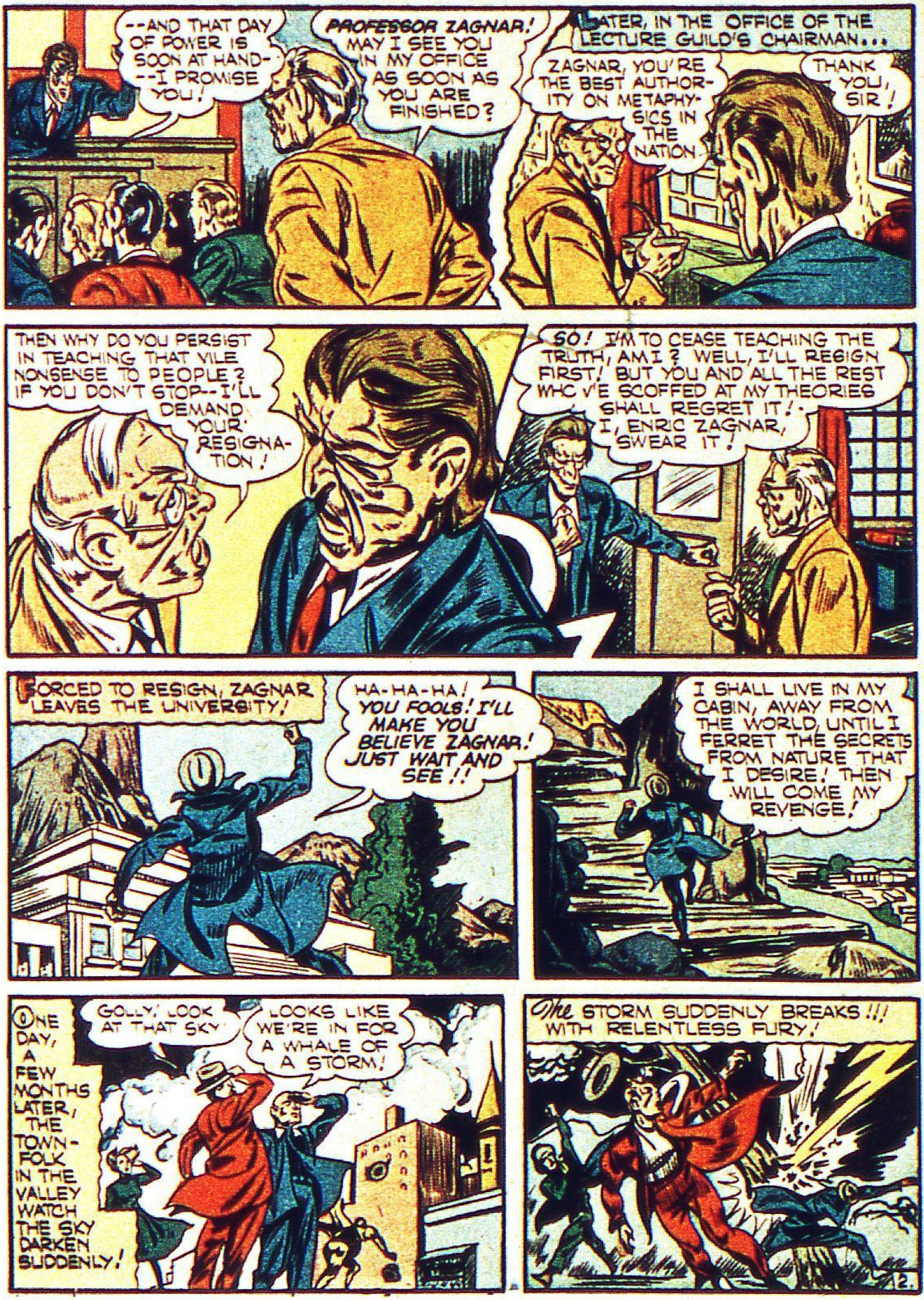

3
FOLLOW ME OUT OF THIS DUNGEON I AM SABA, BROTHER OF ALI HAMUD! YEARS AGO HE IMPRISONED ME HERE AND THINKS I'M NOW DEAD!
YOU KNOW OF HIS PLOT TO USE THIS AS A SECRET AIR AND SUPPLY BASE FOR NAZIS ATTACKING THE BRITISH IN SOUTH AFRICA! BUT, I WILL DESTROY THAT SCHEME, AND HIM TOO! FRIENDLY SLAVES OF ALI HAMUD HAVE KEPT ME ALIVE DOWN HERE WHILE I WAIT FOR THIS DAY TO GET RID OF HIM AND HIS TREACHEROUS SCHEMES!
HOW WILL YOU DO IT?
LOOK.. IN THIS HIDDEN ROOM.... EXPLOSIVES! AT NIGHT I HAVE STOLEN THIS FROM HIS STOREHOUSE!
GO... KA-ZAR... THROUGH THAT DOOR.... IT WILL LEAD YOU TO A SAFE EXIT INTO THE JUNGLE!
KA-ZAR FINDS HIMSELF IN A GREAT HALLWAY......
I'LL SLIP THROUGH HERE TO THE FOREST!
A GUARD APPEARS, BUT, IS QUICKLY SILENCED!
ONE CRY FROM YOU, AND IT WILL BE YOUR LAST!
I'LL TAKE THIS SWORD ALONG....

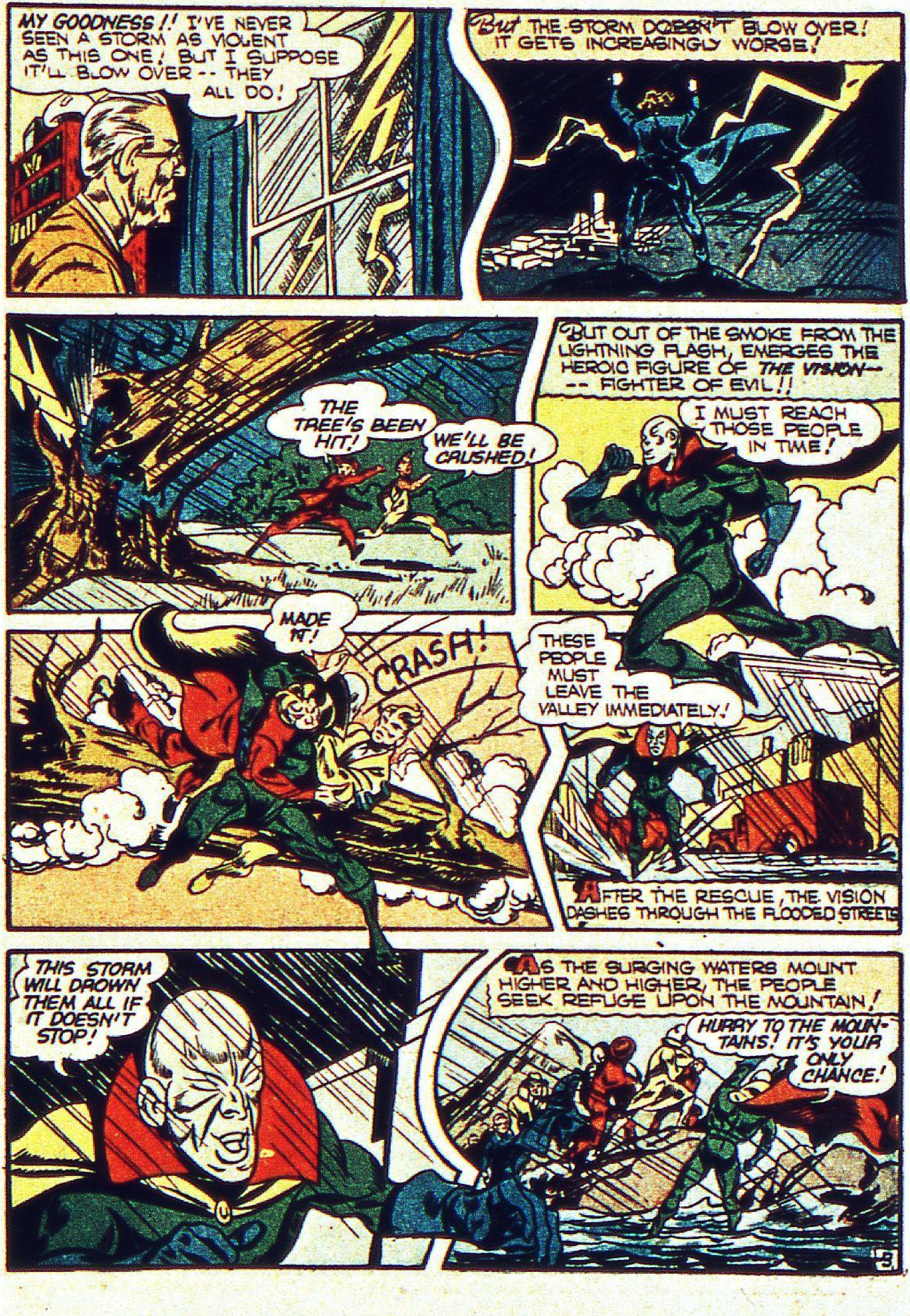

BUT, AT THAT MOMENT...
MORE OF ALI HAMUD'S MEN...THEY ARE STARTING FOR THE DOOR I JUST CAME OUT OF!
4
THIS WILL ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION TO ME! THEY MUST NOT FIND SABA!
LOOK...THERE HE IS!
CLANG!
GOOD, THEY'VE STARTED AFTER ME!
HERE'S A PARTING GIFT...FROM ME TO YOU!
THE GREAT SWORD PLOWS INTO KA-ZAR'S PURSUERS, GIVING HIM TIME TO FLEE!
AHGGG!
HE ENCOUNTERS ALI HAMUD AND THE NAZI!
KA-ZAR!
OH, OH!
I'LL KILL HIM.....
LOOKS LIKE HE HOLDS THE WINNING HAND!... BUT....

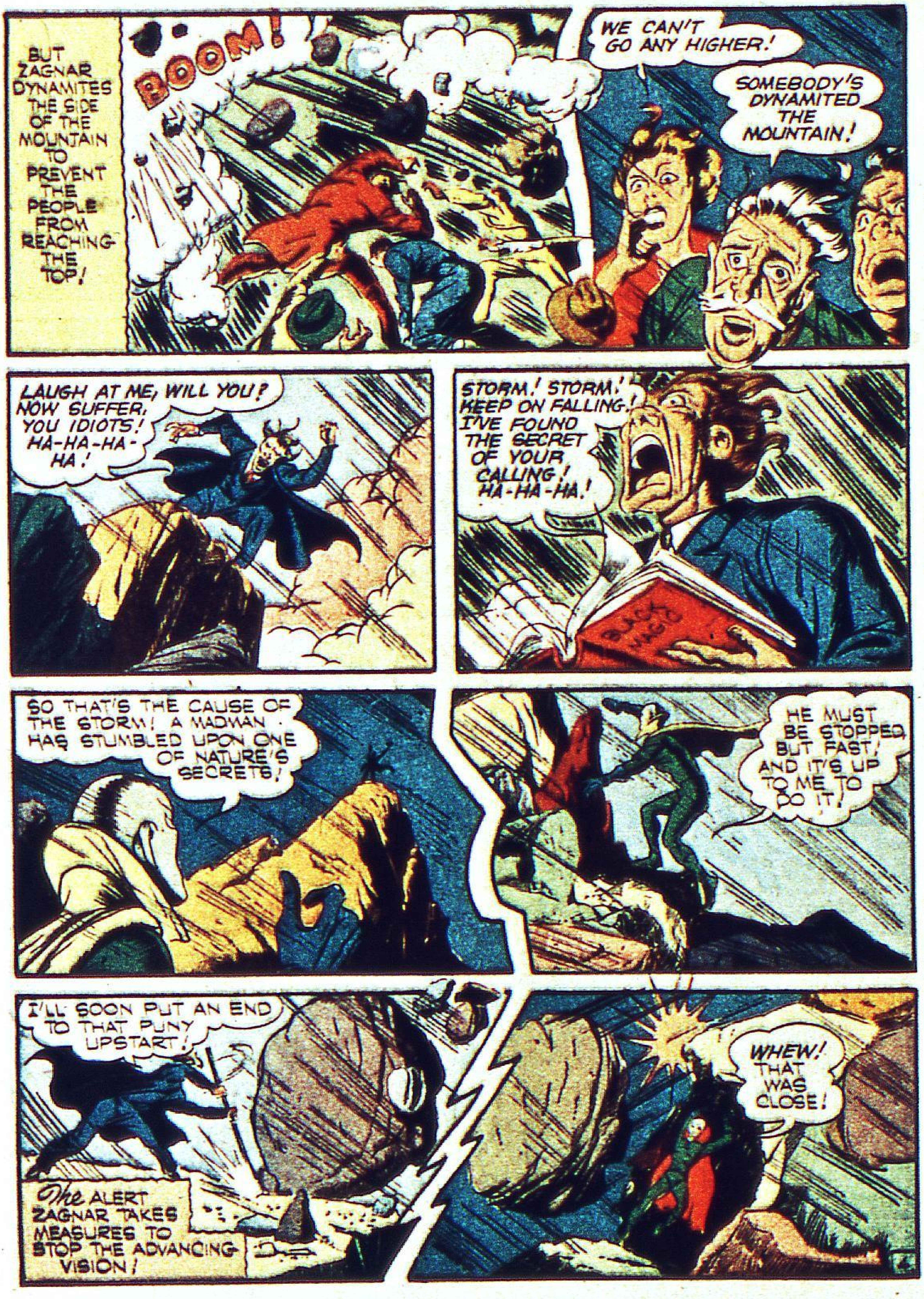

YOU'VE GOT TO HIT ME FIRST!
BANG!
5
MAYBE A LITTLE HEAT TREATMENT IS JUST WHAT YOU NEED!
KA-ZAR HURLS THE FLAMING POT AT THE PAIR . . . .
OW-W-W-
AND, I CAN USE THIS GUN . . .
THE NAZI CAPTAIN CAME IN A BOMBER.. HIS PILOT MAY STILL BE IN THE PLANE!
GOOD! I'LL HAVE TO GIVE HIM A LITTLE SURPRISE! LUCKY, HE HAS THE MOTORS RUNNING!
TAKE OFF IMMEDIATELY, OR I'LL BLAST YOUR HEAD OFF!

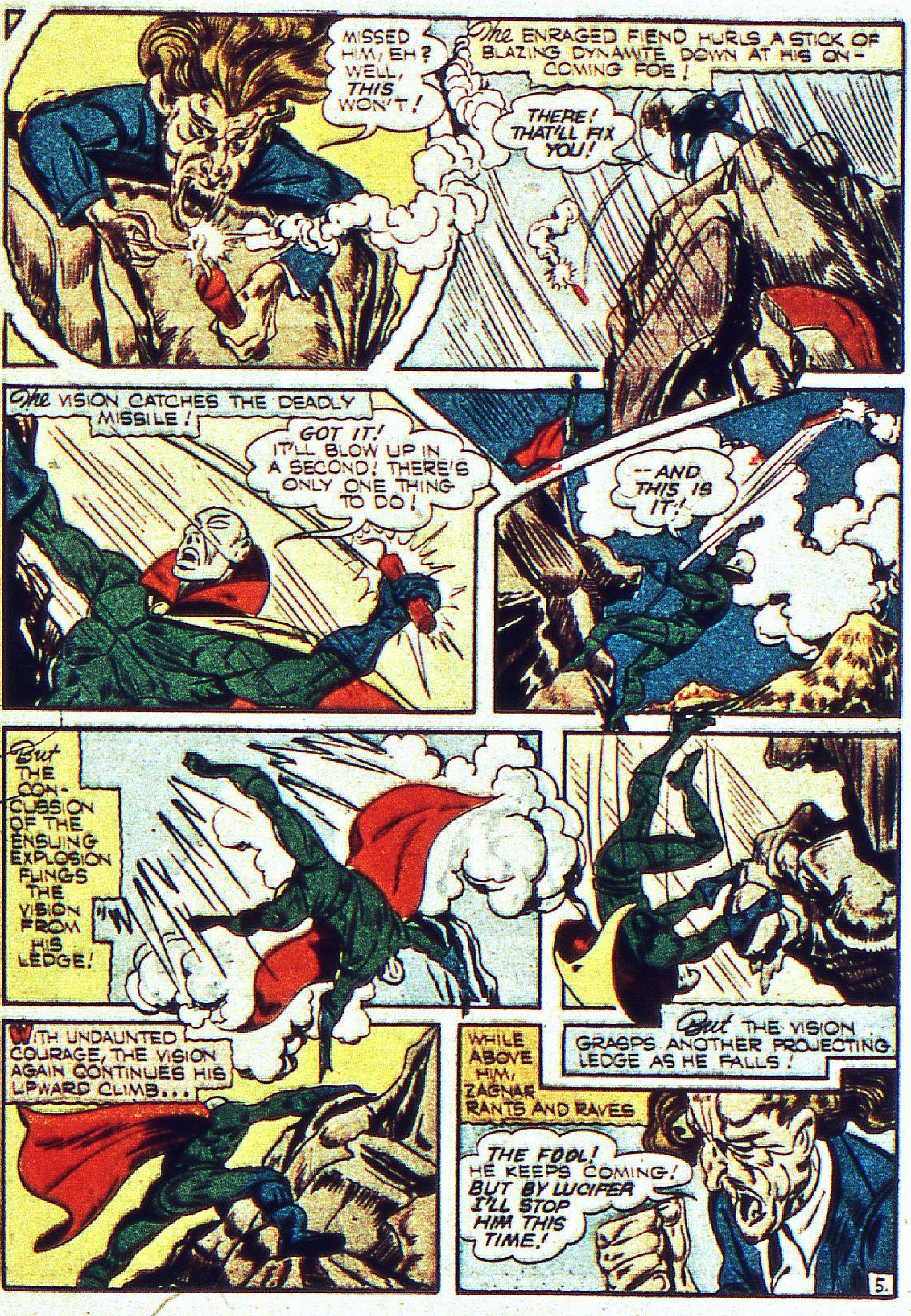

THE PLANE ROARS ACROSS THE CLEARING, KA-ZAR HOLDING THE GUN AT THE PILOT'S HEAD!
PULL THAT THROTTLE WIDE OPEN!
ON THE WALL OF THE CASTLE, ALI HAMUD'S MEN MACHINE GUN THE PLANE, BUT IT ESCAPES WITH ONLY BULLET-RIDDLED WINGS!
THINKING KA-ZAR HAS HAD TIME TO ESCAPE, SABA IGNITES THE EXPLOSIVES!
THIS IS THE END OF ALI HAMUD'S WICKED DEEDS!
A GREAT BLAST WRECKS THE CASTLE, DESTROYING IT AND ALL THE PERSONS WITHIN!
BOOM!
ROCKED BY THE EXPLOSION, THE PLANE PLUNGES EARTHWARD, OUT OF CONTROL!
WE'RE GOING TO HIT!
IT CRASHES IN THICK JUNGLE!
CRASH!
IN THE WRECKAGE, KA-ZAR'S LIMP BODY LIES ACROSS THAT OF THE DEAD NAZI PILOT!
CONTINUE THIS EXCITING KA-ZAR ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S MARVEL COMICS!!

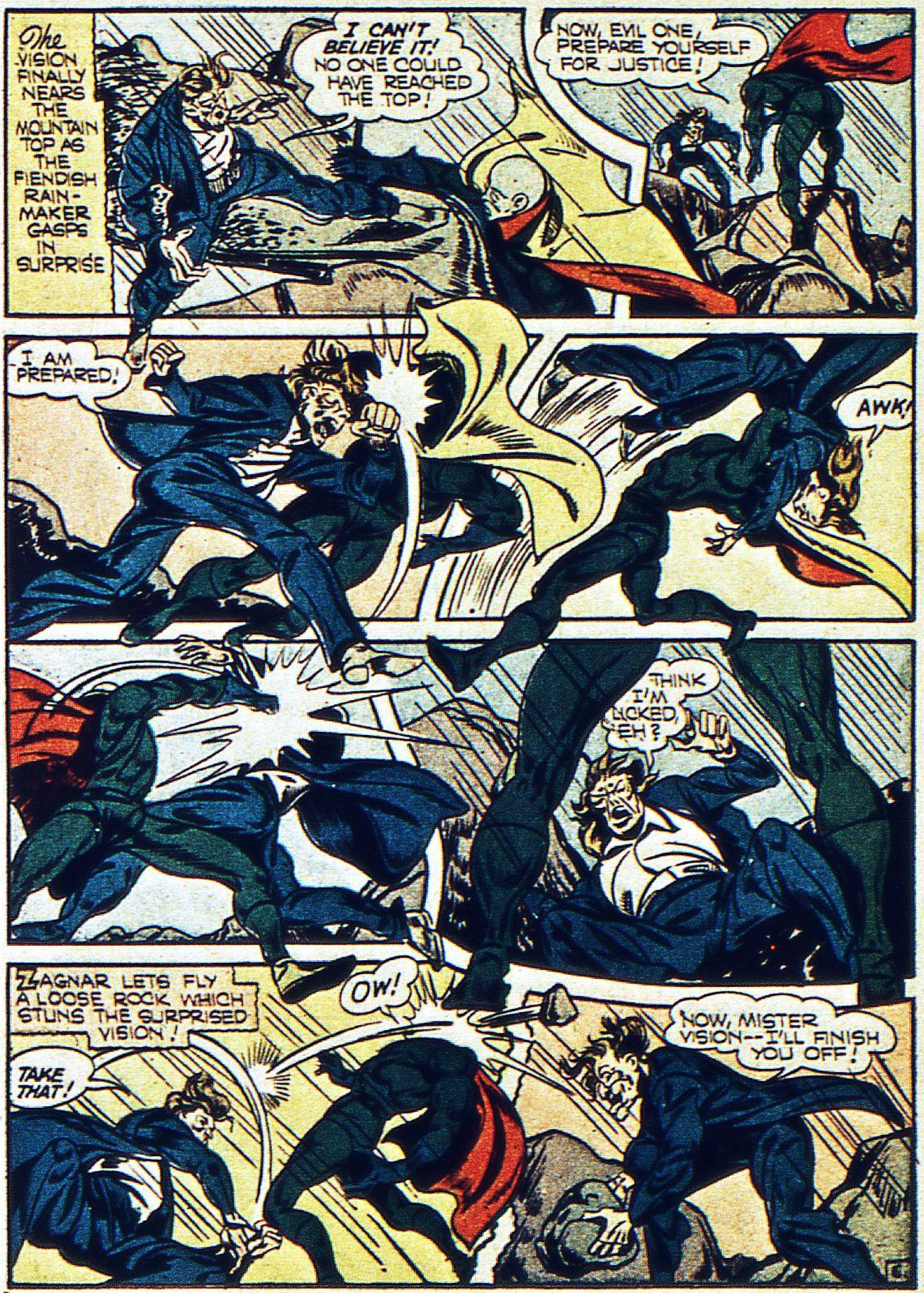

THE VISION
LET US LOOK INTO VALLEY TOWN'S DAVISON HALL WHERE ENRIC ZAGNAR IS DELIVERING A LECTURE TO A GROUP OF THE TOWN'S LEADING CITIZENS...
MARK MY WORDS, FRIENDS... THE LAWS OF NATURE ARE MEANT TO BE BROKEN! MAN MUST TAKE THE POWER INTO HIS OWN HANDS TO CONTROL ALL THE ELEMENTS--
--THE DAY WILL SOON COME WHEN MAN WILL BE ABLE TO SAY-- --"LET THERE BE RAIN--" AND THERE WILL BE RAIN!

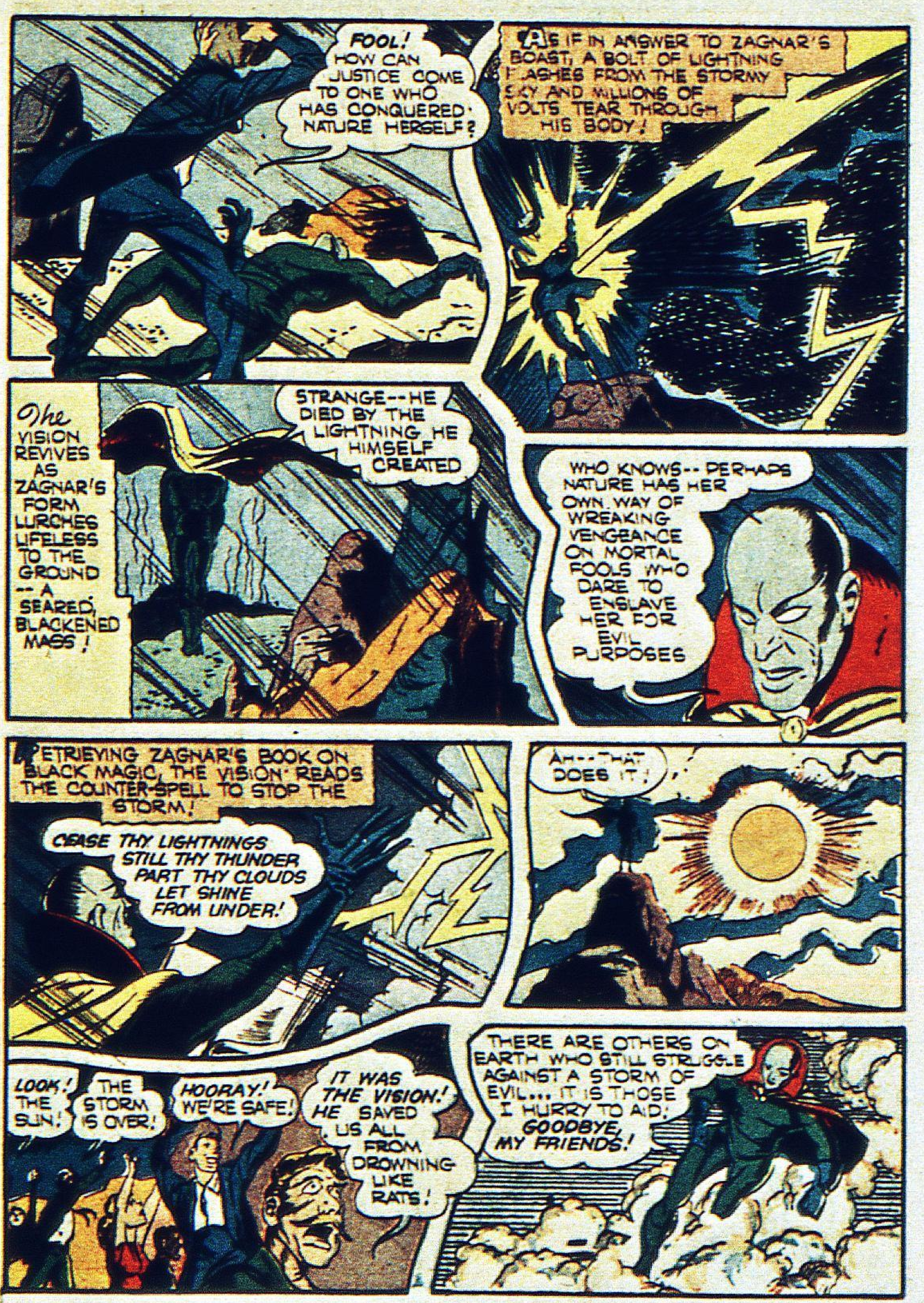

--AND THAT DAY OF POWER IS SOON AT HAND- --I PROMISE YOU!
PROFESSOR ZAGNAR! MAY I SEE YOU IN MY OFFICE AS SOON AS YOU ARE FINISHED?
LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LECTURE GUILD'S CHAIRMAN...
ZAGNAR, YOU'RE THE BEST AUTHORITY ON METAPHYSICS IN THE NATION-
THANK YOU, SIR!
THEN WHY DO YOU PERSIST IN TEACHING THAT VILE NONSENSE TO PEOPLE? IF YOU DON'T STOP--I'LL DEMAND YOUR RESIGNATION!
SO! I'M TO CEASE TEACHING THE TRUTH, AM I? WELL, I'LL RESIGN FIRST! BUT YOU AND ALL THE REST WHO'VE SCOFFED AT MY THEORIES SHALL REGRET IT! I, ENRIC ZAGNAR, SWEAR IT!
FORCED TO RESIGN, ZAGNAR LEAVES THE UNIVERSITY!
HA-HA-HA! YOU FOOLS! I'LL MAKE YOU BELIEVE ZAGNAR! JUST WAIT AND SEE!!
I SHALL LIVE IN MY CABIN, AWAY FROM THE WORLD, UNTIL I FERRET THE SECRETS FROM NATURE THAT I DESIRE! THEN WILL COME MY REVENGE!
ONE DAY, A FEW MONTHS LATER, THE TOWNFOLK IN THE VALLEY WATCH THE SKY DARKEN SUDDENLY!
GOLLY! LOOK AT THAT SKY!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR A WHALE OF A STORM!
THE STORM SUDDENLY BREAKS!!! WITH RELENTLESS FURY!
2.

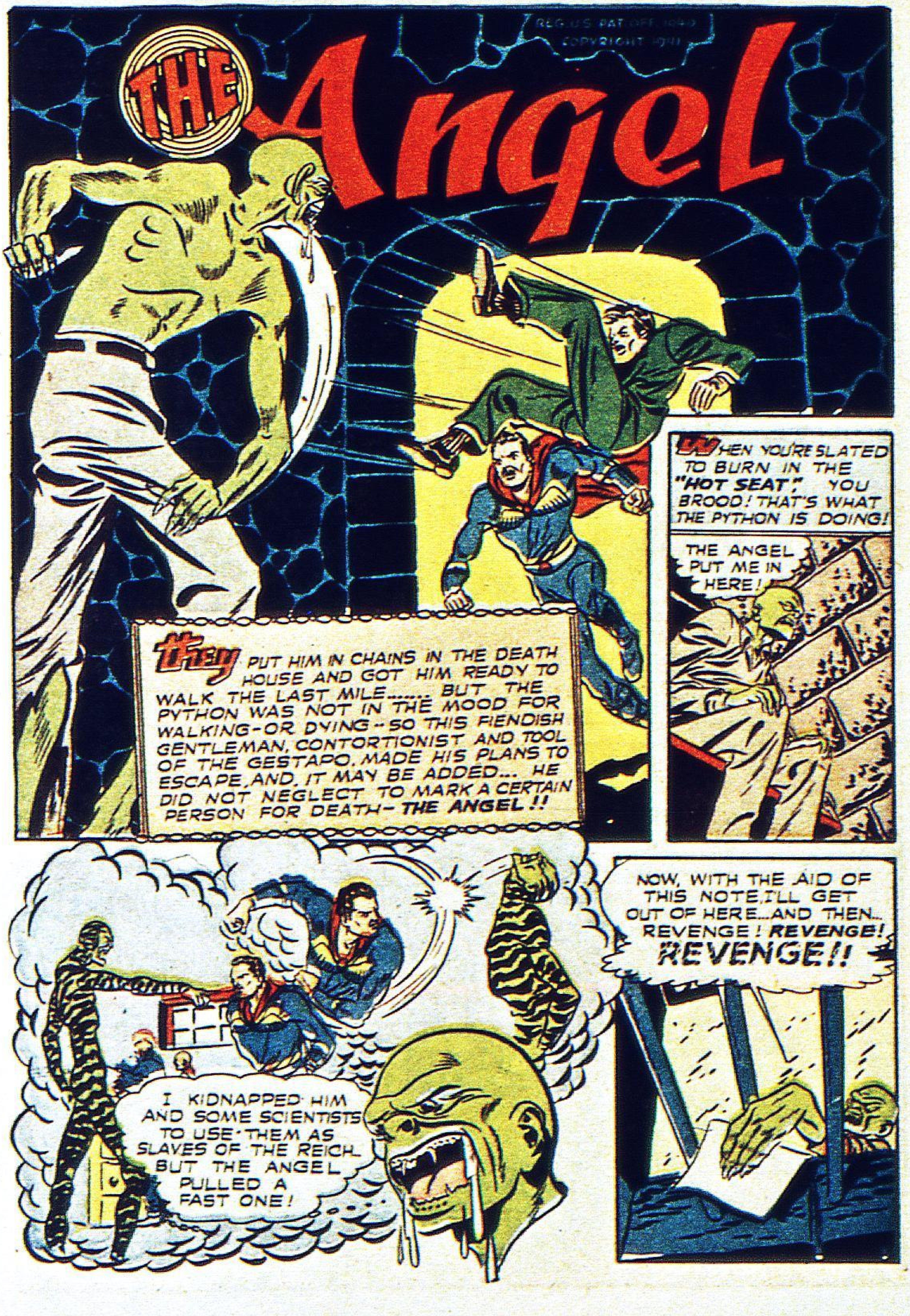

MY GOODNESS!! I'VE NEVER SEEN A STORM AS VIOLENT AS THIS ONE! BUT I SUPPOSE IT'LL BLOW OVER -- THEY ALL DO!
But THE STORM DOESN'T BLOW OVER! IT GETS INCREASINGLY WORSE!
THE TREE'S BEEN HIT!
WE'LL BE CRUSHED!
BUT OUT OF THE SMOKE FROM THE LIGHTNING FLASH, EMERGES THE HEROIC FIGURE OF THE VISION -- FIGHTER OF EVIL!!
I MUST REACH THOSE PEOPLE IN TIME!
MADE IT!
CRASH!
THESE PEOPLE MUST LEAVE THE VALLEY IMMEDIATELY!
AFTER THE RESCUE, THE VISION DASHES THROUGH THE FLOODED STREETS
THIS STORM WILL DROWN THEM ALL IF IT DOESN'T STOP!
AS THE SURGING WATERS MOUNT HIGHER AND HIGHER, THE PEOPLE SEEK REFUGE UPON THE MOUNTAIN!
HURRY TO THE MOUNTAINS! IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE!

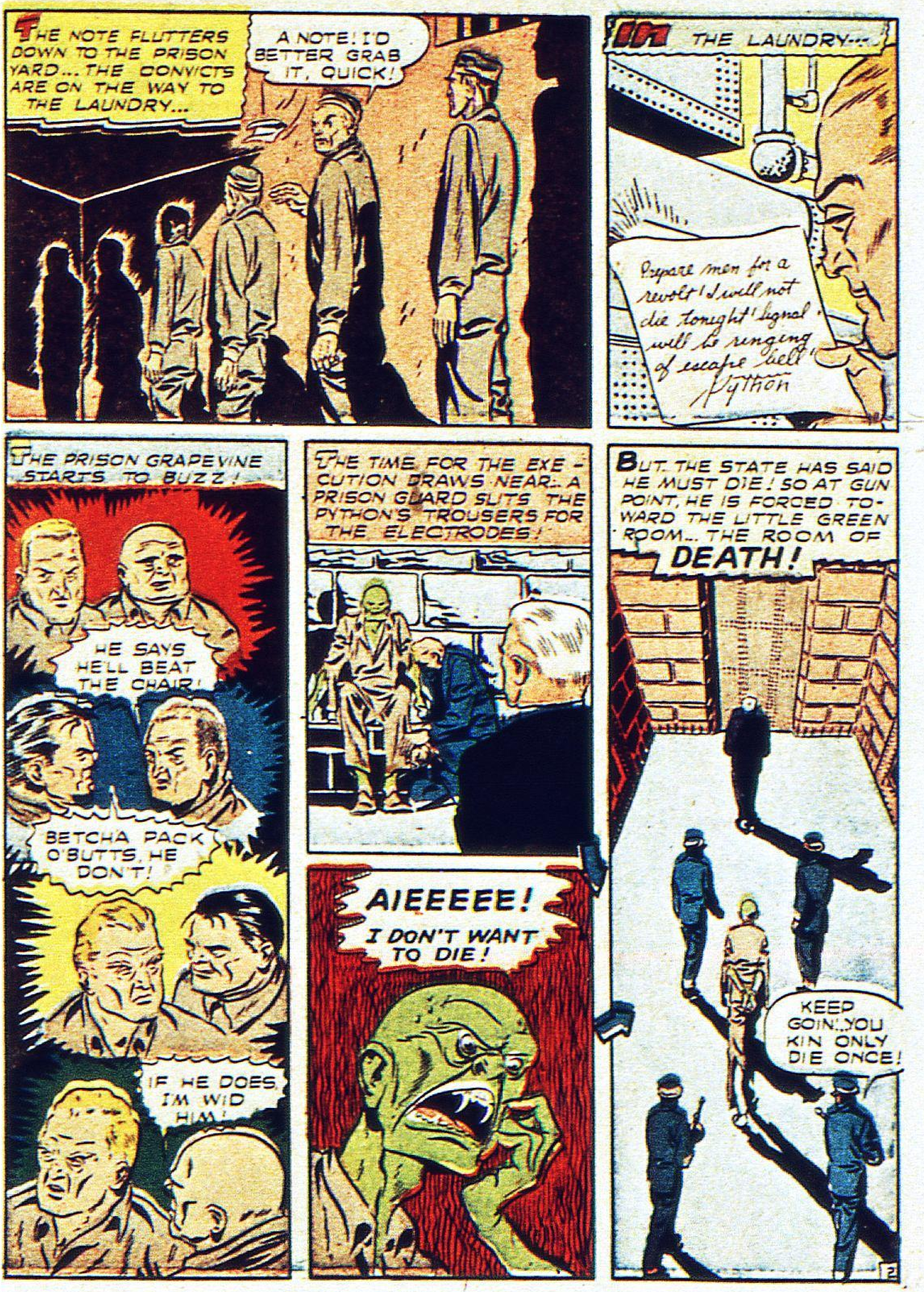

BUT ZAGNAR DYNAMITES THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN TO PREVENT THE PEOPLE FROM REACHING THE TOP!
BOOM!
WE CAN'T GO ANY HIGHER!
SOMEBODY'S DYNAMITED THE MOUNTAIN!
LAUGH AT ME, WILL YOU? NOW SUFFER, YOU IDIOTS! HA-HA-HA-HA!
STORM! STORM! KEEP ON FALLING! I'VE FOUND THE SECRET OF YOUR CALLING! HA-HA-HA!
BLACK MAGIC
SO THAT'S THE CAUSE OF THE STORM! A MADMAN HAS STUMBLED UPON ONE OF NATURE'S SECRETS!
HE MUST BE STOPPED, BUT FAST! AND IT'S UP TO ME TO DO IT!
I'LL SOON PUT AN END TO THAT PUNY UPSTART!
The ALERT ZAGNAR TAKES MEASURES TO STOP THE ADVANCING VISION!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

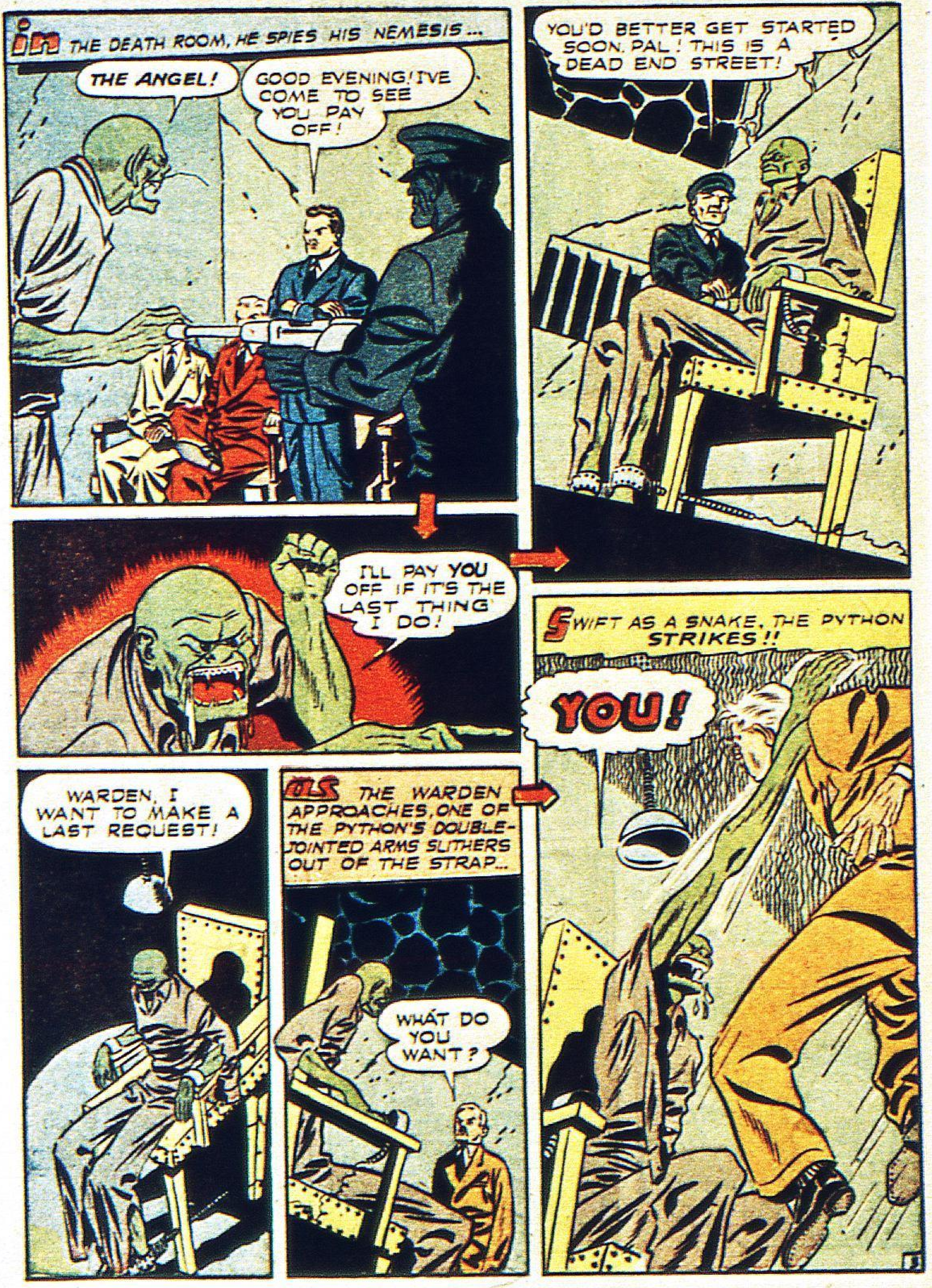

MISSED HIM, EH? WELL, THIS WON'T!
THE ENRAGED FIEND HURLS A STICK OF BLAZING DYNAMITE DOWN AT HIS ON-COMING FOE!
THERE! THAT'LL FIX YOU!
THE VISION CATCHES THE DEADLY MISSILE!
GOT IT! IT'LL BLOW UP IN A SECOND! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!
--AND THIS IS IT!
BUT THE CONCUSSION OF THE ENSUING EXPLOSION FLINGS THE VISION FROM HIS LEDGE!
BUT THE VISION GRASPS ANOTHER PROJECTING LEDGE AS HE FALLS!
WITH UNDAUNTED COURAGE, THE VISION AGAIN CONTINUES HIS UPWARD CLIMB...
WHILE ABOVE HIM, ZAGNAR RANTS AND RAVES
THE FOOL! HE KEEPS COMING! BUT BY LUCIFER I'LL STOP HIM THIS TIME!

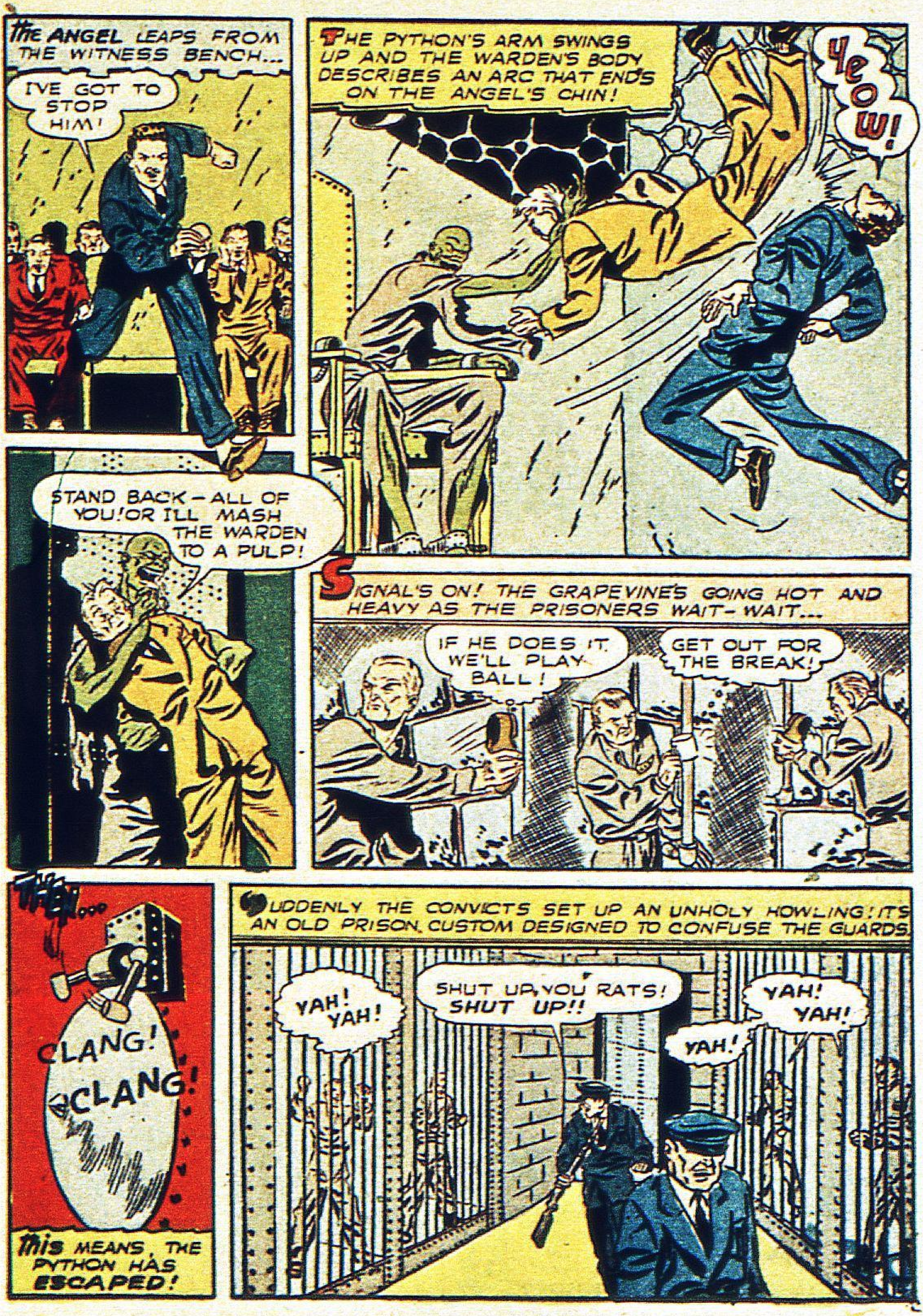

The VISION FINALLY NEARS THE MOUNTAIN TOP AS THE FIENDISH RAIN-MAKER GASPS IN SURPRISE
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! NO ONE COULD HAVE REACHED THE TOP!
NOW, EVIL ONE, PREPARE YOURSELF FOR JUSTICE!
I AM PREPARED!
AWK!
THINK I'M LICKED, EH?
ZAGNAR LETS FLY A LOOSE ROCK WHICH STUNS THE SURPRISED VISION!
OW!
TAKE THAT!
NOW, MISTER VISION--I'LL FINISH YOU OFF!

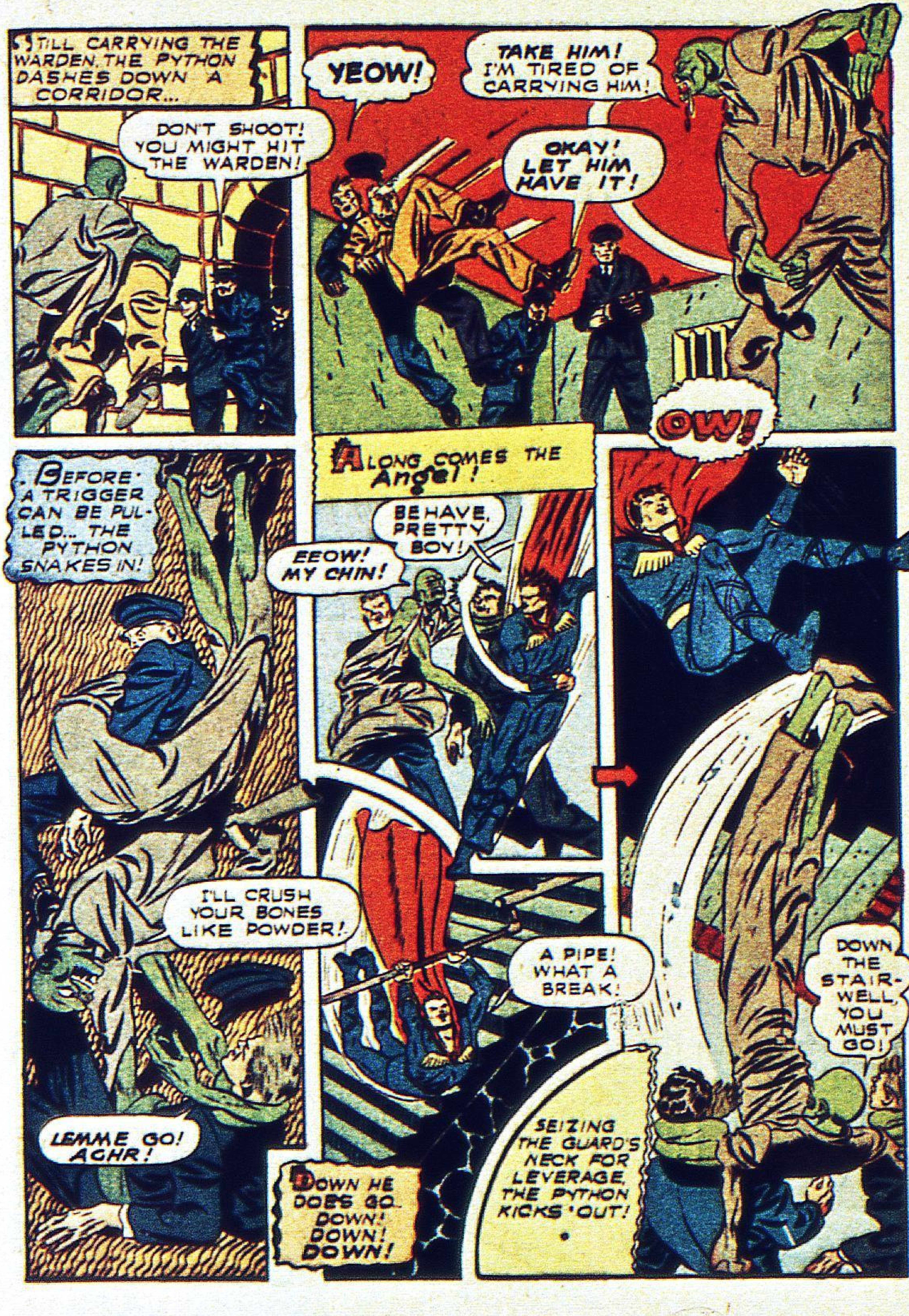

FOOL! HOW CAN JUSTICE COME TO ONE WHO HAS CONQUERED NATURE HERSELF?
AS IF IN ANSWER TO ZAGNAR'S BOAST, A BOLT OF LIGHTNING FLASHES FROM THE STORMY SKY AND MILLIONS OF VOLTS TEAR THROUGH HIS BODY!
The VISION REVIVES AS ZAGNAR'S FORM LURCHES LIFELESS TO THE GROUND -- A SEARED, BLACKENED MASS!
STRANGE--HE DIED BY THE LIGHTNING HE HIMSELF CREATED
WHO KNOWS-- PERHAPS NATURE HAS HER OWN WAY OF WREAKING VENGEANCE ON MORTAL FOOLS WHO DARE TO ENSLAVE HER FOR EVIL PURPOSES
RETRIEVING ZAGNAR'S BOOK ON BLACK MAGIC, THE VISION READS THE COUNTER-SPELL TO STOP THE STORM!
CEASE THY LIGHTNINGS STILL THY THUNDER PART THY CLOUDS LET SHINE FROM UNDER!
AH--THAT DOES IT!
LOOK! THE SUN!
THE STORM IS OVER!
HOORAY! WE'RE SAFE!
IT WAS THE VISION! HE SAVED US ALL FROM DROWNING LIKE RATS!
THERE ARE OTHERS ON EARTH WHO STILL STRUGGLE AGAINST A STORM OF EVIL... IT IS THOSE I HURRY TO AID! GOODBYE, MY FRIENDS!

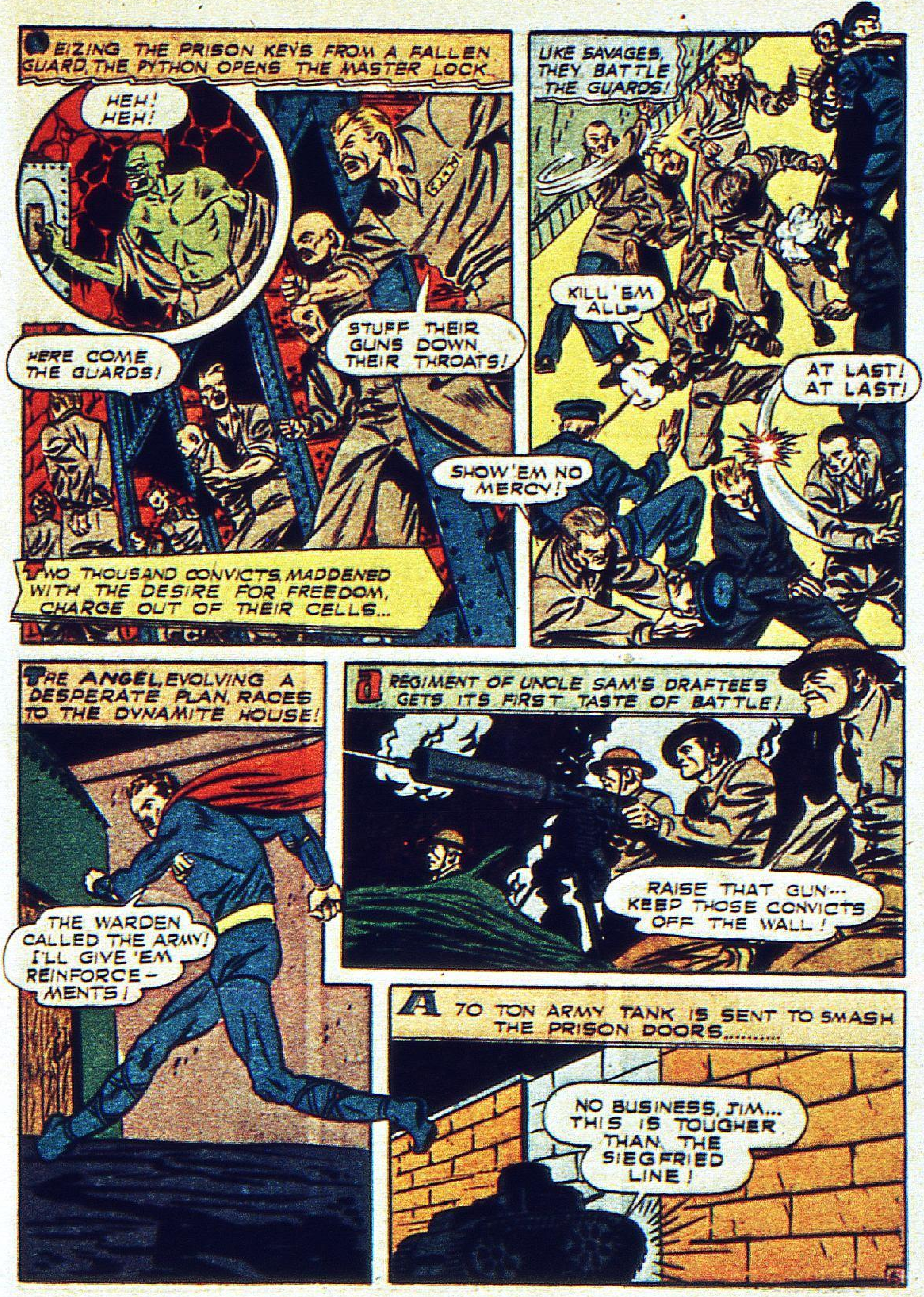

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
COPYRIGHT 1941
THE Angel
They PUT HIM IN CHAINS IN THE DEATH HOUSE AND GOT HIM READY TO WALK THE LAST MILE...... BUT THE PYTHON WAS NOT IN THE MOOD FOR WALKING-OR DYING-- SO THIS FIENDISH GENTLEMAN, CONTORTIONIST AND TOOL OF THE GESTAPO, MADE HIS PLANS TO ESCAPE, AND, IT MAY BE ADDED... HE DID NOT NEGLECT TO MARK A CERTAIN PERSON FOR DEATH- THE ANGEL!!
WHEN YOU'RE SLATED TO BURN IN THE "HOT SEAT," YOU BROOD! THAT'S WHAT THE PYTHON IS DOING!
THE ANGEL PUT ME IN HERE!
I KIDNAPPED HIM AND SOME SCIENTISTS TO USE THEM AS SLAVES OF THE REICH. BUT THE ANGEL PULLED A FAST ONE!
NOW, WITH THE AID OF THIS NOTE, I'LL GET OUT OF HERE...AND THEN... REVENGE! REVENGE! REVENGE!!

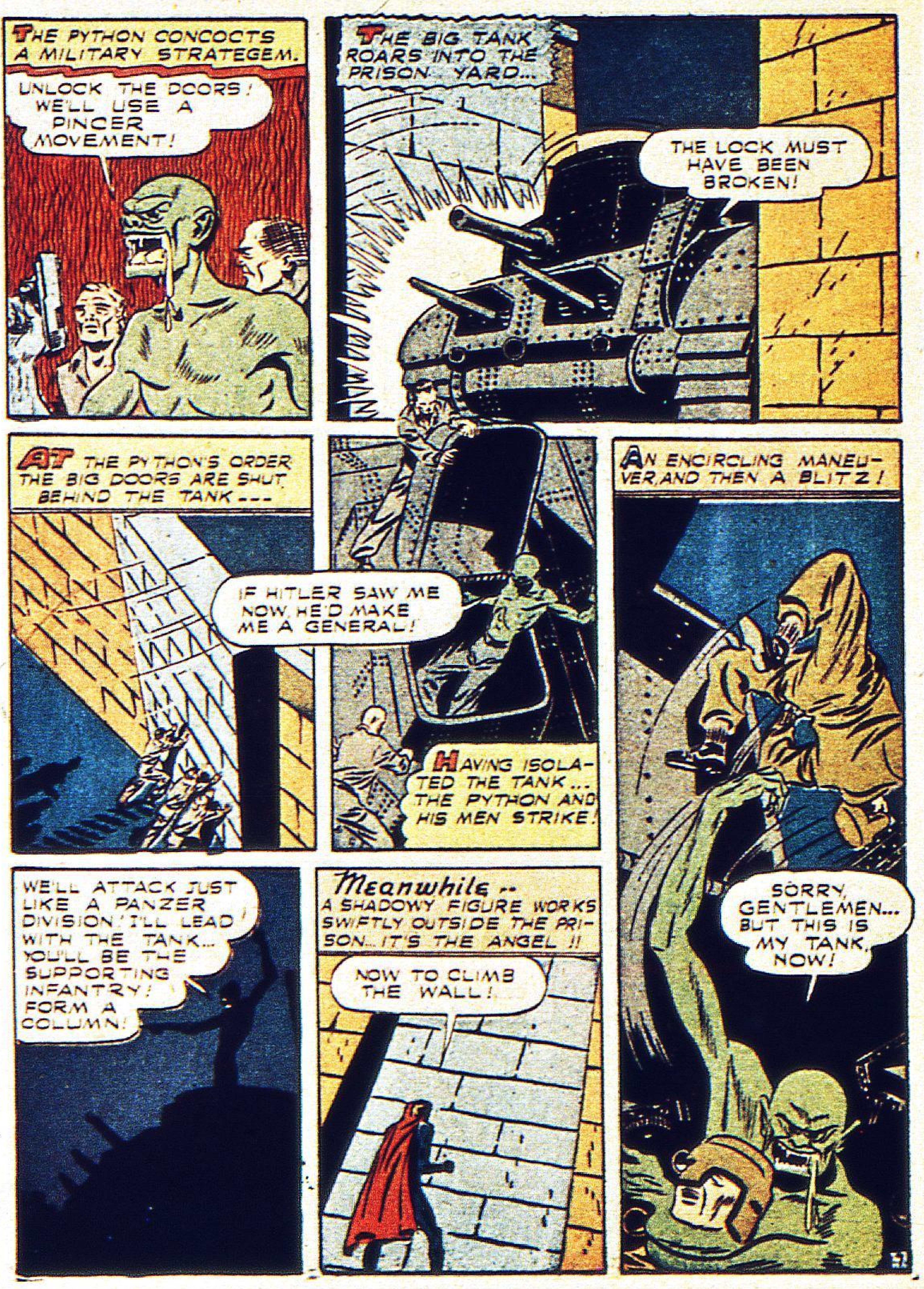

THE NOTE FLUTTERS DOWN TO THE PRISON YARD... THE CONVICTS ARE ON THE WAY TO THE LAUNDRY...
A NOTE! I'D BETTER GRAB IT, QUICK!
IN THE LAUNDRY...
Prepare men for a revolt! I will not die tonight! Signal will be ringing of escape bell! Python
THE PRISON GRAPEVINE STARTS TO BUZZ!
HE SAYS HE'LL BEAT THE CHAIR!
BETCHA PACK O'BUTTS, HE DON'T!
IF HE DOES, I'M WID HIM!
THE TIME FOR THE EXECUTION DRAWS NEAR... A PRISON GUARD SLITS THE PYTHON'S TROUSERS FOR THE ELECTRODES!
AIEEEEE! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!
BUT THE STATE HAS SAID HE MUST DIE! SO AT GUN POINT, HE IS FORCED TOWARD THE LITTLE GREEN ROOM... THE ROOM OF DEATH!
KEEP GOIN'...YOU KIN ONLY DIE ONCE!

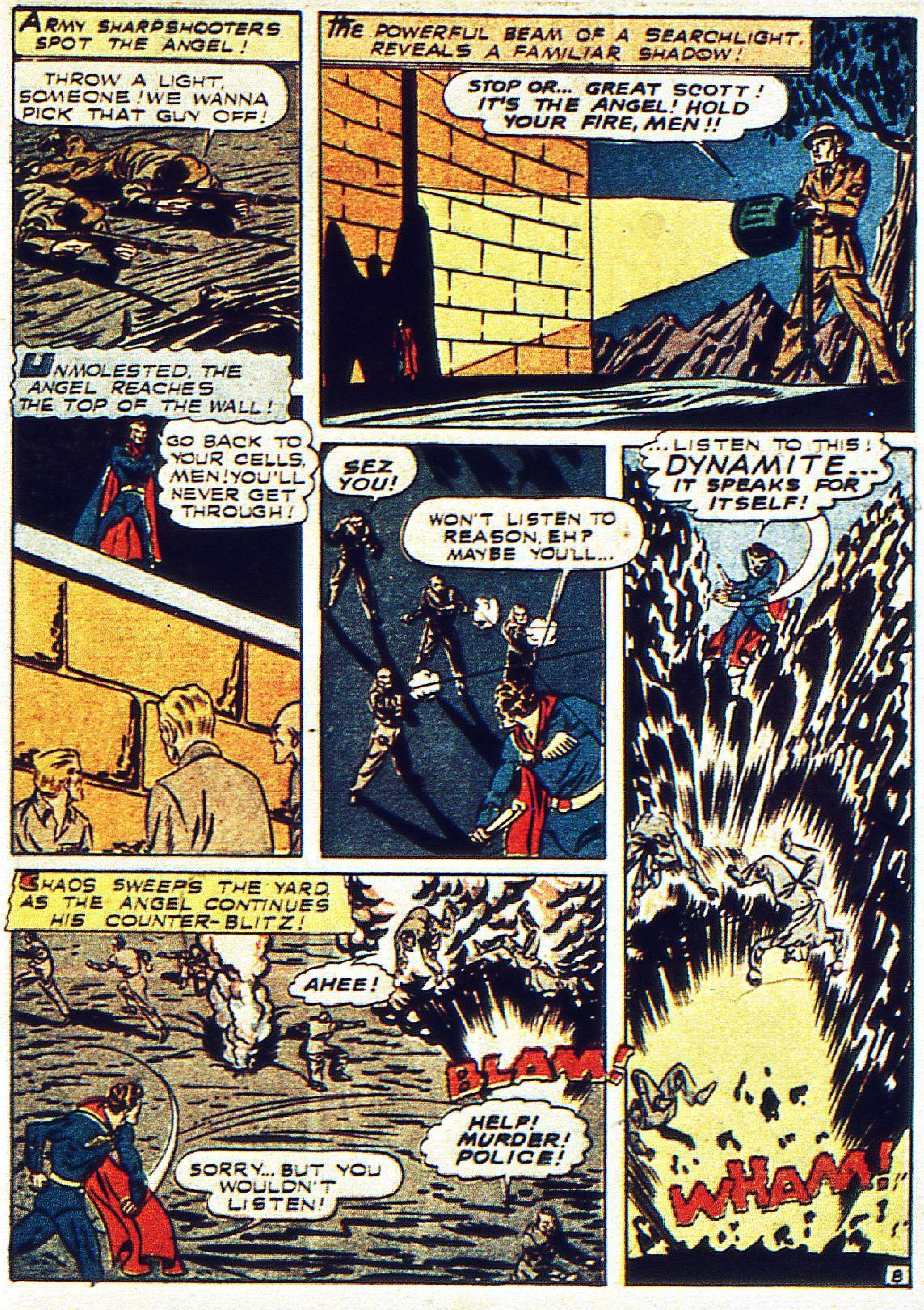

IN THE DEATH ROOM, HE SPIES HIS NEMESIS...
THE ANGEL!
GOOD EVENING! I'VE COME TO SEE YOU PAY OFF!
YOU'D BETTER GET STARTED SOON, PAL! THIS IS A DEAD END STREET!
I'LL PAY YOU OFF IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
WARDEN, I WANT TO MAKE A LAST REQUEST!
AS THE WARDEN APPROACHES, ONE OF THE PYTHON'S DOUBLE-JOINTED ARMS SLITHERS OUT OF THE STRAP...
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
SWIFT AS A SNAKE, THE PYTHON STRIKES!!
YOU!

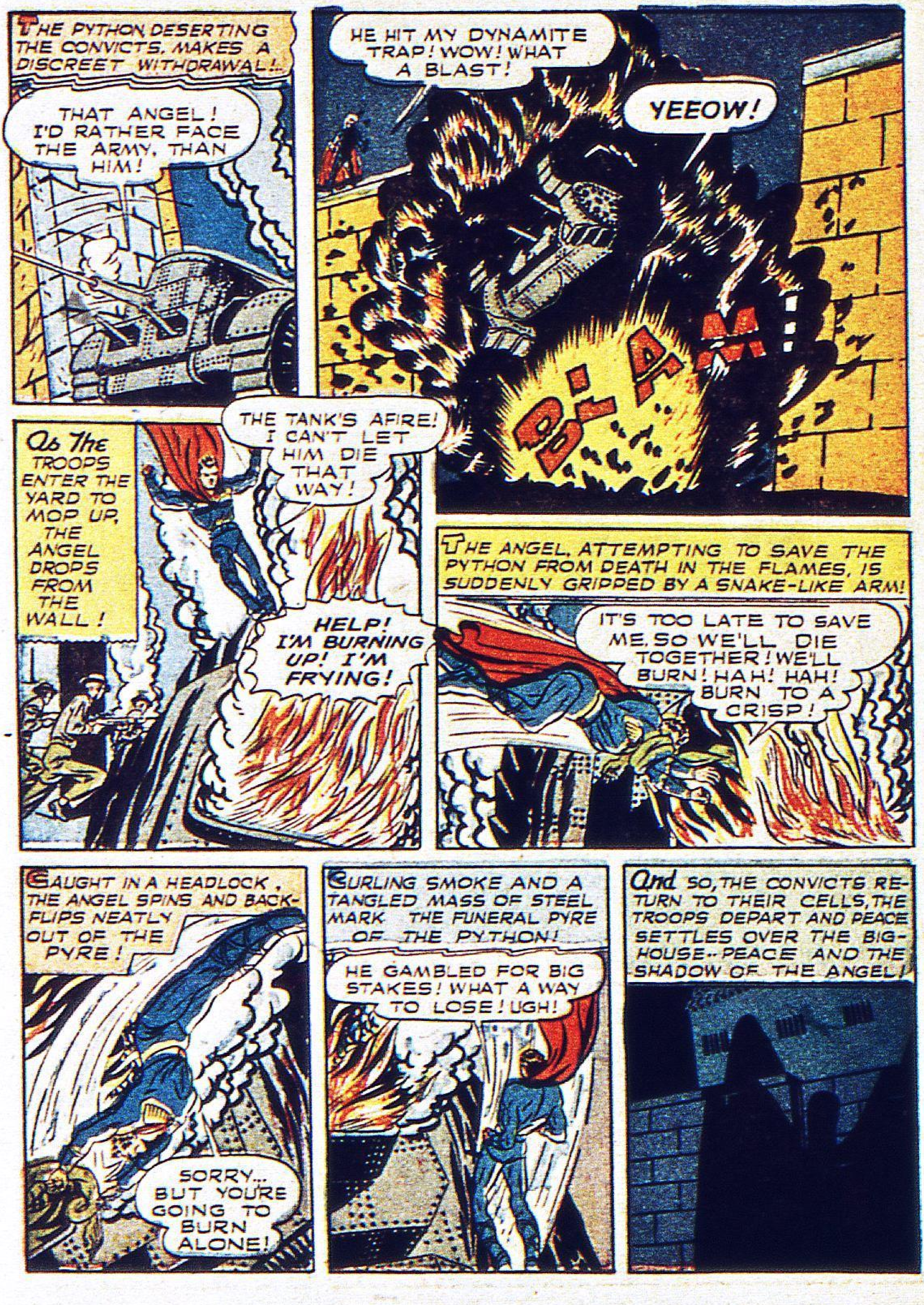

THE ANGEL LEAPS FROM THE WITNESS BENCH...
I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
THE PYTHON'S ARM SWINGS UP AND THE WARDEN'S BODY DESCRIBES AN ARC THAT ENDS ON THE ANGEL'S CHIN!
YEOW!
STAND BACK—ALL OF YOU! OR I'LL MASH THE WARDEN TO A PULP!
SIGNAL'S ON! THE GRAPEVINE'S GOING HOT AND HEAVY AS THE PRISONERS WAIT—WAIT...
IF HE DOES IT, WE'LL PLAY BALL!
GET OUT FOR THE BREAK!
THEN...
CLANG! CLANG!
THIS MEANS, THE PYTHON HAS ESCAPED!
SUDDENLY THE CONVICTS SET UP AN UNHOLY HOWLING! IT'S AN OLD PRISON CUSTOM DESIGNED TO CONFUSE THE GUARDS.
YAH! YAH!
SHUT UP, YOU RATS! SHUT UP!!
YAH! YAH!
YAH!


STILL CARRYING THE WARDEN, THE PYTHON DASHES DOWN A CORRIDOR...
DON'T SHOOT! YOU MIGHT HIT THE WARDEN!
YEOW!
TAKE HIM! I'M TIRED OF CARRYING HIM!
OKAY! LET HIM HAVE IT!
BEFORE A TRIGGER CAN BE PULLED... THE PYTHON SNAKES IN!
I'LL CRUSH YOUR BONES LIKE POWDER!
LEMME GO! AGHR!
ALONG COMES THE Angel!
BEHAVE, PRETTY BOY!
EEOW! MY CHIN!
OW!
SEIZING THE GUARD'S NECK FOR LEVERAGE, THE PYTHON KICKS 'OUT!
DOWN THE STAIRWELL, YOU MUST GO!
A PIPE! WHAT A BREAK!
DOWN HE DOES GO... DOWN! DOWN! DOWN!


SEIZING THE PRISON KEYS FROM A FALLEN GUARD, THE PYTHON OPENS THE MASTER LOCK
HEH! HEH!
STUFF THEIR GUNS DOWN THEIR THROATS!
HERE COME THE GUARDS!
TWO THOUSAND CONVICTS, MADDENED WITH THE DESIRE FOR FREEDOM, CHARGE OUT OF THEIR CELLS...
LIKE SAVAGES, THEY BATTLE THE GUARDS!
KILL 'EM ALL!
AT LAST! AT LAST!
SHOW 'EM NO MERCY!
THE ANGEL, EVOLVING A DESPERATE PLAN, RACES TO THE DYNAMITE HOUSE!
THE WARDEN CALLED THE ARMY! I'LL GIVE 'EM REINFORCEMENTS!
A REGIMENT OF UNCLE SAM'S DRAFTEES GETS ITS FIRST TASTE OF BATTLE!
RAISE THAT GUN... KEEP THOSE CONVICTS OFF THE WALL!
A 70 TON ARMY TANK IS SENT TO SMASH THE PRISON DOORS..........
NO BUSINESS, JIM... THIS IS TOUGHER THAN THE SIEGFRIED LINE!


THE PYTHON CONCOCTS A MILITARY STRATEGEM.
UNLOCK THE DOORS! WE'LL USE A PINCER MOVEMENT!
THE BIG TANK ROARS INTO THE PRISON YARD...
THE LOCK MUST HAVE BEEN BROKEN!
AT THE PYTHON'S ORDER THE BIG DOORS ARE SHUT BEHIND THE TANK ---
IF HITLER SAW ME NOW, HE'D MAKE ME A GENERAL!
HAVING ISOLATED THE TANK... THE PYTHON AND HIS MEN STRIKE!
AN ENCIRCLING MANEUVER, AND THEN A BLITZ!
SORRY, GENTLEMEN... BUT THIS IS MY TANK, NOW!
WE'LL ATTACK JUST LIKE A PANZER DIVISION! I'LL LEAD WITH THE TANK... YOU'LL BE THE SUPPORTING INFANTRY! FORM A COLUMN!
Meanwhile -- A SHADOWY FIGURE WORKS SWIFTLY OUTSIDE THE PRISON... IT'S THE ANGEL !!
NOW TO CLIMB THE WALL!...


ARMY SHARPSHOOTERS SPOT THE ANGEL!
THROW A LIGHT, SOMEONE! WE WANNA PICK THAT GUY OFF!
THE POWERFUL BEAM OF A SEARCHLIGHT REVEALS A FAMILIAR SHADOW!
STOP OR... GREAT SCOTT! IT'S THE ANGEL! HOLD YOUR FIRE, MEN!!
UNMOLESTED, THE ANGEL REACHES THE TOP OF THE WALL!
GO BACK TO YOUR CELLS, MEN! YOU'LL NEVER GET THROUGH!
SEZ YOU!
WON'T LISTEN TO REASON, EH? MAYBE YOU'LL...
...LISTEN TO THIS! DYNAMITE... IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF!
CHAOS SWEEPS THE YARD AS THE ANGEL CONTINUES HIS COUNTER-BLITZ!
AHEE!
BLAM!
HELP! MURDER! POLICE!
SORRY... BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN!
WHAM!
8


THE PYTHON, DESERTING THE CONVICTS, MAKES A DISCREET WITHDRAWAL!..
THAT ANGEL! I'D RATHER FACE THE ARMY, THAN HIM!
HE HIT MY DYNAMITE TRAP! WOW! WHAT A BLAST!
YEEOW!
BLAM!
As The TROOPS ENTER THE YARD TO MOP UP, THE ANGEL DROPS FROM THE WALL!
THE TANK'S AFIRE! I CAN'T LET HIM DIE THAT WAY!
HELP! I'M BURNING UP! I'M FRYING!
THE ANGEL, ATTEMPTING TO SAVE THE PYTHON FROM DEATH IN THE FLAMES, IS SUDDENLY GRIPPED BY A SNAKE-LIKE ARM!
IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE ME, SO WE'LL DIE TOGETHER! WE'LL BURN! HAH! HAH! BURN TO A CRISP!
CAUGHT IN A HEADLOCK, THE ANGEL SPINS AND BACK-FLIPS NEATLY OUT OF THE PYRE!
SORRY... BUT YOU'RE GOING TO BURN ALONE!
CURLING SMOKE AND A TANGLED MASS OF STEEL MARK THE FUNERAL PYRE OF THE PYTHON!
HE GAMBLED FOR BIG STAKES! WHAT A WAY TO LOSE! UGH!
And SO, THE CONVICTS RETURN TO THEIR CELLS, THE TROOPS DEPART AND PEACE SETTLES OVER THE BIG-HOUSE-- PEACE AND THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!

HOLD YOUR Breath!

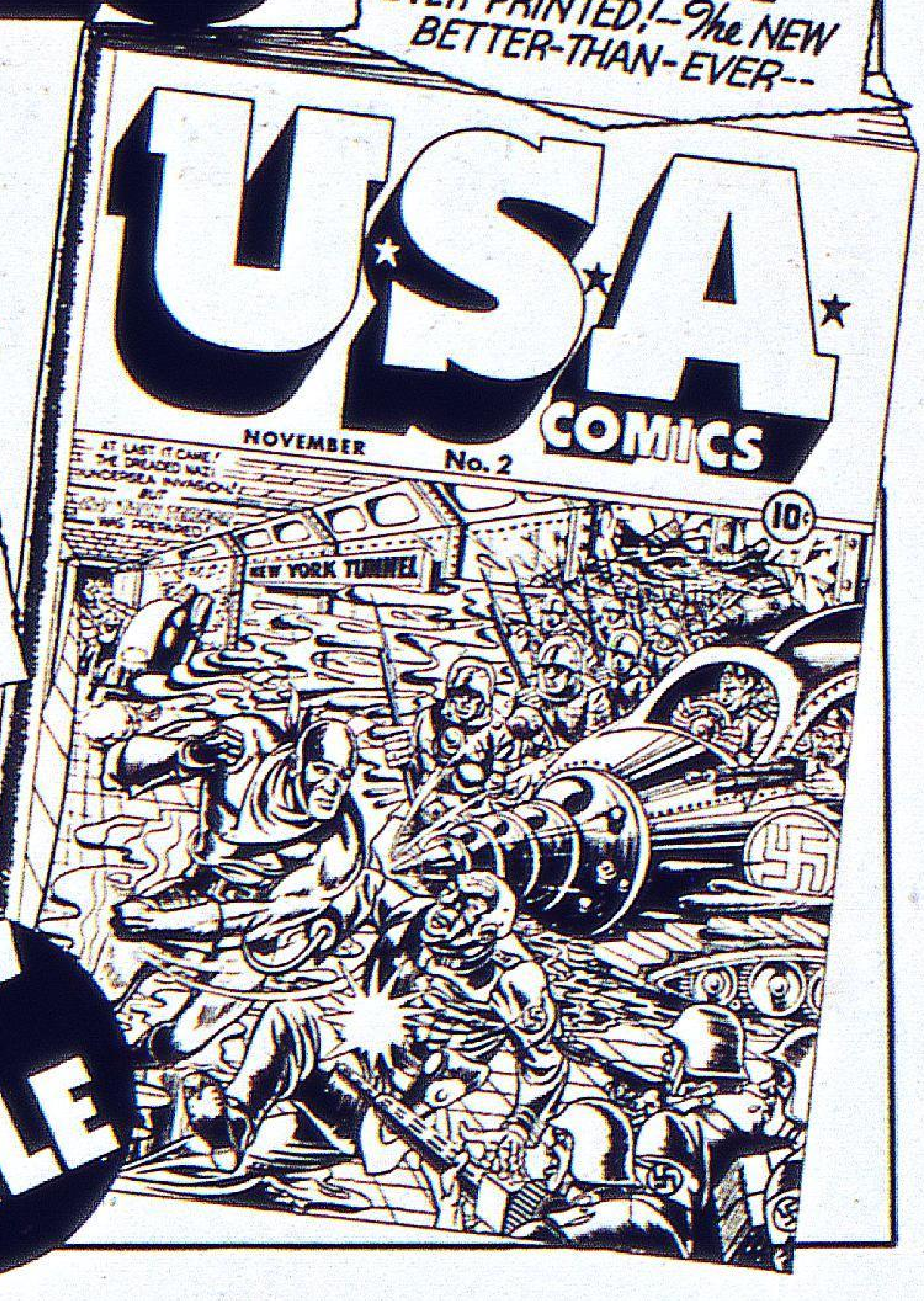
HERE IT COMES!

U.S.A

No. 2

COMICS

The MOST EXCITING COMIC MAGAZINE EVER PRINTED!--The NEW BETTER-THAN-EVER--


U.S.A
COMICS
NOVEMBER
No. 2
10¢
AT LAST IT CAME! THE DREADED NAZI UNDERSEA INVASION! BUT [illegible] WAS PREPARED!
NEW YORK TUNNEL

Featuring

The HAIR-RAISING, SPINE-TINGLING ADVENTURES OF THE WORLD'S MOST DARING HERO--

CAPTAIN TERROR--

WHOSE VERY NAME BRINGS FEAR TO THE HEARTS OF ALL EVIL-DOERS--

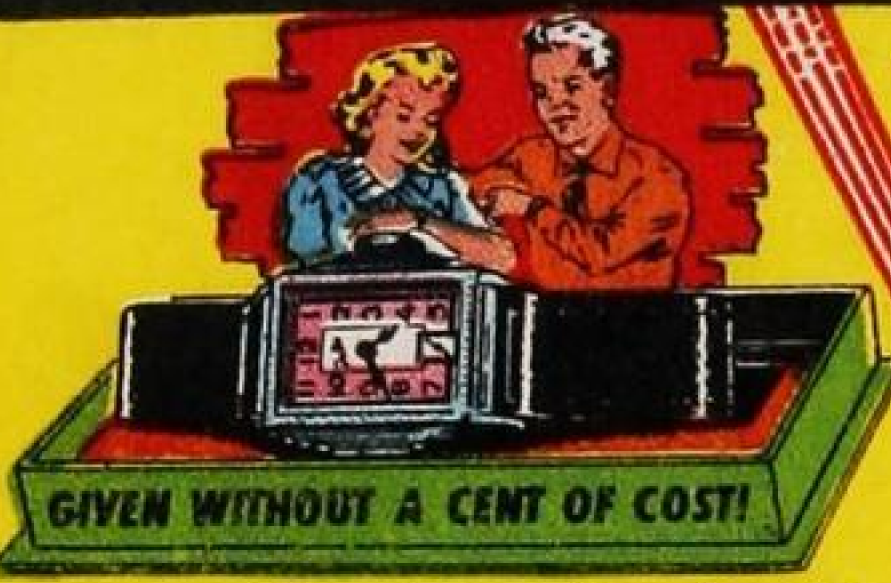
And HERE ARE 7 MORE REASONS WHY U.S.A. IS THE MOST THRILLING COMIC MAGAZINE ON THE MARKET!--

CAPTAIN TERROR

1. MAJOR LIBERTY
2. THE VAGABOND
3. THE DEFENDER
4. ROCKMAN
5. JACK FROST
6. THE WHIZZER
7. THE WHIZZER

NOW on SALE

PRIZES! *THEY'RE YOURS!*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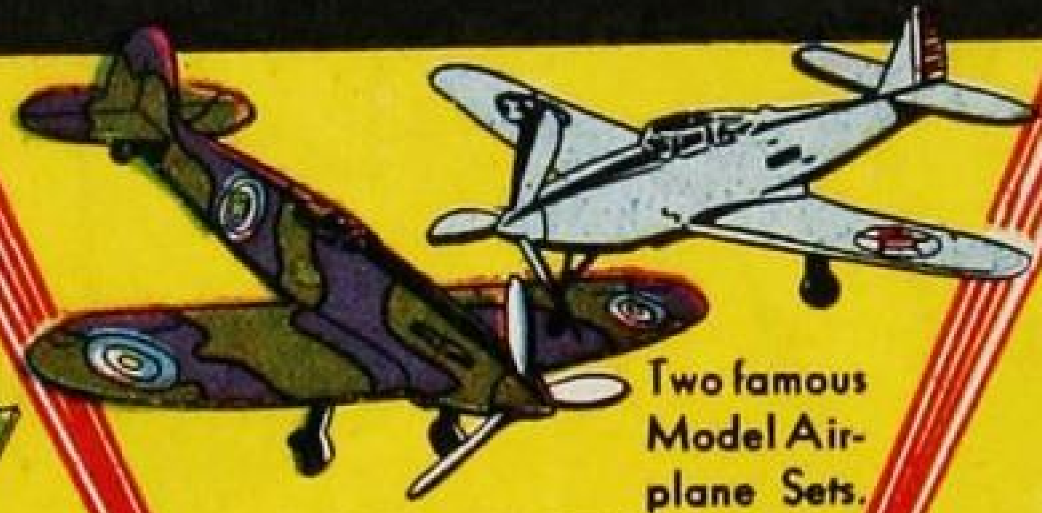
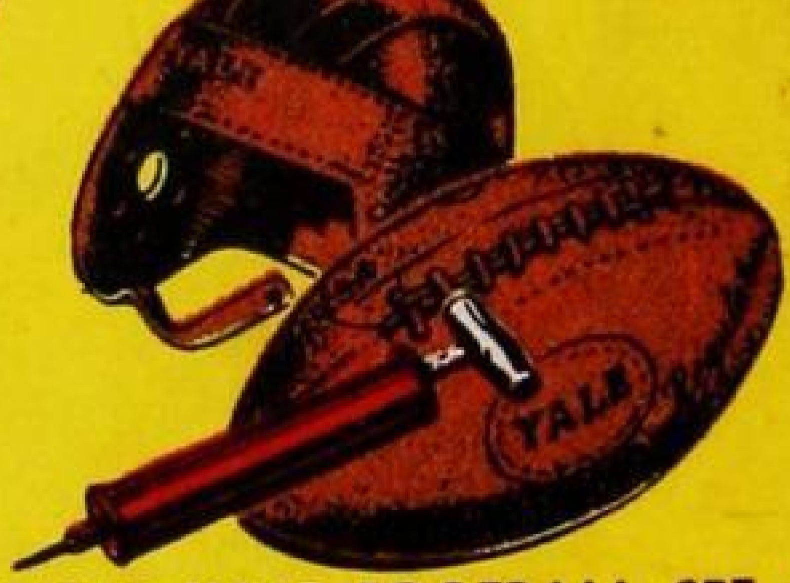
Sell only one order and get a beautiful WRIST WATCH. Styles for boys, girls, men and women.



Two famous Model Airplane Sets. BRITISH "SPITFIRE" and U.S. "AIRACOBRA." Both Given.



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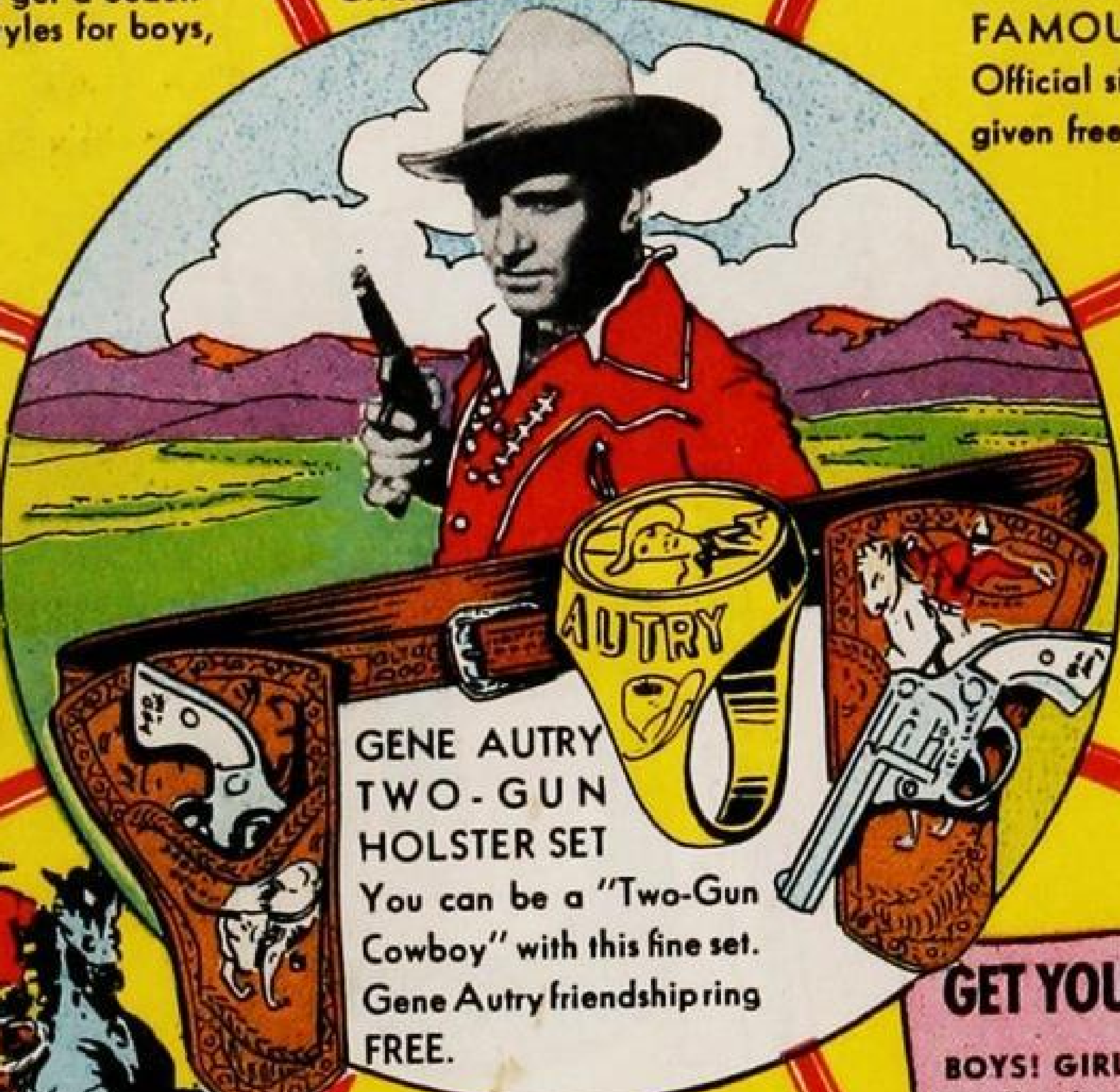
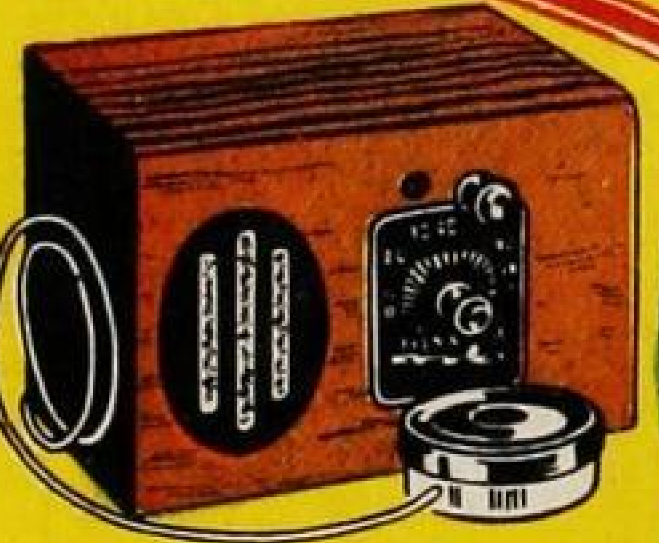
Official size and weight. Pump given free.



GENE AUTRY TWO-GUN HOLSTER SET
You can be a "Two-Gun Cowboy" with this fine set. Gene Autry friendship ring FREE.



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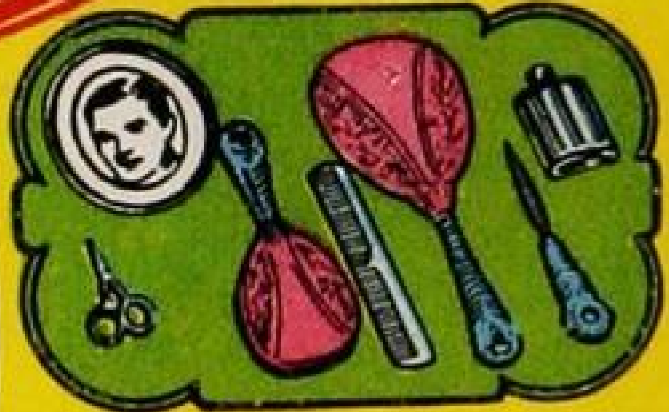
Get this cute little radio for your room.

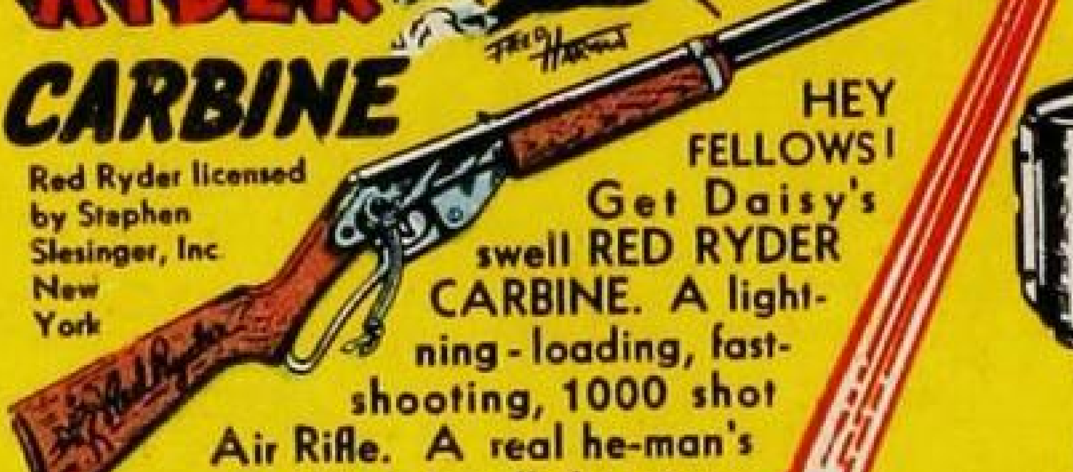


Girls! You'll love this full size TOILET & MANICURE SET for your dresser.

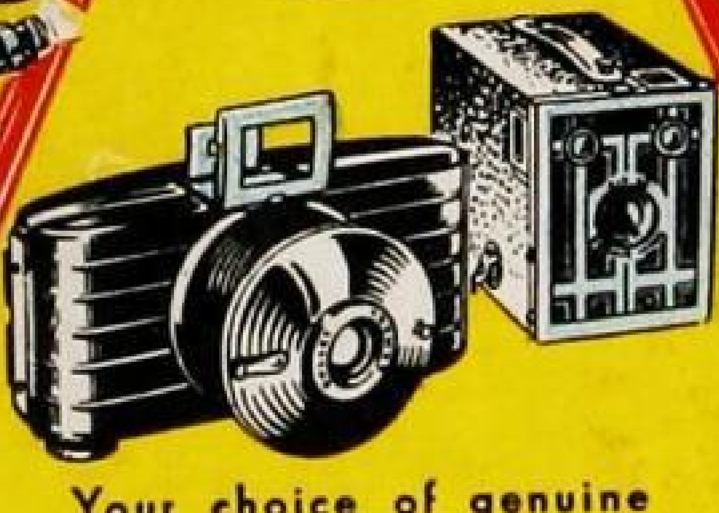
FRED HARMAN

DAISY'S RED RYDER CARBINE

Red Ryder licensed by Stephen Slesinger, Inc. New York



HEY FELLOWS! Get Daisy's swell RED RYDER CARBINE. A lightning-loading, fast-shooting, 1000 shot Air Rifle. A real he-man's gun. "Buck Jones" also given.



Your choice of genuine EASTMAN CAMERAS. Bullet or Brownie.

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

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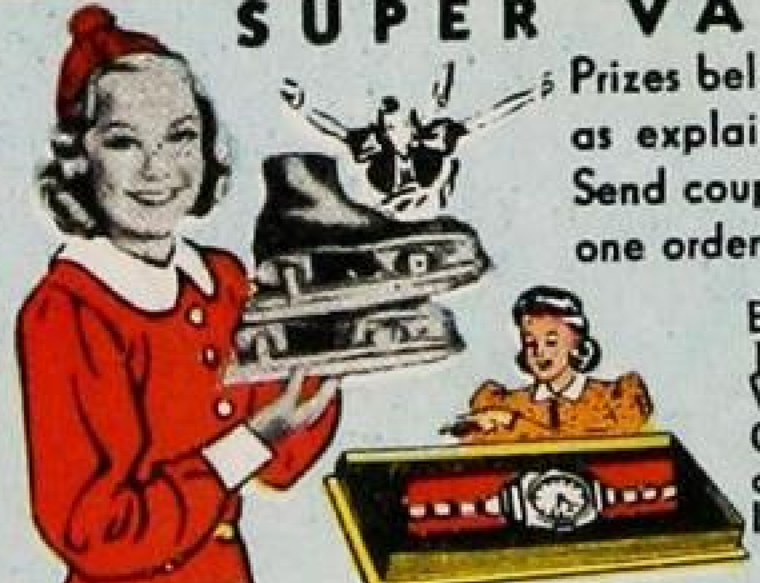
Prizes below given for selling extra orders as explained in our Big Prize Catalog. Send coupon today for Prize Catalog and one order of 40 Christmas packs.



Beautiful Lady Joan WRIST WATCH for Girls. Dainty oval dial. Smart link bracelet.

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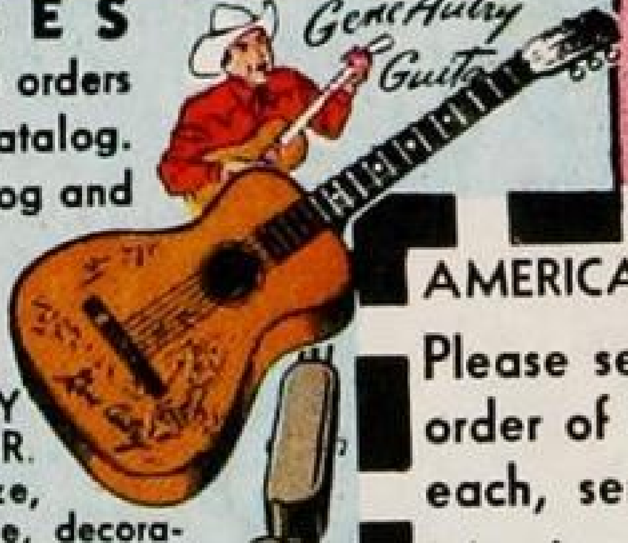

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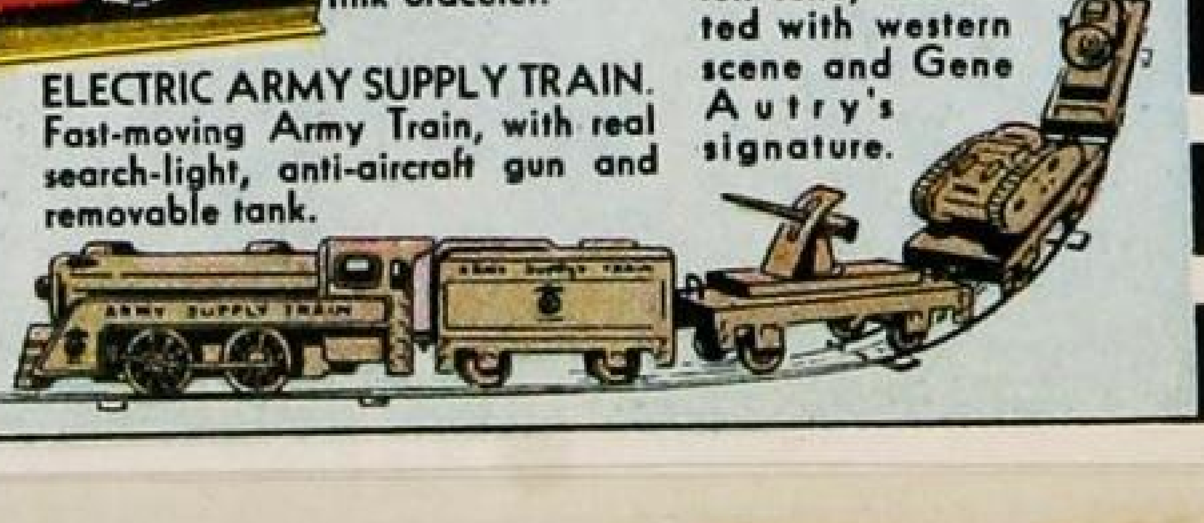

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